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Europe at Work

BY WHITING WILLIAMS

I.—FRANCE AT WORK

"It's habit, m'sieu'—habit and custom."

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

MY French miner "buddy" had been swinging his pick back and forth at amazing speed for nearly an hour one morning last summer. We were down about two thousand feet below a mining village a few miles from the ruined mines and city of Lens in northern France. The coal had been coming down so rapidly that it kept the rest of us busy shovelling it into the cars which the boy of fifteen with equally amazing speed kept bringing up to the "face" of the seam. All of us were stripped to the waist. Not one back amongst us but glistened in the light of the safety-lamps with the mixture of coal-dust and sweat. Except for the half-hour's pause for breakfast every one kept going at the same pace hour after hour. Also day after day. Yet never did I find one of them willing to confess the job fatiguing. From the lips of all of them came the same words accompanied by the same smile and the same shrug:

"C'est l'habitude!"

Later in other parts of France from leaders in various fields of her work and life as well as from other laborers came almost always the same name for the motive power which keeps the people of France busy:

"It's habit, m'sieu'—habit and custom—that does it."

The phrase appears to me to go further than any other to explain the spirit of modern France as it shows itself among the French workers as I came to know them. It holds almost equally well, too, whether they are hand-workers or head-workers. In either case, if they are French born, they have lived their life in very much the same groove for a long time. Established social habit and social custom have come of old social institutions and old social arrangements of a people long established in the same economic environment. France is socially an elderly if not an old country—socially as well as geographically and geologically, perhaps socially because geographically and geologically. The French are an elderly people—at least a people beyond the middle of maturity.

I believe the evidences of that after-middle maturity are as generally manifest and as generally significant in the life of present-day France as are those evidences of England's crowdedness which were set forth in these columns last year as explanatory to the life of Great Britain.

France is a land of habit, of contentment born of long usage. It is also a land of *ho*—, but let the spelling of that second key-word wait until we can discuss the new problems which await France and the French spirit now that she turns the corner of the great victory.

"We French were too happy!" This

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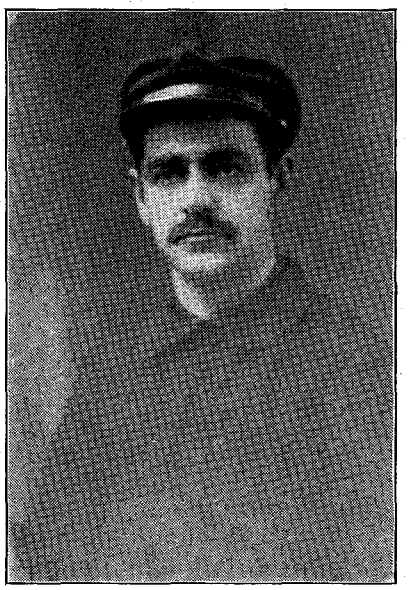
was the explanation given by one of them as the cause of the war. "We have always been too easy-going—too contented with our modest little homes, our appetizing—if usually simple—fare, and our modest though inspiriting 'wine red or wine white.' No wonder our enemy thought they should overcome us easily!"

That does not mean that everybody in France to-day is contented—by force, as it were, of long-established custom. Far from it.

"The capitalists know no patriotism. They go wherever they can find profits. Then why shouldn't we laborers do the same?" So the tall grenadier of a mason with the huge red mustache—also the seven children at home in a distant city where there was no work—used to say at our labor boarding-house at Douai in the invaded district of northern France. "At one time during the war—you recall it, messieurs?—les patrons, the big fellows who tell us what we workers must do and must not do, spent a long time deciding whether we French soldiers should shoot the Italian soldiers or not. Finally, they decided that we did not need to—you remember it, yes? Very good. So we did not shoot them. But if the big ones had decided otherwise—well, then we should have had to shoot them, is it not so? But in any case the Italians would have been fellow laboring men like ourselves. Isn't that true?"



Author as worker in French steel plant.

The carefulness of the French skilled working men practically forbade their opening their jumpers at the throat even on a hot day. On the hottest days I was glad to assert my Americanism by taking off my coat and vest.

"After all, this matter of patriotism gets us into much trouble—according to my experience. 'La Patrie' for you and for me and for all of us workers, what is it? I'll tell you. It is the country that gives us this—this for our wives and our children—" and with his fork he nearly broke his bowl of much potato and little meat. After we finished our soup, we always filled the same dish to the top with much potatoes, but of meat the landlady made sure to give us the precious and costly portion with her own impartial fork. It was easy to see that with him as with many others elsewhere the hatred of the endless nights and days in the trenches had made him hate war with a hate which covered every phase and force of modern life which he believed helped cause war, including capitalism and nationalism. Their logic was easy to find holes in. But it is difficult for masses of men to live happily and think straightly when returning to the high cost of living after months and years with the front-line's horrors.

"Buried alive we were there at Verdun—for several days and nights!" one man put it. "Several of my friends were gray-haired when they found us. Horrible! Horrible!"

"I remember," so the mason would continue, "how I used to go to the library as a boy and look at all the pictures of armies and battles. Perhaps you all did the same, messieurs, yes? I would dream of the days when I might get into a uniform myself. But my company—or at least the remnant of it—spent some months at Verdun. Then, thanks to the good God, I was wounded and was taken away. Now I am through with war! For the rest of my life, I hope! Never again any fighting for me! No nation is worth it!"

Approval of this pleasant-voiced but hard-pressed internationalist would often come from his helper, a small jolly chap in his plaster-covered clothes and great wooden work-shoes. When it did it meant

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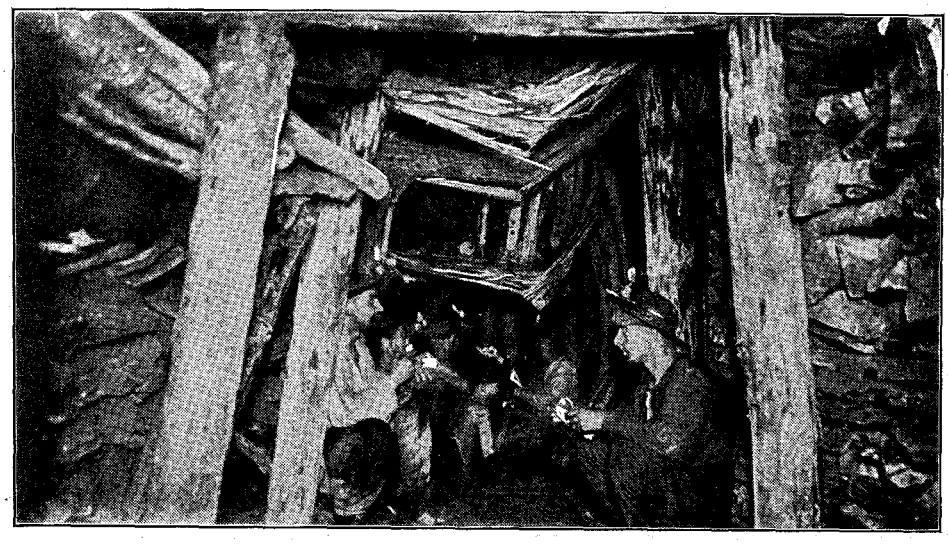

Breakfast with the miners.

The hats made of heavy fibre for the protection of the head are being less and less used.

a cough from the rest of us because he would slap his leg and so bring a cloud of dust out of his faded blue overalls.

The surprising thing was that the one-eyed road laborer agreed with the mason only occasionally. At first he seemed to me the most typical villain met in many a day. His make-up included heavy black hair, a great mustache, one big white and sightless eyeball, and brown corduroys

Typical coal-miners with whom the author worked in the mine town at the edge of the devastated region.

Because it was so near the front-line trenches, work had often to be abandoned by day and carried on at night so that its smoke would not attract the near-by enemy.

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held up with a broad red sash. It made him look like a prime trouble-maker in any plot, private or public. Yet he was not a radical. Perhaps because he had managed to make himself too comfortable during the war. If so, it was certainly comfort bought with courage.

"Yes, m'sieu', it is necessary to say that he is brave—this one-eyed fellow." So the landlord would explain. "When the invaders arrived here in October, 1914, they captured everybody in town. Soon they put everybody to work. But our friend refused. 'Me, I will not work for you boches,' he said. Three soldiers stuck three bayonets against his neck—just like this—ugh! Then they counted 'eins—zwei—drei'—to give him ten to decide whether he would change his mind or not. Finally they counted ten. But he only looked them in the eye and shook his head, and said: 'No, I will not work for you!' And they did not fire! No, they did not fire! For why? No one knows. All during the war—the invaders were here almost exactly four years!—he was in the hospital or doing pretty much what he pleased. Mainly he pretended to be sick. Un brave garçon, is he not?"

Author after an eight-hour term in a coal-mine 2,000 feet deep, five or six miles from the destroyed mines at Lens.

It was a good friend among my coal-miner companions who put in a nutshell the present feeling of the French workers, especially the unskilled ones. We were resting from about three hours' work, and sat with our shirts or coats thrown on while we breakfasted out of our cans of weak coffee and our cloth bags of sandwiches. (The bags' strings allow them to be hung up from the timbers away from the rats.)

"What is one to think, m'sieu'! Here we miners went out by thousands in order to help the railway men in their general strike on May Day, 1920. And then the railway men were the first to go back and make sure of their jobs again! Bad leadership, is it not? Bad leadership in the nation and also, is it not so, one must add, bad leadership right here at home? For our two last local strikes have failed also."

Untiring and thankful to be busy, but unhappy and perplexed—that explains the present mood of the French worker. Too suddenly shaken out of his established and habitual pre-war world to know just what to do about it and apparently anxious, on the whole, not to go too far in any sudden attempt to "tear things loose." It causes one to wonder whether the Revolution has not made us think the Frenchman—at least the Frenchman outside of Paris—much less a man of ordered moderation than he is. The wonderment grows when you see signs on the wall that bills are not to be posted or ashes dumped here or there, "in line with the law of 1881," or 1807—or 1791!

The General Federation of Labor is said to have lost five-eighths of its members since the failure of that general strike in 1920. To-day about the only members left in it are the Communist radicals and the Socialist conservatives. These are fighting constantly for control of the organization. Both sides claim victory. The evenness of the current battle makes it look as though the Communists were disquietingly strong. When the votes go against them the Communists claim that the real story is told in the circulation figures of their competing newspapers—two thousand daily for *Le*

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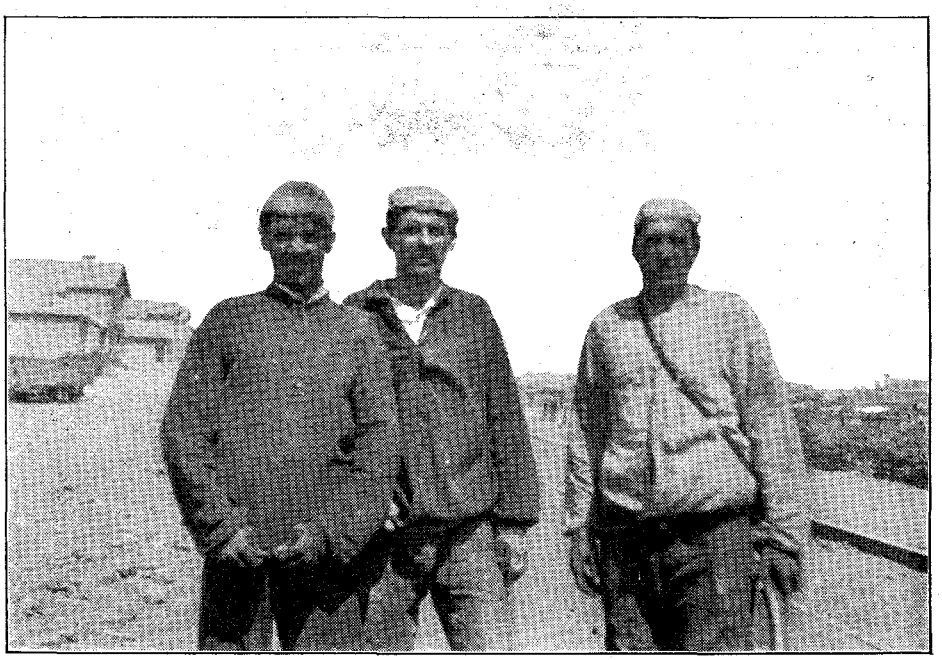
The family—most of it—at the estaminet in Douai, north France.
"This one-eyed fellow," my hero of the bayonets, is at the right.



Untiring and thankful to be busy, but unhappy and perplexed—so the author found most of the workers in the mines and factories of France.
These were a few of his fellow workers near Lens.

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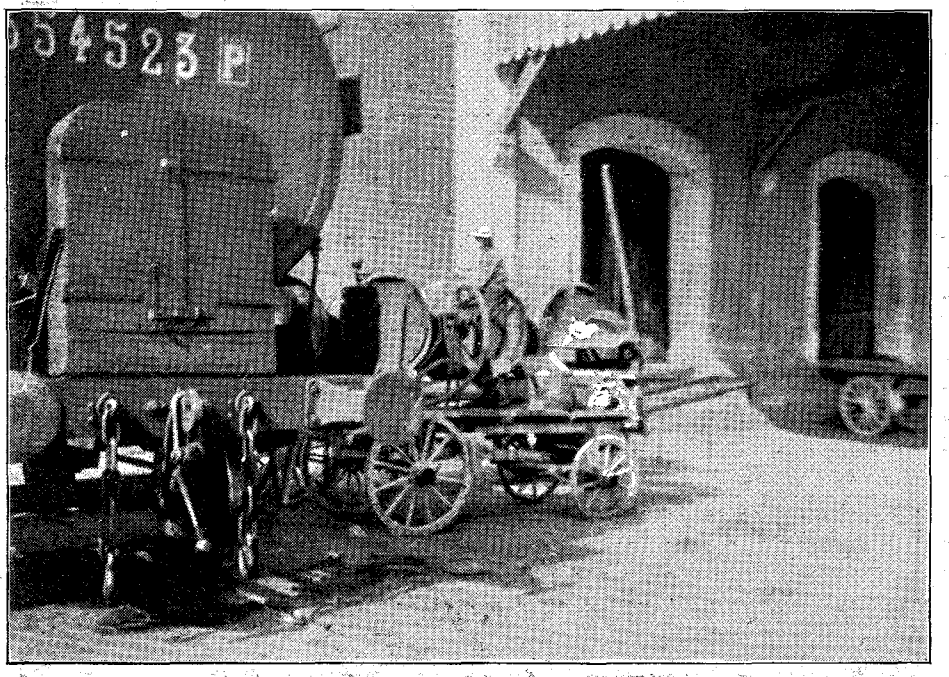
Peuple, issued by the Socialist Federationists, and forty thousand for *L'Humanité*, of the Communists.

The country's surprising experience during the war also helps the careful observer to discount somewhat the amazing extremes of the Bolshevism of the Communists. This experience showed that the workers are in actuality much more patriotic—more conservative—than the pected to impede mobilization. In the moment of invasion these, like all the others, came into the army ready to defend their homes."

Much the same explanation could doubtless be given for the failure of that general strike. The patriotic spirit of the war was still too active. Since then the failure of the Russian experiment has discouraged many, though the Communist



Unloading the local supply of red wine from the tank-cars.

bitterness of their public expressions might lead one to conclude. A French labor expert with an international reputation reports:

"Before the war the radicals were so much in the mind of the government that all estimates of our military strength when completely mobilized included considerable deductions for the Socialists and others who, it was believed, would make unsafe soldiers. When the test came, even the government was surprised to find the percentage an extremely small one—practically negligible. Furthermore, it proved quite unnecessary to carry out the long-contemplated plans for the arrest of certain leaders who were ex-

leaders insist that the famine, for instance, is nothing but the normal result of last summer's extreme drought as experienced in France and more or less throughout Europe.

But it is, of course, unsafe to argue that the French worker as a whole can be trusted always to accept without organized protest whatever comes. We will all make progress toward solving the problem of happy relations between the hand-workers and the head-workers when we learn this; the periods of unemployment which bring the worker into the greatest straits are usually the periods least favorable to his effective expression of that unhappiness in the form of strikes. Yet it is

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Above-ground, or "outside," workers at a coal-mine in St. Etienne, one of the old manufacturing and mining districts of south middle France.

Youngsters doing their bit in the hard-working manufacturing district of St. Denis, outside the walls of Paris.

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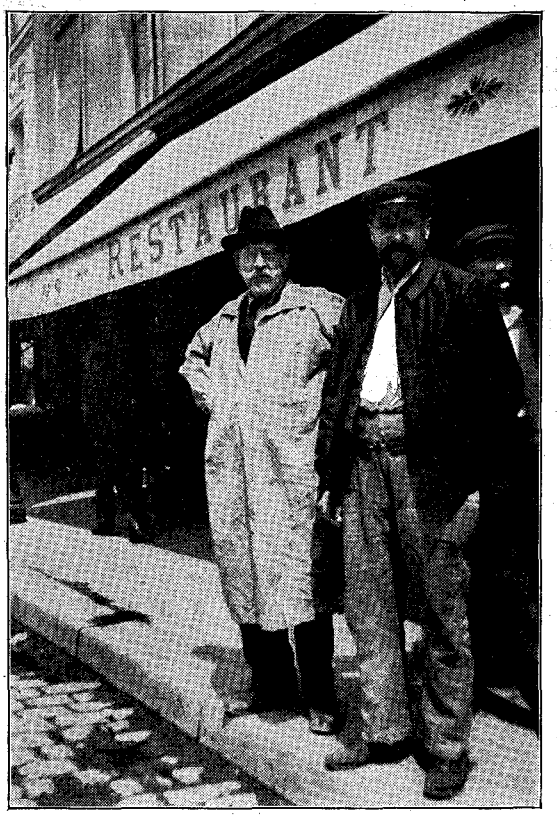
the memory of these straits that provides the motive power for troubles when the situation comes again to play into the worker's hands by making jobs plentiful and workers scarce. When jobs begin to grow scarce, men fear that a strike will only give the employers a good excuse for closing down. When they begin to grow plentiful, they feel that they are in a position to bargain for better ones in the future.



Typical workers in the small factory-studios inside the walls of Paris, where the world's most artistic furniture and most precise machinery is made.

Partly because of the huge work of rebuilding the devastated regions, there has been much less unemployment in France proportionately than in either Great Britain or America during the last year. There has been, however, enough to make the workers generally feel the time inopportune for large-scale agitation. The recent failure of the textile workers of the north added one more evidence of the unwisdom of fighting against the entire public's pressure for lower selling-prices and, therefore, lower production costs in terms of wages.

And such evidence can be appreciated by the French worker as by few others in the world. For, in general, he is something more than a member of an old and, therefore, fundamentally careful and conservative people. That is true of the British worker. But to an extent far beyond the British worker, and in some aspects beyond even the American worker, the French-born worker is a skilled man, a user of a good mind and of good tools. In the steel plant at Douai it was a pleasure to watch the machinists carry on their work. From the youngest apprentice up to the oldest expert in the place everything required the accuracy of millimetres or tenths of millimetres! Accuracy and cleanliness were the key-notes. On Monday mornings the great shop looked like a blue edition of Joseph's coat of many colors. Of course each suit of overalls or "blues" was freshly laundered—otherwise its owner would have been asked if "the wife is then perhaps ill?" In addition to all the variations caused by the differing number of launderings, each suit in turn showed a color harmony of its own by its assortment of blue or near-blue, new or much-washed patches. In the working quarters within the walls of Paris the furniture-makers and the carpenters, masons, and machinists look like artists in their dust-colored overalls and long blouses. They speak of the small establishments in which they work for the "patron" as ateliers. When you talk with them or see them reading semi-radical papers as they eat the most appetizing of foods or drink good wine in the restaurants which line the broad boulevards near their studio-factories, you somehow find it hard to take their quiet Socialism or philosophical or political Communism very seriously.

In such working suburbs outside the walls as St. Denis and St. Ouen, the

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A street scene in France's most important steel and artillery town, Le Creusot.

In many of the most important manufacturing towns there are frequently reminders of France's interest in agriculture and of the conservatism of France's agriculturists.

chemical and other large-scale plants give rougher jobs and much poorer homes to men of less skill and education—and of more serious discontent, as proclaimed from many a flaming poster. But for all these, there is an outlet such as neither Britain nor America can enjoy to anything like the same extent—an outlet which must never be forgotten in connection with all thought of industrial France.

"When we don't like our employers or their jobs, we can usually take a vacation on the farms. There, especially since the war, they need us badly."

As a matter of fact, France has hardly yet come into the full swing of modern industrialism. As yet, it is hardly to be called a first-class industrial power. At exactly that point the near future brings a new equipment and, therefore, a new challenge to the established habits and attitudes—but about that later. In the meantime, the farm provides the opportunity for moderate comfort and more than moderate independence to the great majority of the country's native population.

That great body of native farmers it is that represents a sort of huge gyroscope which obtained its motion from a distant past and so keeps the ship of French life moving along the course of that safe and conservative "habitude." Besides offering relief when the pressure of industrial life grows too heavy, the French farm furnishes the bulk of the population with a strong sense of property—there are said to be more than ten million property-holders in France!—an imperviousness to radicalism of any serious and fundamental sort, and an unfailing opposition to heavy direct taxation.

The influence of the isolation and traditional inertia of that farm is threatened in several ways by the new industrial and social factors brought by the war. The most immediate of these is the foreign-born unskilled laborer.

"Six years in Poland, all the time fight. No can get bread for family—must come here. See my back!" the Polish laborer in our gang in the north France mine explained in broken German. One glance at the dreadful assortment of shrapnel wounds was enough. His back was in plain view because we were all stripped

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to the waist—after the manner of all French miners except those who work at lower and, therefore, hotter levels, where they wear nothing but a coat of coal-dust and a pair of shoes.

There were fifteen hundred of his Polish fellow citizens there in this one comparatively small mine town. They were housed in barracks with the minimum of food and comfort, and were quite certain that they were not being paid according to contract. In French steel plants and blast-furnaces most of the common labor is done by Italians or Belgians. In the brick-yards of the north these last come in for the seasonal work, returning home in between jobs. In the great Schneider steel and artillery works at Le Creusot I saw three thousand Chinese handling the shovels or the heaviest and hottest pieces of fiery steel. They still occupy, under semimilitary supervision, the barracks originally built for them in war time. The chances are hardly good, however, for their return to China, judging from the air of success won by many of them as the result of their present earning capacities as compared with those they enjoyed in China.

"This grave must be for an officer, m'sieu'. You can see it is six inches deeper than these others," a Moroccan laborer explained amidst the ruination of the hills about Verdun. Hundreds of his fellows and others from Algeria have been digging graves there and elsewhere throughout France ever since—as well as during—the war. And as they dig they have constantly in their ears the explosions of the great shells being searched out and set off by their companions. These laborers are perhaps not to be called foreigners, since they are born under the French Colonial flag. Certainly, they make the natural backbone of the nondescript gangs which clear away the brickbats and débris in the devastated regions. Nevertheless, they all bring to industrial France much the same problem as do the others who have come by thousands from various parts of Europe, including Spain and Portugal. Except for the several thousands of British "Tommies" recently set to work near their old trenches, all these tend to depress the status of the less skilled groups of French-born workers. Like the Italians in America, they are slow to identify their in-

Workers leaving the steel plant where the author worked at Douai.

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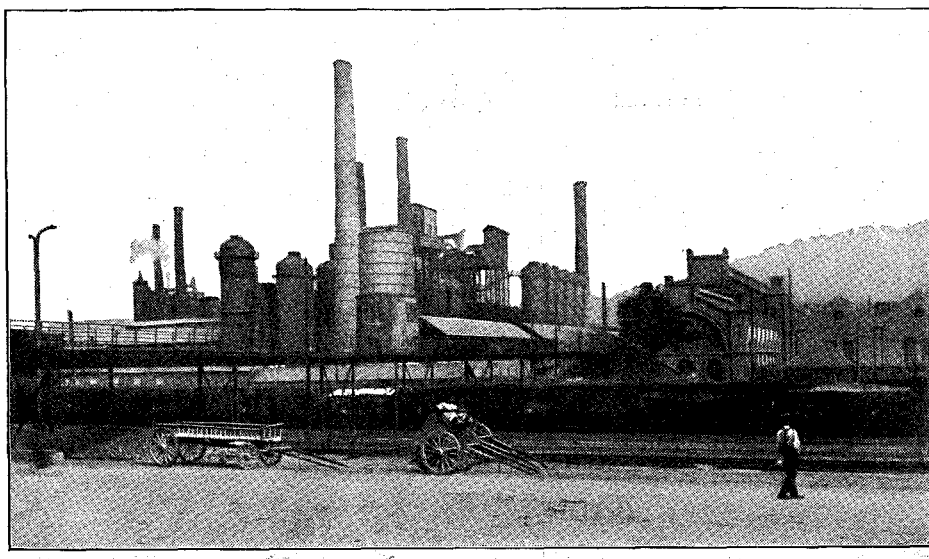
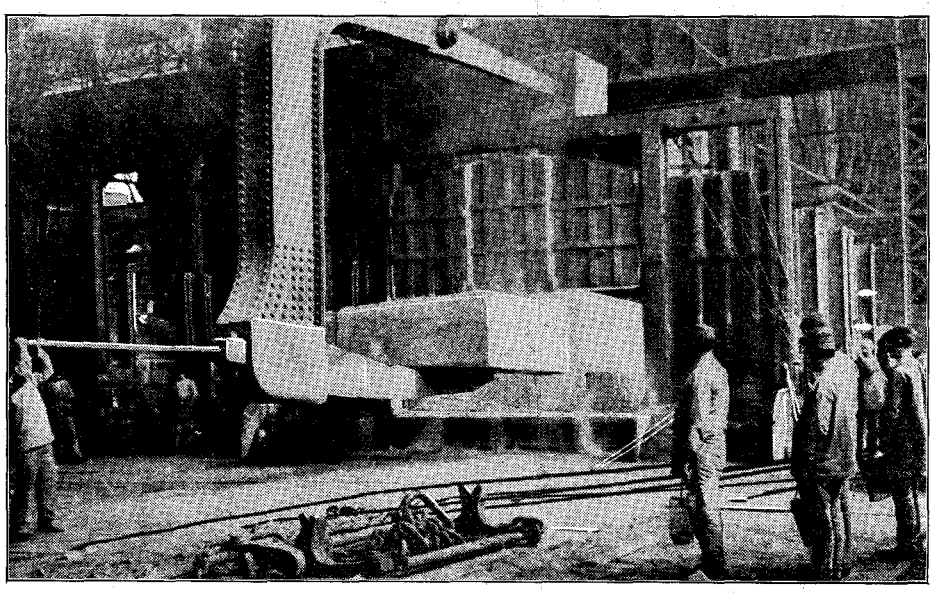


A typical blast-furnace at Longwy, in the iron country of France, near the boundaries of Alsace-Lorraine and Luxembourg.

terests with those of the native workers: their homes are so near that they do not hesitate to return to them rather than to take active part in any aggressive efforts to better their conditions. Or they move on to other parts of the international market, there to find higher bidders for their brawn.

"Five-a year in Argentine—builda beeg-a street. Seex-a year in Boston—builda subway. Longa time here except for go home," so an Italian gang-boss in



Rolling a big slab into armor-plate at the Schneider plant in Le Creusot.

Following the conference on limitation of armament, these may need to change their production programme almost as much as the Krupp establishment, a visit to which will be described in later articles.

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a big blast-furnace in Longwy, the capital of France's iron country, gave me the high-spots of his lifelong and world-wide attempt to dispose of his muscular abilities.

How long all his compatriots and their non-French friends will stay in France after all the "duds" have been exploded,

Starting the pork cutlets to the Paris table from the farming towns.

all the graves dug, and all the ruined railway-stations and all the six hundred thousand destroyed homes repaired or rebuilt, will depend upon that question of France's attitude toward her new and changed industrial future which we are reserving. In any event, the presence of these outsiders brings to France, just as it has brought to us here in America, a threat against that long-standing unity of French life which has come from the undisturbed unity of the national blood.

At least one of these outsiders I am sure France will find it hard to lose. He is an Englishman who, oddly enough, was happy to be the leader of our gang that operated the big saw in the steel plant there at Douai. In a way it was the Germans that kept us busy cutting into proper lengths almost miles of heavy steel beams for the factory's extension. For it was they who had applied the torch—the acetylene torch—to all the steel stanchions of the old factory the week before the "Tommies" had driven them out in October, 1918. All during the war they had run an army bakery near the place where we stood. After running away to sea as a lad and swearing or fighting for either military or "social" purposes all over the seven seas, my Tom had entered the town with his friends, seen the girl he had been looking for, and now——

"Well, blime but 'twill tike a bloody fine job to get me awye from 'ere now—unless I can tike *'er* along!"

He can probably be depended upon to co-operate with his French brothers-in-law to oppose such efforts to reduce salaries as are now worrying the French workers in mine and factory. Some thousands of other foreign-born fellow workers can't. In any event, France cannot get along without them, even though they may become dangerously discon-

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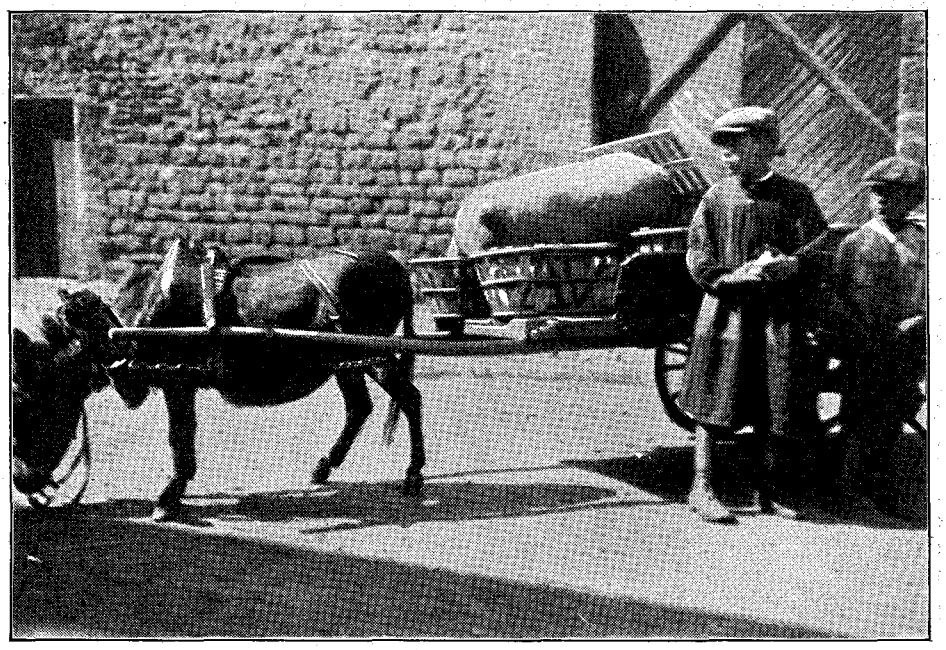
tented. Even if France's raw materials had seen no increase from the war, she would still be in need of "hands." For too many pairs of hands born in her homes and trained in her schools and factories lie rotting beneath those battle-fields. No country responsible for production can easily spare hands to the number of one million eight hundred thousand pairs! Especially when that represents of all her possessors of the hands of fighting age the huge proportion of 53 per cent! Least of all a country that has suffered for years from a falling birth-rate and a decrease of native population!



Everybody works in St. Etienne, the centre of some of France's oldest industries. But the margin between outgo and income is not wide now and was not before the war.

Under normal conditions this huge lack of man-power can be expected to bring a somewhat higher valuation to the brawn and brain of the native worker-group. As during the fourteenth century in England when the Black Death took off half the population, so those graves at Verdun, it must be said with sadness, are certain sooner or later—unless the foreign-born interfere—to widen somewhat the margin between income and outgo for the survivors. In general that margin has been maintained as wide as before the war, wages having kept up about even with the high cost of living. But to-day an American worker of corresponding equipment would find that margin a pretty narrow one. Apparently the French workers also find it so. At any rate, the government had recently to send about forty thousand troops to that textile region of Lille, Roubaix, and Turcoing when the workers opposed the efforts to reduce their rates.

"Lemme tell ye *my* experience!" as the workers say. My estaminet, or boarding-house-and-bar, about thirty miles from Lille, represented the lowest level of French laborers: the rung next lower in the ladder would have taken me among the town's assortment of Italians and Spaniards. Most of us paid virtually half our week's earnings for our week's board and bed. The combination of these daily necessities purchased by this half-day's work is hardly as good as I bought here for nearer a third of an eight-hour turn. The proprietor worked at the same steel plant with us. He charged us

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extra if we had single instead of double beds. But I'm sure, single or double, none of us lacked for company! The first morning I tried to leave them all at home but the first worker I met flicked one off my lapel! Every morning we took our turn with the landlady in washing our faces and brushing our hair at the pump placed in a glass-covered kitchen-court in the centre of the house—with a half-partition separating us from the very odoriferous toilet. In going up-stairs past the corner where the dog and the garbage-pail slept together, it was almost necessary to wait for the flies to get out of the way. At the table in the rear of the barroom and, therefore, near the kitchen we had to fight flies with one hand while we took care of our food or drink with the other.

Altogether, it struck me as about the worst place encountered to date. But the estaminet where I later worked as a miner a few miles from the destroyed mines of Lens was worse. The combination of cows, chickens, rabbits, babies, boarders, and barnyard was too awful to permit accurate description. But the landlord there did give a service I'd never encountered before. When after the day's work below ground I told my buddy that I'd wash his back, meaning that I hoped that he would take care of my own, he answered:

"Ah, no, m'sieu', it is not necessary. Here that is done for us all—and without charge—by m'sieu' the landlord himself!"

Sure enough, at the appointed moment a whistle brought him to us—ready and quick to take soap and rag in his experienced hands!

After paying for such meagre though friendly arrangements—and at this boarding-house I slept, or at least tried to sleep, in the same bed with a young worker along with four others in the same room—the pay left over does not go very far. A suit of overalls costs about a day and a half of work—or twelve muscle-hours. A pair of shoes half-soled takes about three-quarters of a day's earning power.

If this represents approximately the same margin as that before the war, then the conclusion is inevitable that the margin must have been narrow then.

But as nearly as I can judge this narrowness of margin is also true—and has been true—since long before the war—for the employer, too. And it has been true, also, for the French people as a whole. It goes back to the age of French geography. Take the country's equipment of coal-veins and coal-mines, for instance. . . .

But about that and similar considerations and their influence on the French worker and the French citizen—also the challenge presented to French life by the change in that equipment following the war—about all that a little later.

[The second article by Whiting Williams on "Europe at Work" will appear in the March number.]

Street laborers fixing the pavement in the heart of Paris, near the Opera.

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Leaves from My Autobiography

FIFTY-SIX YEARS WITH THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD

BY CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

[FOURTH PAPER]

HEREDITY has much to do with a man's career. The village of Peekskill-on-the-Hudson, about forty miles from New York, was in the early days the market-town of a large section of the surrounding country, extending over to the State of Connecticut. It was a farming region, and its products destined for New York City were shipped by sloops on the Hudson from the wharfs at Peekskill, and the return voyage brought back the merchandise required by the country.

My father and his brother owned the majority of the sloops engaged in this, at that time, almost the only form of transportation. The sloops were succeeded by steamboats in which my people were also interested. When Commodore Vanderbilt entered into active rivalry with the other steamboat lines between New York and Albany, the competition became very serious. Newer and faster boats were rapidly built. These racers would reach the Bay of Peekskill in the late afternoon, and the younger population of the village would be on the banks of the river, enthusiastically applauding their favorites. Among well-known boats whose names and achievements excited as much interest and aroused as much partisanship and sporting spirit as do now famous racehorses or baseball champions, were the following: *Mary Powell*, *Dean Richmond*, *The Alida*, and *The Hendrick Hudson*.

I remember as if it were yesterday when the Hudson River Railroad had reached Peekskill, and the event was locally celebrated. The people came in as to a county fair from fifty miles around. When the locomotive steamed into the station many of those present had never seen one. The engineer was continuously blowing his whistle to emphasize the great event. This produced much consternation and confusion among the horses, as all farmers were there with their families in carriages or wagons.

I recall one team of young horses which was driven to frenzy; their owner was unable to control them, but he kept them on the road while they ran away with a wild dash over the hills. In telling this story, as illustrating how recent is railway development in the United States, at a dinner abroad, I stated that as far as I knew and believed, those horses were so frightened that they could not be stopped and were still running. A very successful and serious-minded captain of industry among the guests sternly rebuked me by saying: "Sir, that is impossible; horses were never born that could run for twenty-five years without stopping." American exaggeration was not so well known among our friends on the other side then as it is now.

As we boys of the village were gathered on the banks of the Hudson cheering our favorite steamers, or watching with eager interest the movements of the trains, a frequent discussion would be about our ambitions in life. Every young fellow would state a dream which he hoped but never expected to be realized. I was charged by my companions with having the greatest imagination and of painting more pictures in the skies than any of them. This was because I stated that in politics (for I was a great admirer of William H. Seward, then senator from New York) I expected to be a United States senator, and in business (because then the largest figure in the business world was Commodore Vanderbilt) I hoped to become president of the Hudson River Railroad. It is one of the strangest inci-

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dents of what seemed the wild imaginings of a village boy that in the course of long years both these expectations were realized.

When I entered the service of the railroad on the first of January, 1866, the Vanderbilt system consisted of the Hudson River and Harlem Railroads, the Harlem ending at Chatham, 128 miles, and the Hudson River at Albany, 140 miles long. The Vanderbilt system now covers 20,000 miles. The total railway mileage of the whole United States at that time was 36,000, and now it is 261,000 miles.

My connection with the New York Central Railroad covers practically the whole period of railway construction, expansion, and development in the United States. It is a singular evidence of the rapidity of our country's growth and of the way in which that growth has steadily followed the rails, that all this development of States, of villages growing into cities, of scattered communities becoming great manufacturing centres, of an internal commerce reaching proportions where it has greater volume than the foreign interchanges of the whole world, has come about during a period covered by the official career of a railroad man who is still in the service: an attorney in 1866, a vice-president in 1882, president in 1885, chairman of the board of directors in 1899, and still holds that office.

There is no such record in the country for continuous service with one company, which during the whole period has been controlled by one family. This service of more than half a century has been in every way satisfactory. It is a pleasure to see the fourth generation, inheriting the ability of the father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, still active in the management.

I want to say that in thus linking my long relationship with the railroads to this marvellous development, I do not claim to have been better than the other railway officers who during this time have performed their duties to the best of their ability. I wish also to pay tribute to the men of original genius, of vision and daring, to whom so much is due in the expansion and improvement of the American railway systems.

Commodore Vanderbilt was one of the most remarkable men our country has produced. He was endowed with wonderful foresight, grasp of difficult situations, ability to see opportunities before others, to solve serious problems, and with the courage of his convictions. He had little education or early advantages, but was eminently successful in everything he undertook. As a boy on Staten Island he foresaw that upon transportation depended the settlement, growth, and prosperity of this nation. He began with a small boat running across the harbor from Staten Island to New York. Very early in his career he acquired a steamboat and in a few years was master of Long Island Sound. He then extended his operations to the Hudson River and speedily acquired the dominating ownership in boats competing between New York and Albany.

When gold was discovered in California he started a line on the Atlantic side of the Isthmus of Darien and secured from the government of Nicaragua the privilege of crossing the Isthmus for a transportation system through its territory, and then established a line of steamers on the Pacific to San Francisco. In a short time the old-established lines, both on the Atlantic and the Pacific, were compelled to sell out to him. Then he entered the transatlantic trade, with steamers to Europe.

With that vision which is a gift and cannot be accounted for, he decided that the transportation work of the future was on land and in railroads. He abandoned the sea, and his first enterprise was the purchase of the New York and Harlem Railroad, which was only one hundred and twenty-eight miles long. The road was bankrupt and its road-bed and equipment going from bad to worse. The commodore reconstructed the line, re-equipped it, and by making it serviceable to its territory increased its traffic and turned its business from deficiency into profit. This was in 1864. The commodore became president, and his son, William H. Vanderbilt, vice-president. He saw that the extension of the Harlem was not advisable, and so secured the Hudson River Railroad, running from New York to Albany, and became its president in 1865. It was a few months after this when he and his son invited me to become a member of their staff.

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The station of the Harlem Railroad in the city of New York was at that time at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, and that of the Hudson River Railroad at Chambers Street, near the North River.

In a few years William H. Vanderbilt purchased the ground for the Harlem Railroad Company, where is now located the Grand Central Terminal, and by the acquisition by the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad of the Harlem Railroad the trains of the New York Central were brought around into the Grand Central Station.

In 1867, two years after Mr. Vanderbilt had acquired the Hudson River Railroad, he secured the control of the New York Central, which ran from Albany to Buffalo. This control was continued, through the Lake Shore on one side of the lakes and the Michigan Central on the other, to Chicago. Subsequently the Vanderbilt system was extended to Cincinnati and St. Louis. It was thus in immediate connection with the West and Northwest centring in Chicago, and the Southwest at Cincinnati and St. Louis. By close connection and affiliation with the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company, the Vanderbilt system was extended beyond to Mississippi. I became director in the New York Central in 1874 and in the Chicago and Northwestern in 1877.

It has been my good fortune to meet with more or less intimacy many of the remarkable men in every department of life, but I think Commodore Vanderbilt was the most original. I had been well acquainted for some years both with the commodore and his son, William H. When I became attorney my relations were more intimate than those usually existing. I was in daily consultation with the commodore during the ten years prior to his death, and with his son from 1866 to 1885, when he died.

The commodore was constantly, because of his wealth and power, importuned by people who wished to interest him in their schemes. Most of the great and progressive enterprises of his time were presented to him. He would listen patiently, ask a few questions, and in a short time grasp the whole subject. Then with wonderful quickness and unerring judgment he would render his decision. No one knew by what process he arrived at these conclusions. They seemed to be the results as much of inspiration as of insight.

The Civil War closed in 1865, and one of its lessons had been the necessity for more railroads. The country had discovered that without transportation its vast and fertile territories could neither be populated nor made productive. Every mile of railroad carried settlers, opened farms, and increased the national resources and wealth. The economical and critical conditions of the country, owing to the expansion of the currency and banking conditions, facilitated and encouraged vast schemes of railroad construction. This and a wild speculation resulted in the panic of 1873. Nearly the whole country went bankrupt. The recovery was rapid, and the constructive talent of the Republic saw that the restoration of credit and prosperity must be led by railway solvency. In August, 1874, Commodore Vanderbilt invited the representatives of the other and competitive lines to a conference at Saratoga. Owing, however, to the jealousies and hostilities of the period, only the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, and the Erie railways were represented.

The eastern railway situation was then dominated by Commodore Vanderbilt, Colonel Thomas A. Scott, of the Pennsylvania, and John W. Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio. Both Scott and Garrett were original men and empire-builders. There was neither governmental nor State regulation. The head of a railway system had practically unlimited power in the operation of his road. The people were so anxious for the construction of railways that they offered every possible inducement to capital. The result was a great deal of unprofitable construction and immense losses to the promoters.

These able men saw that there was no possibility of railway construction, operation, and efficiency, with a continuance of unrestricted competition. It has taken from 1874 until 1920 to educate the railway men, the shippers, and the government to a realization of the fact that transportation facilities required for the public necessities can only be had by the

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freest operations and the strictest government regulations; that the solution of the problem is a system so automatic that public arbitration shall decide the justice of the demands of labor, and rates be advanced to meet the decision; and that public authority also shall take into consideration the other factors of increased expenses and adequate facilities for the railroads, and that maintenance and the highest efficiency must be preserved and also necessary extensions. To satisfy and attract capital there must be the assurance of a reasonable return upon the investment.

The meeting called by Commodore Vanderbilt in 1874, at Saratoga, was an epoch-making event. We must remember the railway management of the country was in the absolute control of about four men, two of whom were also largest owners of the lines they managed. Fierce competition and cutting of rates brought on utter demoralization among shippers, who could not calculate on the cost of transportation, and great favoritism to localities and individuals by irresponsible freight agents who controlled the rates. Under these influences railway earnings were fluctuating and uncertain. Improvements were delayed and the people on the weaker lines threatened with bankruptcy.

Public opinion, however, believed this wild competition to be the only remedy for admitted railway evils. As an illustration of the change of public opinion and the better understanding of the railway problems, this occurred in the month of October, 1920. A committee of shippers and producers representing the farmers, manufacturers, and business men along a great railway system came to see the manager of the railroad and said to him: "We have been all wrong in the past. Our effort has always been for lower rates, regardless of the necessities of the railways. We have tried to get them by seeking bids from competing lines for our shipments and by appealing to the Interstate Commerce Commission. The expenses of the railroads have been increased by demands of labor, by constantly rising prices and cost of rails, cars, terminals, and facilities, but we have been against allowing the railroads to meet this increased cost of operation by adequate advances in rates. We now see that this course was starving the railroads, and we are suffering for want of cars and locomotives to move our traffic and terminals to care for it. We are also suffering because the old treatment of the railroads has frightened capital so that the roads cannot get money to maintain their lines and make necessary improvements to meet the demands of business. We know now that rates make very little difference, because they can be absorbed in our business. What we must have is facilities to transport our products, and we want to help the railroads to get money and credit, and again we emphasize our whole trouble is want of cars, locomotives, and terminal facilities."

Happily, public opinion was reflected in the last Congress in the passage of the Cummins-Esch bill, which is the most enlightened and adaptable legislation of the last quarter of a century.

To return to the conference at Saratoga, the New York Central, the Pennsylvania, and the Erie came to the conclusion that they must have the co-operation of the Baltimore and Ohio. As Mr. Garrett, president and controlling owner of that road, would not come to the conference, the members decided that the emergency was so great that they must go to him. This was probably the most disagreeable thing Commodore Vanderbilt ever did. The marvellous success of his wonderful life had been won by fighting and defeating competitors. The peril was so great that they went as associates, and the visit interested the whole country and so enlarged Mr. Garrett's opinion of his power that he rejected their offer and said he would act independently. A railway war immediately followed, and in a short time bankruptcy threatened all lines and none more than the Baltimore and Ohio.

The trunk lines then got together and entered into an agreement to stabilize rates and carry them into effect. They appointed as commissioner Mr. Albert Fink, one of the ablest railway men of that time. Mr. Fink's administration was successful, but the rivalries and jealousies of the lines and the frequent breaking of agreements were too much for one man.

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The presidents and general managers of all the railroads east of Chicago then met and formed an association, and this association was a legislative body without any legal authority to enforce its decrees. It had, however, two effects: the disputes which arose were publicly discussed, and the merits of each side so completely demonstrated that the decision of the association came to be accepted as just and right. Then the verdict of the association had behind it the whole investment and banking community and the press. The weight of this was sufficient to compel obedience to its decisions by the most rebellious member. No executive could continue to hold his position while endeavoring to break up the association.

It is one of the most gratifying events of my life that my associates in this great and powerful association elected me their president, and I continued in office until the Supreme Court in a momentous decision declared that the railroads came under the provision of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and dissolved these associations in the East, West, and South.

It was a liberal education of the railway problems to meet the men who became members of this association. Most of them left an indelible impression upon the railway conditions of the time and of the railway policies of the future. All were executives of great ability and several were rare constructive geniuses.

In our system there was John Newell, president of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, a most capable and efficient manager. Henry B. Ledyard, president of the Michigan Central, was admirably trained for the great responsibilities which he administered so well. There was William Bliss, president of the Boston and Albany, who had built up a line to be one of the strongest of the New England group.

Melville E. Ingalls, president of the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, had combined various weak and bankrupt roads and made them an efficient organization. He had also rehabilitated and put in useful working and paying condition the Chesapeake and Ohio.

Ingalls told me a very good story of himself. He had left the village in Maine, where he was born, and after graduation from college and admission to the bar had settled in Boston. To protect the interests of his clients he had moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, and rescued railroad properties in which they were interested. When his success was complete and he had under his control a large and successfully working railway system, he made a visit to his birthplace.

One evening he went down to the store where the village congress was assembled, sitting on the barrels and the counter. They welcomed him very cordially, and then an inquisitive farmer said to him: "Melville, it is reported around here that you are getting a salary of nigh unto ten thousand dollars a year."

Mr. Ingalls, who was getting several times that amount, modestly admitted the ten, which was a prodigious sum in that rural neighborhood. Whereupon the old farmer voiced the local sentiment by saying: "Well, Melville, that shows what cheek and circumstances can do for a man."

I recall an incident connected with one of the ablest of the executives in our system. One day we had a conference of rival interests, and many executives were there in the effort to secure an adjustment. For this purpose we had an arbitrator. After a most exhausting day in the battle of wits and experience for advantages, I arrived home used up, but after a half-hour's sleep I awoke refreshed and, consulting my diary, found I was down for a speech at a banquet at Delmonico's that night.

I arrived late, the intervening time being devoted to intensive and rapid preparation. I was called early. The speech attracted attention and occupied a column in the morning's papers. I was in bed at eleven o'clock and had between seven and eight hours' refreshing sleep.

On arriving at our meeting-place the next morning one of the best-known presidents took me aside and said: "Chauncey, by making speeches such as you did last night you are losing the confidence of the people. They say you cannot prepare such speeches and give proper attention to your business."

"Well," I said to him, "my friend, did I lose anything before the arbitrator yesterday?"

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He answered very angrily: "No, you gained entirely too much."

"Well," I then said, "I am very fresh this morning. But what did you do last night?"

He answered that he was so exhausted that he went to Delmonico's and ordered the best dinner possible. Then he went on to say: "A friend told me a little game was going on up-stairs, and in a close room filled with tobacco smoke I played poker until two o'clock and drank several high-balls. The result is, I think we better postpone this meeting, for I do not feel like doing anything to-day."

"My dear friend," I said, "you will get the credit of giving your whole time to business, while I am, by doing what refreshes my mind, discredited, because it gets into the papers. I shall keep my method regardless of consequences."

He kept his, and, although much younger than myself, died years ago.

George B. Roberts, president of the Pennsylvania, was a very wise executive and of all-around ability. Frank Thompson, vice-president and afterward president of the same road, was one of the ablest operating officers of his time and a most delightful personality. Mr. A. J. Cassatt was a great engineer and possessed rare foresight and vision. He brought the Pennsylvania Railroad into New York City through a tunnel under the Hudson River, continued the tunnel across the city to the East River and then under the river to connect with the Long Island, which he had acquired for his system.

D. W. Caldwell, president of the New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, added to railway ability wit and humor. He told a good story on Mr. George Roberts. Caldwell was at one time division superintendent under President Roberts. He had obtained permission to build a new station-house, in whose plan and equipment he was deeply interested. It was Mr. Roberts's habit, by way of showing his subordinates that he was fully aware of their doings, to either add to or take away something from their projects.

Caldwell prepared a station-house according to his ideas, and, to prevent Roberts from making any essential changes he added an unnecessary bay window to the front of the passengers' room. Roberts carefully examined the plans and said: "Remove that bay window," and then approved the plan, and Caldwell had what he wanted.

Caldwell used to tell of another occasion when on a Western line he had over him a very severe and harsh disciplinarian as president. This president was a violent prohibitionist and had heard that Caldwell was a bon-vivant. He sent for Caldwell to discipline or discharge him. After a long and tiresome journey Caldwell arrived at the president's house. His first greeting was: "Mr. Caldwell, do you drink?"

Caldwell, wholly unsuspicious, answered: "Thank you, Mr. President; I am awfully tired and will take a little rye."

Mr. E. B. Thomas, president of the Lehigh Valley, was a valuable member of the association. The Baltimore and Ohio, as usual, had its president, Mr. Charles F. Mayer, accompanied by an able staff. The Erie was represented by one of the most capable and genial of its many presidents, Mr. John King.

King was a capital story-teller, and among them I remember this one: At one time he was general manager of the Baltimore and Ohio under John W. Garrett. In order to raise money for his projected extensions, Garrett had gone to Europe. The times were financially very difficult. Johns Hopkins, the famous philanthropist, died. His immortal monument is the Johns Hopkins University and Medical School. Everybody in Baltimore attended the funeral. Among the leading persons present was another John King, a banker, who was Hopkins's executor. A messenger-boy rushed in with a cable for John King, and the boy handed it to John King, the executor, who sat at the head of the mourners. He read it and then passed it along so that each one could read it until it reached John King, of the Baltimore and Ohio, who sat at the foot of the line. The cable read as follows: "Present my sympathies to the family and my high appreciation of Mr. Johns Hopkins, and borrow from the executor all you can at five per cent. Garrett."

Commodore Vanderbilt was succeeded

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in the presidency by his son, William H. Vanderbilt, who was then past forty years old and had been a successful farmer on Staten Island. He was active in neighborhood affairs and in politics. This brought him in close contact with the people and was of invaluable benefit to him when he became president of a great railroad corporation. He also acquired familiarity in railway management as a director of one on Staten Island.

William H. Vanderbilt was a man of great ability, and his education made him in many ways an abler man than his father for the new conditions he had to meet. But, like many a capable son of a famous father, he did not receive the credit which was due him because of the overshadowing reputation of the commodore. Nevertheless, on several occasions he exhibited the highest executive qualities.

One of the great questions of the time was the duty of railroads to the cities in which they terminated, and the decision of the roads south of New York to have lower rates to Philadelphia and Baltimore. New York felt so secure in the strength of its unrivalled harbor and superior shipping facilities that the merchants and financiers were not alarmed. Very soon, however, there was such a diversion of freight from New York as to threaten very seriously its export trade and the superiority of its port. The commercial leaders of the city called upon Mr. Vanderbilt, who after the conference said to them: "I will act in perfect harmony with you and will see that the New York Central Railroad protects New York City regardless of the effect upon its finances." The city representatives said: "That is very fine, and we will stand together."

Mr. Vanderbilt immediately issued a statement that the rates to the seaboard should be the same to all ports, and that the New York Central would meet the lowest rates to any port by putting the same in effect on its own lines. The result was the greatest railroad war since railroads began to compete. Rates fell fifty per cent, and it was a question of the survival of the fittest. Commerce returned to New York, and the competing railroads, to avoid bankruptcy, got together and formed the Trunk Line Association.

New York City has not always remembered how intimately bound is its prosperity with that of the great railroad whose terminal is within its city limits. Mr. Vanderbilt found that the railroad and its management were fiercely assailed in the press, in the legislature, and in municipal councils. He became convinced that no matter how wise or just or fair the railroad might be in the interests of every community and every business which were so dependent upon its transportation, the public would not submit to any great line being owned by one man. The Vanderbilt promptness in arriving at a decision was immediately shown. He called upon Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and through him a syndicate, which Morgan formed, took and sold the greater part of Mr. Vanderbilt's New York Central stock. The result was that the New York Central from that time was owned by the public. It is a tribute to the justice and fairness of the Vanderbilt management that, though the management has been submitted every year since to a stockholders' vote, there has practically never been any opposition to a continuance of the Vanderbilt policy and management.

Among the most important of the many problems during Mr. Vanderbilt's presidency was the question of railway commissions, both in national and State governments. In my professional capacity of general counsel, and in common with representatives of other railroads, I delivered argumentative addresses against them. The discussions converted me, and I became convinced of their necessity. The rapidly growing importance of railway transportation had created the public opinion that railway management should be under the control and supervision of some public body; that all passengers or shippers, or those whose land was taken for construction and development, should have an appeal from the decision of the railway managers to the government through a government commission.

As soon as I was convinced that commissions were necessary for the protection of both the public and the railroads, I presented this view to Mr. Vanderbilt.

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The idea was contrary to his education, training, and opinion. It seemed to me that it was either a commission or government ownership, and that the commission, if strengthened as a judicial body, would be as much of a protection to the bond and stock holders and the investing public as to the general public and the employees. Mr. Vanderbilt, always open-minded, adopted this view and supported the commission system and favored legislation in its behalf.

In 1883 Mr. Vanderbilt decided, on account of illness, to retire from the presidency, and Mr. James H. Rutter was elected his successor. Mr. Rutter was the ablest freight manager in the country, but his health gave way under the exactions of executive duties, and I acted largely for him during his years of service. He died early in 1885, and I was elected president.

The war with the West Shore had been on for several years, with disastrous results to both companies. The Ontario and Western, which had large terminal facilities near Jersey City on the west side of the Hudson, ran for fifty miles along the river before turning into the interior. At its reorganization it had ten millions of cash in the treasury. With this as a basis, its directors decided to organize a new railroad, to be called the West Shore, and parallel the New York Central through its entire length to Buffalo. As the New York Central efficiently served this whole territory, the only business the West Shore could get must be taken away from the Central. To attract this business it offered at all stations lower rates. To retain and hold its business the New York Central met those rates at all points so that financially the West Shore went into the hands of a receiver.

The New York Central was sustained because of its superior facilities and connections and established roadway and equipment. But all new and necessary construction was abandoned, maintenance was neglected, and equipment run down under forced reduction of expenses.

I had very friendly personal relations with the managers and officers of the West Shore, and immediately presented to them a plan for the absorption of their line, instead of continuing the struggle until absolute exhaustion. Mr. Vanderbilt approved of the plan, as did the financial interests represented by Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

By the reorganization and consolidation of the two companies the New York Central began gradually to establish its efficiency and to work on necessary improvements. As evidence of the growth of the railway business of the country, the New York Central proper has added since the reorganization an enormous amount of increased trackage, and has practically rebuilt, as a necessary second line, the West Shore and used fully its very large terminal facilities on the Jersey side of the Hudson.

During his active life Mr. Vanderbilt was very often importuned to buy a New York daily newspaper. He was personally bitterly assailed and his property put in peril by attacks in the press. He always rejected the proposition to buy one. "If," he said, "I owned a newspaper, I would have all the others united in attacking me, and they would ruin me, but by being utterly out of the journalistic field, I find that taking the press as a whole I am fairly well treated. I do not believe any great interest dealing with the public can afford to have an organ."

Colonel Scott of the Pennsylvania thought otherwise, but the result of his experiment demonstrated the accuracy of Mr. Vanderbilt's judgment. Scott selected as editor of the *New York World* one of the most brilliant journalistic writers of his time, William H. Hurlburt. When it became known, however, that the *World* belonged to Colonel Scott, Hurlburt's genius could not save it. The circulation ran down to a minimum, the advertising followed suit, and the paper was losing enormously every month. Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, with the rare insight and foresight which distinguished him, saw what could be made of the *World*, with its privileges in the Associated Press, and so he paid Scott the amount he had originally invested, and took over and made a phenomenal success of this bankrupt and apparently hopeless enterprise.

I tried during my presidency to make the New York Central popular with the public without impairing its efficiency. The proof of the success of this was that without any effort on my part and against my published wishes the New York dele-

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gation in the national Republican convention in 1888, with unprecedented unanimity, presented me as New York's candidate for president. I retired from the contest because of the intense hostility to railroad men in the Western States. Those States could not understand how this hostility, which they had to railroads and everybody connected with them, had disappeared in the great State of New York.

During my presidency the labor question was very acute, and strikes, one after another, common. The universal method of meeting the demands of labor at that time was to have a committee of employees or a leader present the grievances to the division superintendent or the superintendent of motive power. These officers were arbitrary and hostile, as the demands, if acceded to, led to an increase of expenses which would make them unpopular with the management. They had a difficult position. The employees often came to the conclusion that the only way for them to compel the attention of the higher officers and directors was to strike.

Against the judgment of my associates in the railway management I decided to open my doors to any individual or committee of the company. At first I was overwhelmed with petty grievances, but when the men understood that their cases would be immediately heard and acted upon, they decided among themselves not to bring to me any matters unless they regarded them of vital importance. In this way many of the former irritations, which led ultimately to serious results, no longer appeared.

I had no trouble with labor unions, and found their representatives in heart-to-heart talks very generally reasonable. Mr. Arthur, chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, had many of the qualities of a statesman. He built up his organization to be the strongest of its kind among the labor unions. I enjoyed his confidence and friendship for many years.

There never was but one strike on the New York Central during my administration, and that one occurred while I was absent in Europe. Its origin and sequel were somewhat dramatic. I had nearly broken down by overwork, and the directors advised me to take an absolute rest and a trip abroad.

I sent word over the line that I wanted everything settled before leaving, and to go without care. A large committee appeared in my office a few mornings after. To my surprise there was a representative from every branch of the service, passenger and freight conductors, brakemen, shopmen, yardmen, switchmen, and so forth. These had always come through their local unions. I rapidly took up and adjusted what each one of the representatives of his order claimed, and then a man said: "I represent the locomotive engineers."

My response was: "You have no business here, and I will have nothing to do with you. I will see no one of the locomotive engineers, except their accredited chief officer."

"Well," he said, "Mr. President, there is a new condition on the road, a new order of labor called the Knights of Labor. We are going to absorb all the other unions and have only one. The only obstacle in the way is the locomotive engineers, who refuse to give up their brotherhood and come in with us, but if you will recognize us only, that will force them to join. Now, the Brotherhood intends to present a demand very soon, and if you will recognize our order, the Knights of Labor, and not the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, we will take care of what they demand and all others from every department for two years, and you can take your trip to Europe in perfect peace of mind. If you do not do this there will be trouble."

I declined to deal with them as representatives of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Then their spokesman said: "As this is so serious to you, we will give you to-night to think it over and come back in the morning."

I immediately sent for the superintendent of motive power and directed him to have posted by telegraph in every roundhouse that the request of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, of which this committee had told me, had been granted. The next morning the committee returned, and their leader said: "Well, Mr. President, you have beaten us and we are going home."

Then I appealed to them, saying: "I

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am a pretty badly broken-up man. The doctors tell me that if I can have three months without care I will be as good as ever. You must admit that I have at all times been absolutely square with you and tried to adjust fairly the matters you have brought to me. Now, will you take care of me while I am absent?"

They answered unanimously: "Mr. President, we will, and you can be confident there will be no trouble on the New York Central while you are away."

I sailed with my mind free from anxiety, hopeful and happy, leaving word to send me no cables or letters. After a visit to the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau in Upper Bavaria, I went into the Austrian Tyrol. One night, at a hotel in Innsbruck, Mr. Graves, a very enterprising reporter of a New York paper, suddenly burst into my room and said: "I have been chasing you all over Europe for an interview on the strike on the New York Central." This was my first information of the strike.

As soon as I had left New York and was on the ocean, the young and ambitious officer who was at the head of the operations of the railroad and disapproved of my method of dealing with the employees discharged every member of the committee who had called upon me. Of course, this was immediately followed by a sympathetic outburst in their behalf and the sympathizers were also discharged. Then the whole road was tied up by a universal strike. After millions had been lost in revenue by the railroad and in wages by the men, the strike was settled, as usual, by a compromise, but it gave to the Knights of Labor the control, except as to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. The early settlement of the strike was largely due to the loyalty and courage of the Brotherhood.

During my presidency I was much criticised by the public, but never by the directors of the company, because of my activities in politics and on the platform. For some time, when the duties of my office became most onerous, and I was in the habit of working all day and far into the night, I discovered that this concentrated attention to my railroad problems and intense and continuous application to their solution was not only impairing my efficiency but my health. As I was not a sport, and never had time for games or horses, I decided to try a theory, which was that one's daily duties occupied certain cells of the brain while the others remained idle; that the active cells became tired by overwork while others lost their power in a measure by idleness; that if, after a reasonable use of the working cells, you would engage in some other intellectual occupation, it would furnish as much relief or recreation as outdoor exercise of any kind. I had a natural facility for quick and easy preparation for public speaking, and so adopted that as my recreation. The result proved entirely successful.

After a hard day's work, on coming home late in the afternoon, I accustomed myself to take a short nap of about fifteen minutes. Then I would look over my tablets to see if any engagement was on to speak in the evening, and, if so, the preparation of the speech might be easy, or, if difficult, cause me to be late at dinner. These speeches were made several times a week, and mainly at banquets on closing of the sessions of conventions of trade organizations of the country. The reciprocal favors and friendship of these delegates transferred to the New York Central a large amount of competitive business.

While I was active in politics I issued strict orders that every employee should have the same liberty, and that any attempt on the part of their superior officers to influence or direct the political action of a subordinate would be cause for dismissal. This became so well known that the following incident, which was not uncommon, will show the result.

As I was taking the train the morning after having made a political speech at Utica, the yardmaster, an Irishman, greeted me very cordially and then said: "We were all up to hear ye last night, boss, but this year we are agin ye."

The position which this activity gave me in my own party, and the fact that, unlike most employers, I protected the employees in their liberty of political action, gave me immense help in protecting the company from raids and raiders.

We had a restaurant in the station at Utica which had deteriorated. The situation was called to my attention, in order to have the evils corrected, by the receipt

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of the following letter from an indignant passenger: "Dear Mr. President: You are the finest after-dinner speaker in the world. I would give a great deal to hear the speech you would make after you had dined in the restaurant of your station at Utica."

After thirteen years of service as president I was elected chairman of the board of directors. Mr. Samuel R. Callaway succeeded me as president, and on his resignation was succeeded by Mr. William H. Newman, and upon his resignation Mr. W. C. Brown became president. Following Mr. Brown, Mr. Alfred H. Smith was elected and is still in office. All these officers were able and did excellent service, but I want to pay special tribute to Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith is one of the ablest operating officers of his time. When the United States Government took over the railroads he was made regional director of the government for railroads in this territory. He received the highest commendation from the government and from the owners of the railroads for the admirable way in which he had maintained them and their efficiency during the government control.

On the surrender of the railroads by the government, Mr. Smith was welcomed back by his directors to the presidency of the New York Central. The splendid condition of the Central and its allied lines is largely due to him. During his service as regional director the difficult task of the presidency of the New York Central was very ably performed by Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr. Though the youngest among the executive officers of the railroads of the country, he was at the same time one of the best.

Among the efficient officers who have served the New York Central during the time I have been with the company, I remember many on account of their worth and individuality. H. Walter Webb came into the railway service from an active business career. With rare intelligence and industry he rapidly rose in the organization and was a very capable and efficient officer. There was F. W. Voorhees, the general superintendent, an unusually young man for such a responsible position. He was a graduate of Troy Polytechnical School and a very able operating officer. Having gone directly from the college to a responsible position, he naturally did not understand or know how to handle men until after long experience. He showed that want of experience in a very drastic way in the strike of 1892 and its settlement. Being very arbitrary, he had his own standards. For instance, I was appealed to by many old brakemen and conductors whom he had discharged. I mention one particularly, who had been on the road for twenty-five years. Voorhees's answer to me was: "These old employees are devoted to Toucey, my predecessor, and for efficient work I must have loyalty to me."

I reversed his order and told him I would begin to discharge, if necessary, the latest appointments, including himself, keeping the older men in the service who had proved their loyalty to the company by the performance of their duties.

Mr. Voorhees became afterward vice-president and then president of the Philadelphia and Reading. With experience added to his splendid equipment and unusual ability he became one of the best executives in the country.

Mr. John M. Toucey, who had come up from the bottom to be general superintendent and general manager, was a hard student. His close contact with his fellow employees gave him wonderful control over men. He supplemented his practical experience by hard study and was very well educated. Though self-taught, he had no confidence in the graduates of the professional schools.

In selecting an assistant, one of them told me that Toucey subjected him to a rigid examination and then said: "What is your railroad career?"

"I began at the bottom," answered the assistant, "and have filled every office on my old road up to division superintendent, which I have held for so many years."

"That is very fine," said Toucey, "but are you a graduate of the Troy Technical School?"

"No, sir."

"Of the Stevens Tech?"

"No, sir."

"Of Massachusetts Tech?"

"No, sir."

"Then you are engaged," said Toucey.

Mr. Toucey was well up-to-date, and differed from a superintendent on another

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road in which I was a director. The suburban business of that line had increased very rapidly, but there were not enough trains or cars to accommodate the passengers. The overcrowding caused many serious discomforts. I had the superintendent called before the board of directors, and said to him: "Why don't you immediately put on more trains and cars?"

"Why, Mr. Depew," he answered, "what would be the use? They are settling so fast along the line that the people would fill them up and overcrowd them just as before."

I was going over the line on an important tour at one time with John Burroughs, superintendent of the Western Division. We were on his pony engine, with seats at the front, alongside the boiler, so that we could look directly on the track. Burroughs sat on one side and I on the other. He kept on commenting aloud by way of dictating to his stenographer, who sat behind him, and praise and criticism followed rapidly. I heard him utter in his monotonous way: "Switch misplaced, we will all be in hell in a minute," and then a second afterward continue: "We jumped the switch and are on the track again. Discharge that switchman."

Major Enos Priest was for fifty years a division superintendent. It was a delightful experience to go with him over his division. He knew everybody along the line, was general confidant in their family troubles and arbiter in neighborhood disputes. He knew personally every employee and his characteristics and domestic situation. The wives were generally helping him to keep their husbands from making trouble. To show his control and efficiency, he was always predicting labor troubles and demonstrating that the reason they did not occur was because of the way in which he handled the situation.

Mr. C. M. Bissell was a very efficient superintendent, and for a long time in charge of the Harlem Railroad. He told me this incident. We decided to put in effect as a check upon the conductors a system by which a conductor, when a fare was paid on the train, must tear from a book a receipt which he gave to the passenger, and mark the amount on the stub from which the receipt was torn. Soon after a committee of conductors called upon Mr. Bissell and asked for an increase of pay. "Why," Bissell asked, "boys, why do you ask for that now?"

After a rather embarrassing pause the oldest conductor said: "Mr. Bissell, you have been a conductor yourself."

This half-century and six years during which I have been in the service of the New York Central Railroad has been a time of unusual pleasure and remarkably free from friction or trouble. In this intimate association with the railroad managers of the United States I have found the choicest friendships and the most enduring. The railroad manager is rarely a large stockholder, but he is a most devoted and efficient officer of his company. He gives to its service, for the public, the employees, the investors, and the company, all that there is in him. In too many instances, because these officers do not get relief from their labor by variation of their work, they die exhausted before their time.

The story graphically told by one of the oldest and ablest of railroad men, Mr. Marvin Hughitt, for a long time president and now chairman of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, illustrates what the railroad does for the country. Twenty-five years ago the Northwestern extended its lines through northern Iowa. Mr. Hughitt drove over the proposed extension on a buckboard. The country was sparsely settled because the farmers could not get their products to the market; the land was selling at six dollars per acre.

In a quarter of a century prosperous villages and cities had grown up along the line, and farms were selling at over three hundred dollars per acre. While this enormous profit from six dollars per acre to over three hundred has come to the settlers who held on to their farms because of the possibilities produced by the railroad, the people whose capital built the road must remain satisfied with a moderate return by way of dividend and interest, and without any enhancement of their capital, but those investors should be protected by the State and the people to whom their capital expenditures have been such an enormous benefit.

(To be continued.)

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America and I

BY ANZIA YEZIERSKA
Author of "Hungry Hearts"

AS one of the dumb, voiceless ones I speak. One of the millions of immigrants beating, beating out their hearts at your gates for a breath of understanding.

Ach! America! From the other end of the earth from where I came, America was a land of living hope, woven of dreams, aflame with longing and desire.

Choked for ages in the airless oppression of Russia, the Promised Land rose up—wings for my stifled spirit—sunlight burning through my darkness—freedom singing to me in my prison—deathless songs tuning prison-bars into strings of a beautiful violin.

I arrived in America. My young, strong body, my heart and soul pregnant with the unlived lives of generations clamoring for expression.

What my mother and father and their mother and father never had a chance to give out in Russia, I would give out in America. The hidden sap of centuries would find release; colors that never saw light—songs that died unvoiced—romance that never had a chance to blossom in the black life of the Old World.

In the golden land of flowing opportunity I was to find my work that was denied me in the sterile village of my forefathers. Here I was to be free from the dead drudgery for bread that held me down in Russia. For the first time in America, I'd cease to be a slave of the belly. I'd be a creator, a giver, a human being! My work would be the living joy of fullest self-expression.

But from my high visions, my golden hopes, I had to put my feet down on earth. I had to have food and shelter. I had to have the money to pay for it.

I was in America, among the Americans, but not of them. No speech, no common language, no way to win a smile of understanding from them, only my young, strong body and my untried faith. Only my eager, empty hands, and my full heart shining from my eyes!

God from the world! Here I was with so much richness in me, but my mind was not wanted without the language. And my body, unskilled, untrained, was not even wanted in the factory. Only one of two chances was left open to me: the kitchen, or minding babies.

My first job was as a servant in an Americanized family. Once, long ago, they came from the same village from where I came. But they were so well-dressed, so well-fed, so successful in America, that they were ashamed to remember their mother tongue.

"What were to be my wages?" I ventured timidly, as I looked up to the well-fed, well-dressed "American" man and woman.

They looked at me with a sudden coldness. What have I said to draw away from me their warmth? Was it so low from me to talk of wages? I shrank back into myself like a low-down bargainer. Maybe they're so high up in well-being they can't any more understand my low thoughts for money.

From his rich height the man preached down to me that I must not be so grabbing for wages. Only just landed from the ship and already thinking about money when I should be thankful to associate with "Americans."

The woman, out of her smooth, smiling fatness assured me that this was my chance for a summer vacation in the country with her two lovely children. My great chance to learn to be a civilized being, to become an American by living with them.

So, made to feel that I was in the hands of American friends, invited to share with them their home, their plenty, their happiness, I pushed out from my head the worry for wages. Here was my first

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chance to begin my life in the sunshine, after my long darkness. My laugh was all over my face as I said to them: "I'll trust myself to you. What I'm worth you'll give me." And I entered their house like a child by the hand.

The best of me I gave them. Their house cares were my house cares. I got up early. I worked till late. All that my soul hungered to give I put into the passion with which I scrubbed floors, scoured pots, and washed clothes. I was so grateful to mingle with the American people, to hear the music of the American language, that I never knew tiredness.

There was such a freshness in my brains and such a willingness in my heart that I could go on and on—not only with the work of the house, but work with my head—learning new words from the children, the grocer, the butcher, the iceman. I was not even afraid to ask for words from the policeman on the street. And every new word made me see new American things with American eyes. I felt like a Columbus, finding new worlds through every new word.

But words alone were only for the inside of me. The outside of me still branded me for a steerage immigrant. I had to have clothes to forget myself that I'm a stranger yet. And so I had to have money to buy these clothes.

The month was up. I was so happy! Now I'd have money. *My own, earned* money. Money to buy a new shirt on my back—shoes on my feet. Maybe yet an American dress and hat!

Ach! How high rose my dreams! How plainly I saw all that I would do with my visionary wages shining like a light over my head!

In my imagination I already walked in my new American clothes. How beautiful I looked as I saw myself like a picture before my eyes! I saw how I would throw away my immigrant rags tied up in my immigrant shawl. With money to buy—free money in my hands—I'd show them that I could look like an American in a day.

Like a prisoner in his last night in prison, counting the seconds that will free him from his chains, I trembled breathlessly for the minute I'd get the wages in my hand.

Before dawn I rose.

I shined up the house like a jewel-box.

I prepared breakfast and waited with my heart in my mouth for my lady and gentleman to rise. At last I heard them stirring. My eyes were jumping out of my head to them when I saw them coming in and seating themselves by the table.

Like a hungry cat rubbing up to its boss for meat, so I edged and simpered around them as I passed them the food. Without my will, like a beggar, my hand reached out to them.

The breakfast was over. And no word yet from my wages.

"Gottuniu!" I thought to myself. "Maybe they're so busy with their own things they forgot it's the day for my wages. Could they who have everything know what I was to do with my first American dollars? How could they, soaking in plenty, how could they feel the longing and the fierce hunger in me, pressing up through each visionary dollar? How could they know the gnawing ache of my avid fingers for the feel of my own, earned dollars? *My* dollars that I could spend like a free person. *My* dollars that would make me feel with everybody alike!

Breakfast was long past.

Lunch came. Lunch past.

Oi-i weh! Not a word yet about my money.

It was near dinner. And not a word yet about my wages.

I began to set the table. But my head—it swam away from me. I broke a glass. The silver dropped from my nervous fingers. I couldn't stand it any longer. I dropped everything and rushed over to my American lady and gentleman.

"Oi weh! The money—my money—my wages!" I cried breathlessly.

Four cold eyes turned on me.

"Wages? Money?" The four eyes turned into hard stone as they looked me up and down. "Haven't you a comfortable bed to sleep, and three good meals a day? You're only a month here. Just came to America. And you already think about money. Wait till your worth any money. What use are you without knowing English? You should be glad we keep you here. It's like a vacation for you. Other girls pay money yet to be in the country."

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It went black for my eyes. I was so choked no words came to my lips. Even the tears went dry in my throat.

I left. Not a dollar for all my work.

For a long, long time my heart ached and ached like a sore wound. If murderers would have robbed me and killed me it wouldn't have hurt me so much. I couldn't think through my pain. The minute I'd see before me how they looked at me, the words they said to me—then everything began to bleed in me. And I was helpless.

For a long, long time the thought of ever working in an "American" family made me tremble with fear, like the fear of wild wolves. No—never again would I trust myself to an "American" family, no matter how fine their language and how sweet their smile.

It was blotted out in me all trust in friendship from "Americans." But the life in me still burned to live. The hope in me still craved to hope. In darkness, in dirt, in hunger and want, but only to live on!

There had been no end to my day—working for the "American" family.

Now rejecting false friendships from higher-ups in America, I turned back to the ghetto. I worked on a hard bench with my own kind on either side of me. I knew before I began what my wages were to be. I knew what my hours were to be. And I knew the feeling of the end of the day.

From the outside my second job seemed worse than the first. It was in a sweat-shop of a Delancey Street basement, kept up by an old, wrinkled woman that looked like a black witch of greed. My work was sewing on buttons. While the morning was still dark I walked into a dark basement. And darkness met me when I turned out of the basement.

Day after day, week after week, all the contact I got with America was handling dead buttons. The money I earned was hardly enough to pay for bread and rent. I didn't have a room to myself. I didn't even have a bed. I slept on a mattress on the floor in a rat-hole of a room occupied by a dozen other immigrants. I was always hungry—oh, so hungry! The scant meals I could afford only sharpened my appetite for real food. But I felt myself better off than working in the "American" family, where I had three good meals a day and a bed to myself. With all the hunger and darkness of the sweat-shop, I had at least the evening to myself. And all night was mine. When all were asleep, I used to creep up on the roof of the tenement and talk out my heart in silence to the stars in the sky.

"Who am I? What am I? What do I want with my life? Where is America? Is there an America? What is this wilderness in which I'm lost?"

I'd hurl my questions and then think and think. And I could not tear it out of me, the feeling that America must be somewhere, somehow—only I couldn't find it—*my America*, where I would work for love and not for a living. I was like a thing following blindly after something far off in the dark!

"Oi weh!" I'd stretch out my hand up in the air. "My head is so lost in America! What's the use of all my working if I'm not in it? Dead buttons is not me."

Then the busy season started in the shop. The mounds of buttons grew and grew. The long day stretched out longer. I had to begin with the buttons earlier and stay with them till later in the night. The old witch turned into a huge greedy maw for wanting more and more buttons.

For a glass of tea, for a slice of herring over black bread, she would buy us up to stay another and another hour, till there seemed no end to her demands.

One day, the light of self-assertion broke into my cellar darkness.

"I don't want the tea. I don't want your herring," I said with terrible boldness. "I only want to go home. I only want the evening to myself!"

"You fresh mouth, you!" cried the old witch. "You learned already too much in America. I want no clock-watchers in my shop. Out you go!"

I was driven out to cold and hunger. I could no longer pay for my mattress on the floor. I no longer could buy the bite in the mouth. I walked the streets. I knew what it is to be alone in a strange city, among strangers.

But I laughed through my tears. So I learned too much already in America because I wanted the whole evening to my-

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self? Well, America has yet to teach me still more: how to get not only the whole evening to myself, but a whole day a week like the American workers.

That sweat-shop was a bitter memory but a good school. It fitted me for a regular factory. I could walk in boldly and say I could work at something, even if it was only sewing on buttons.

Gradually, I became a trained worker. I worked in a light, airy factory, only eight hours a day. My boss was no longer a sweater and a blood-squeezer. The first freshness of the morning was mine. And the whole evening was mine. All day Sunday was mine.

Now I had better food to eat. I slept on a better bed. Now, I even looked dressed up like the American-born. But inside of me I knew that I was not yet an American. I choked with longing when I met an American-born, and I couldn't say nothing.

Something cried dumb in me. I couldn't help it. I didn't know what it was I wanted. I only knew I wanted. I wanted. Like the hunger in the heart that never gets food.

An English class for foreigners started in our factory. The teacher had such a good, friendly face, her eyes looked so understanding, as though she could see right into my heart. So I went to her one day for an advice:

"I don't know what is with me the matter," I began. "I have no rest in me. I never yet done what I want."

"What is it you want to do, child?" she asked me.

"I want to do something with my head, my feelings. All day long, only with my hands I work."

"First you must learn English." She patted me as though I was not yet grown up. "Put your mind on that, and then we'll see."

So for a time I learned the language. I could almost begin to think with English words in my head. But in my heart still hurt the emptiness. I burned to give, to give something, to do something, to be something. The dead work with my hands was killing me. My work left only hard stones on my heart.

Again I went to our factory teacher and cried out to her: "I know already to read and write the English language, but I can't put it into words what I want. What is it in me so different that can't come out?"

She smiled at me down from her calmness as if I were a little bit out of my head. "What *do you want* to do?"

"I feel. I see. I hear. And I want to think it out. But I'm like dumb in me. I only feel I'm different—different from everybody."

She looked at me close and said nothing for a minute. "You ought to join one of the social clubs of the Women's Association," she advised.

"What's the Women's Association?" I implored greedily.

"A group of American women who are trying to help the working-girl find herself. They have a special department for immigrant girls like you."

I joined the Women's Association. On my first evening there they announced a lecture: "The Happy Worker and His Work," by the Welfare director of the United Mills Corporation.

"Is there such a thing as a happy worker at his work?" I wondered. "Happiness is only by working at what you love. And what poor girl can ever find it to work at what she loves? My old dreams about my America rushed through my mind. Once I thought that in America everybody works for love. Nobody has to worry for a living. Maybe this welfare man came to show me the *real* America that till now I sought in vain.

With a lot of polite words the head lady of the Women's Association introduced a higher-up that looked like the king of kings of business. Never before in my life did I ever see a man with such a sureness in his step, such power in his face, such friendly positiveness in his eye as when he smiled upon us.

"Efficiency is the new religion of business," he began. "In big business houses, even in up-to-date factories, they no longer take the first comer and give him any job that happens to stand empty. Efficiency begins at the employment-office. Experts are hired for the one purpose, to find out how best to fit the worker to his work. It's economy for the boss to make the worker happy. And then he

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talked a lot more on efficiency in educated language that was over my head.

I didn't know exactly what it meant—efficiency—but if it was to make the worker happy at his work, then that's what I had been looking for since I came to America. I only felt from watching him that he was happy by his job. And as I looked on this clean, well-dressed, successful one, who wasn't ashamed to say he rose from an office-boy, it made me feel that I, too, could lift myself up for a person.

He finished his lecture, telling us about the Vocational-Guidance Centre that the Women's Association started.

The very next evening I was at the Vocational-Guidance Centre. There I found a young, college-looking woman. Smartness and health shining from her eyes! She, too, looked as if she knew her way in America. I could tell at the first glance: here is a person that is happy by what she does.

"I feel you'll understand me," I said right away.

She leaned over with pleasure in her face: "I hope I can."

"I want to work by what's in me. Only, I don't know what's in me. I only feel I'm different."

She gave me a quick, puzzled look from the corner of her eyes. "What are you doing now?"

"I'm the quickest shirtwaist hand on the floor. But my heart wastes away by such work. I think and think, and my thoughts can't come out."

"Why don't you think out your thoughts in shirtwaists? You could learn to be a designer. Earn more money."

"I don't want to look on waists. If my hands are sick from waists, how could my head learn to put beauty into them?"

"But you must earn your living at what you know, and rise slowly from job to job."

I looked at her office sign: "Vocational Guidance." "What's your vocational guidance?" I asked. "How to rise from job to job—how to earn more money?"

The smile went out from her eyes. But she tried to be kind yet. "What *do* you want?" she asked, with a sigh of last patience.

"I want America to want me."

She fell back in her chair, thunderstruck with my boldness. But yet, in a low voice of educated self-control, she tried to reason with me:

"You have to *show* that you have something special for America before America has need of you."

"But I never had a chance to find out what's in me, because I always had to work for a living. Only, I feel it's efficiency for America to find out what's in me so different, so I could give it out by my work."

Her eyes half closed as they bored through me. Her mouth opened to speak, but no words came from her lips. So I flamed up with all that was choking in me like a house on fire:

"America gives free bread and rent to criminals in prison. They got grand houses with sunshine, fresh air, doctors and teachers, even for the crazy ones. Why don't they have free boarding-schools for immigrants—strong people—willing people? Here you see us burning up with something different, and America turns its head away from us."

Her brows lifted and dropped down. She shrugged her shoulders away from me with the look of pity we give to cripples and hopeless lunatics.

"America is no Utopia. First you must become efficient in earning a living before you can indulge in your poetic dreams."

I went away from the vocational-guidance office with all the air out of my lungs. All the light out of my eyes. My feet dragged after me like dead wood.

Till now there had always lingered a rosy veil of hope over my emptiness, a hope that a miracle would happen. I would open up my eyes some day and suddenly find the America of my dreams. As a young girl hungry for love sees always before her eyes the picture of lover's arms around her, so I saw always in my heart the vision of Utopian America.

But now I felt that the America of my dreams never was and never could be. Reality had hit me on the head as with a club. I felt that the America that I sought was nothing but a shadow—an echo—a chimera of lunatics and crazy immigrants.

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Stripped of all illusion, I looked about me. The long desert of wasting days of drudgery stared me in the face. The drudgery that I had lived through, and the endless drudgery still ahead of me rose over me like a withering wilderness of sand. In vain were all my cryings, in vain were all frantic efforts of my spirit to find the living waters of understanding for my perishing lips. Sand, sand was everywhere. With every seeking, every reaching out I only lost myself deeper and deeper in a vast sea of sand.

I knew now the American language. And I knew now, if I talked to the Americans from morning till night, they could not understand what the Russian soul of me wanted. They could not understand *me* any more than if I talked to them in Chinese. Between my soul and the American soul were worlds of difference that no words could bridge over. What was that difference? What made the Americans so far apart from me?

I began to read the American history. I found from the first pages that America started with a band of courageous Pilgrims. They had left their native country as I had left mine. They had crossed an unknown ocean and landed in an unknown country, as I.

But the great difference between the first Pilgrims and me was that they expected to make America, build America, create their own world of liberty. I wanted to find it ready-made.

I read on. I delved deeper down into the American history. I saw how the Pilgrim Fathers came to a rocky desert country, surrounded by Indian savages on all sides. But undaunted, they pressed on—through danger—through famine, pestilence, and want—they pressed on. They did not ask the Indians for sympathy, for understanding. They made no demands on anybody, but on their own indomitable spirit of persistence.

And I—I was forever begging a crumb of sympathy, a gleam of understanding from strangers who could not sympathize, who could not understand.

I, when I encountered a few savage Indian scalpers, like the old witch of the sweat-shop, like my "Americanized" countryman, who cheated me of my wages—I, when I found myself on the lonely, untrodden path through which all seekers of the new world must pass, I lost heart and said: "There is no America!"

Then came a light—a great revelation! I saw America—a big idea—a deathless hope—a world still in the making. I saw that it was the glory of America that it was not yet finished. And I, the last comer, had her share to give, small or great, to the making of America, like those Pilgrims who came in the *Mayflower*.

Fired up by this revealing light, I began to build a bridge of understanding between the American-born and myself. Since their life was shut out from such as me, I began to open up my life and the lives of my people to them. And life draws life. In only writing about the Ghetto I found America.

Great chances have come to me. But in my heart is always a deep sadness. I feel like a man who is sitting down to a secret table of plenty, while his near ones and dear ones are perishing before his eyes. My very joy in doing the work I love hurts me like secret guilt, because all about me I see so many with my longings, my burning eagerness, to do and to be, wasting their days in drudgery they hate, merely to buy bread and pay rent. And America is losing all that richness of the soul.

The Americans of to-morrow, the America that is every day nearer coming to be, will be too wise, too open-hearted, too friendly-handed, to let the least last-comer at their gates knock in vain with his gifts unwanted.

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The Ripe Peach

BY RAYMOND S. SPEARS

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY PERRY BARLOW

TIM O'ROURKE came to America, and a few years afterward wrote his sister that when Jim Carney, her boy, was ready to come visit him in Kansas, his face would be welcome. Accordingly, Jim Carney one day bade his mother good-by, and started. Jim landed in New York with no money, but willing hands. Somehow, he just couldn't lay his tongue to the name of the place where Tim O'Rourke lived, and for a year or two every time he wrote to his folks he forgot to ask them.

In the meanwhile he started West, with ambition, and in Western Pennsylvania he gazed down upon a stream with green water in it, the Allegheny, some called it, and they said around that this was a branch of the Mississippi River. Then, having ill regard for working on oil-wells, Jim struck another stream, which was called the Wabash, where he fished for button shells awhile; and this river, too, was a fork of the Mississippi. Then Jim headed away for the Big Woods people told him about, and amid the pines of Minnesota he gazed at another stream with green water, and, his suspicions aroused, he demanded to know if this, too, was the Mississippi? It was.

Jim didn't talk any about it. He worked all winter in the log camp, and drank the Mississippi water with a suspicious look in his eye. The winter chilled his enthusiasm, it was so cold, but he stayed till the Cutaway Camps shut down, and then with enthusiasm he spent his season's wages down the line. At St. Paul he saw the Mississippi again.

Then he moved out into the West, harvesting wheat with a gang, and then joined a thresher outfit. Standing on hills that were golden with ripe wheat, he wiped the sweat as he pitched the shocks, and paused to inquire if the wide, yellow river down in the bottoms was the Mississippi, too? It was a fork of it—he learned; this, it was not green.

After the harvest, he rolled into Great Falls, and gazed again at the Mississippi, while he held a job in one of the big plants devoted to the conversion of ore concentrates into beautiful metals. Here, too, the sweep of wintry winds whistling over the sage made Jim Carney shiver. When the warm Chinook blew he loosened the big sheepskin lined corduroy jacket, and threw his job over his shoulder, to leave the roar of the Great Falls behind him at their flood. A voice within reminded him that he had yet to pay a visit to his uncle's folks; still he hesitated.

He needed clothes, and a present to take to his relatives. He went on to the Montana lumber camps, but a new feeling about trees had come into his heart. All across the prairies he had seen thousands who had planted trees, and raised them tenderly, with infinite pains. It hurt to be concerned with slashing trees where they were growing by the bounty of nature. Jim soon returned down the trail. A brook, bounding down the steeps of the Rockies, bade him pause. He learned from a cattleman that this was out of Two Ocean Pass—and on its way to the Mississippi.

Jim tried cowboying on the strength of the great stories he heard about the life. The foreman found Jim's skill with the axe useful in building fences and sledging lignite for the cook. Then one day Jim had to build a bonfire in which strange irons were heated blue. Forty-odd calves were driven up with their mothers. A calf was stretched out with ropes, and a cowman snatched one of the hot irons, and laid the claw on the end of the iron against a helpless calf's side.

Blue smoke rose odorous; the calf bawled; a certain cow came prancing

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angrily. Jim Carney stared with bulging eyes and loosening jaws.

"Excuse me, Boss!" he said respectfully. "I'll take me time right now!"

He roamed away southward, finding odd jobs here and there. In these wide spaces he put two and two together. The houses were twenty, thirty, or even more miles apart. In hunger, often in thirst, he gave thought to the life he was leading.

"I'm getting nowhere, always in the Mississippi Basin!" he grumbled.

All one day on a naked prairie, with only a sod house to interrupt its rolling grace and emphasize its vast beauty, he tramped along drinking sparingly of salty water in his canteen. At dusk the road remained but a pair of ruts through the sod, with little ghosts of young sagebrush standing stark in the gloom, milky white amid the curly buffalo bunch-grass.

"Jim!" he grumbled to himself. "Sure, I believe you are lonesome and a fool. 'Tis a grand butte looms there in the dark, three miles, or may be fifteen miles away! Ah—a sod house!"

In half an hour he arrived at the house. He looked at the darkness of it. Humans had lived there; perhaps they had driven their flivver to town: He hailed, but there was no answer. He unhooked the loose wire gate and walked to the building that somehow sympathized with his predicament of loneliness. He smelled something, he saw jagged holes through the old sod walls; the roof was settling crooked; above the quiet he heard a faint burring, a crisp, clattering rattle like small dry bones shaken together with great violence.

"Snakes!" Carney cried. "They're always thickest around the ruins of men's hopes—good-by, me b'ys! I'm disturbin' you no more!"

He roamed on. At dawn, when his water was all drunk, and it seemed the prairie was a Hades, with no limits, he emerged on a brink; he looked into the confusion of a thousand washes, clay banks, buttes and knolls which were pink in the first sun-rays, but soon changed to blue in the distance, and yellow, gray, orange, dark purple, not so far away. The whole scene of Bad Lands was at his feet, so that he looked down on that evil world.

Hunger made him faint, while thirst tortured his throat, yet something in that scene quickened his heart beat. With wonder he tried to think what it was, till his awakened soul laughed at himself. There, four hundred feet below him, so nearly straight beneath that he had fairly missed its significance, was a stream; a grand little river to whose pretty flood he scrambled down bluffs, sand slips, and clay banks, with no regard for safety, or the ease of the roadway which curved on switchbacks at a fair grade back and forth along the wind-worn, water-washed steeps.

A stream forty feet wide reached its wet waves to fill his throat with riches of moisture. Having drunk, he looked from his knees into the rippling, running flow.

"A pale green with milky tinge," he shook his head, "like me, running along through easy times or hard, as the case may be. Green—what! Can it be? It must be, for a fact—another brook feeding into that Mississippi. 'Tis a different green, however, not the same green like a gem stone. 'Tis nothing to me, I know."

He splashed across the wagon ford, stopped at a horse range, but seeing the red scars on a colt's ham he did not stay to work, though he was asked. Needing a bit of money he worked on a railroad section; then with a gang of graders; then, happening upon a wildcat oil-drilling rig, he turned his hand to feeding a boiler with lignite coal.

"I'm variously skilful," he mused, "soon I will have tried all the labor in the world, after which I may turn back to what suits me— Ugh!"

Sitting in a clump of cottonwoods on a river bank, the name of which he did not know, he harked to his memory. He scratched the years on the sand, and found that he had been fifteen in the country, and fourteen within the basin of the Mississippi. Marking the years far apart, he made an "x," underneath, for each job that he had held. When he was through he summed it all up with a laugh that was a sigh:

"Sure! I'm an illegant worker, for have I not had wan hundred an' sixty-eight jobs? There's work for ivery wan of Mr. Jim Carney's procrastinations and indifferences. An' you, I know by the

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Marking the years far apart, he made an "x," underneath, for each job that he had held.—Page 164.

looks, Mister River, lead straight into that same old Mississip' that I've been evading since I was sixteen years of age. Green with a tinge of red, quicksand in yer bottom, an'—an' a divil of a twinkle in yer eye. What does it mean to me, now?"

He crossed this river, resolutely turned his back on it, going West again. Yet when he circled a little to the left, at the end of six weeks spent with a man who needed a teamster, athwart his course was another river. It was the Arkansas, somebody told him; a large, useful, and interesting stream, he was willing to admit, with some strange cows in the pastures, large, black, with humps on their shoulders and remarkably bright eyes with red rims whose stare made the wanderer nervous.

"So this is Kansas?" He looked about him. "I wonder is Tim O'Rourke near here, which I must find out. Tim must be visited. Les' see—Kansas. He was in Kansas City on a farm. I'll look around a bit to find Kansas City. What, only three hundred miles? 'Tis but a step. I'll soon be thereabouts."

The following spring he arrived in Kansas City, and what, with work in the stock-

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yards and a greasier, but more interesting job in a garage, Jim was only six months in finding Tim. Tim drove up to the garage in a big automobile to have the knuckles of his steering-gear tightened up.

"Sure, Tim! I'm the lad to do so simple a job as that!" said the man in one-piece, greasy overalls.

"And who the divil might you be?" Tim demanded of the tall, variegatedly patched mechanic.

"Jim Carney," was the answer.

"What? The son of me own sister? What on earth! Why didn't you look me up?"

"I did—and down, and around, when I had found Kansas by luck and chance."

"I'm only forty miles from here, and ivery man knows me!"

"Oh, I know that—but my face was dirty, so you see——"

"Well, fix the old bus so she will not shake to pieces on me; then come to my place, when I've done some shopping. I need sixty tons of fertilizer, an' Mary says not to forget a camping outfit for the automobile; the children— What did they want? Oh, yes! Two motorcycles an' a side-car. And I want six twin tires for two of me big trucks, a new roof for each of two houses of the hired men——"

"Tim!" Jim inquired. "Is all that for effect on me?"

"Eh? What! Not a bit of it, for twenty-nine years ago I took up my first eighty acres, and I've seven thousand now in wheat. How long have you been in the country, Jim?"

"Not long." Jim blinked. "I've been wearing the brogue off my tongue for a while getting an illegant, general gift of conversation."

"I'll be back soon. Have the machine ready day after to-morrow. I'm busy attending a wheat-grading, and must fight for my pop-orange which they've not yet been willing to recognize for the fine flour producer it is."

The car was ready when Tim arrived at the garage. It had never run better. Jim, however, was gone.

"He was a fine workman, but I had to let him go," the garage owner said. "He had a telegram message calling him East."

"The pity of it!" Tim exclaimed. "I wished to make the young man!"

This was the suspicion in Jim's heart. Tim O'Rourke would make him. That, however, was not what had brought Jim Carney to America. Sitting on the bank of the Missouri which he had crossed thirty times or so in recent years, the wanderer harked back in his memory to the day when he had walked down off the big steamer, to tread on the land that buoys the world's hopes.

Following the setting sun he had come to the Middle West, only to go to the right, to the left, circling around and around. Now seventeen years were behind him. He felt age in his bones, stiffness in his muscles, and the weary cry in his heart that a man is old at thirty-odd.

"I've wasted me life; Uncle Tim'll waste his charity on me; it'll do me nor him any good; so 'tis a fareyewell again for me!"

For a long time he had traversed the prairies, the places where one must look twice to see the horizon; the building lots were a mile square out yonder; the very bigness of things had made Jim Carney blink with far-sightedness, as he stumbled along in his heavy-soled shoes.

He issued forth from Kansas City to be clear of the example of his Uncle Tim, whose prosperity was the evidence of his constancy. Seeing so much of the world had been the ruin of Jim, the wanderer thought. Shame overcame him, for how could he face the aunt he had never seen, and children whose lives were bound up in the one job of living according to the example of a strong parent who bought roofs, motorcycles, tires for trucks, and grew better wheat—a man whose retail affairs would have kept Jim busy all his life at better than any day wages he had ever known.

"'Tis a fool I am, a wasted product instead of a by-product!" Jim sighed.

He wandered off down into Joplin, where the smell of zinc carried him back years to a similar smell. It was a taunt of his conscience to his memory, and he fled from it. He left the main highways; he followed rutted wagon roads; he arrived at last beside a fine, wide stream of pale-green water, but not milky at all —sharp, clear, glistening gem-like green it was!

"'Tis that same old Mississip'!" he

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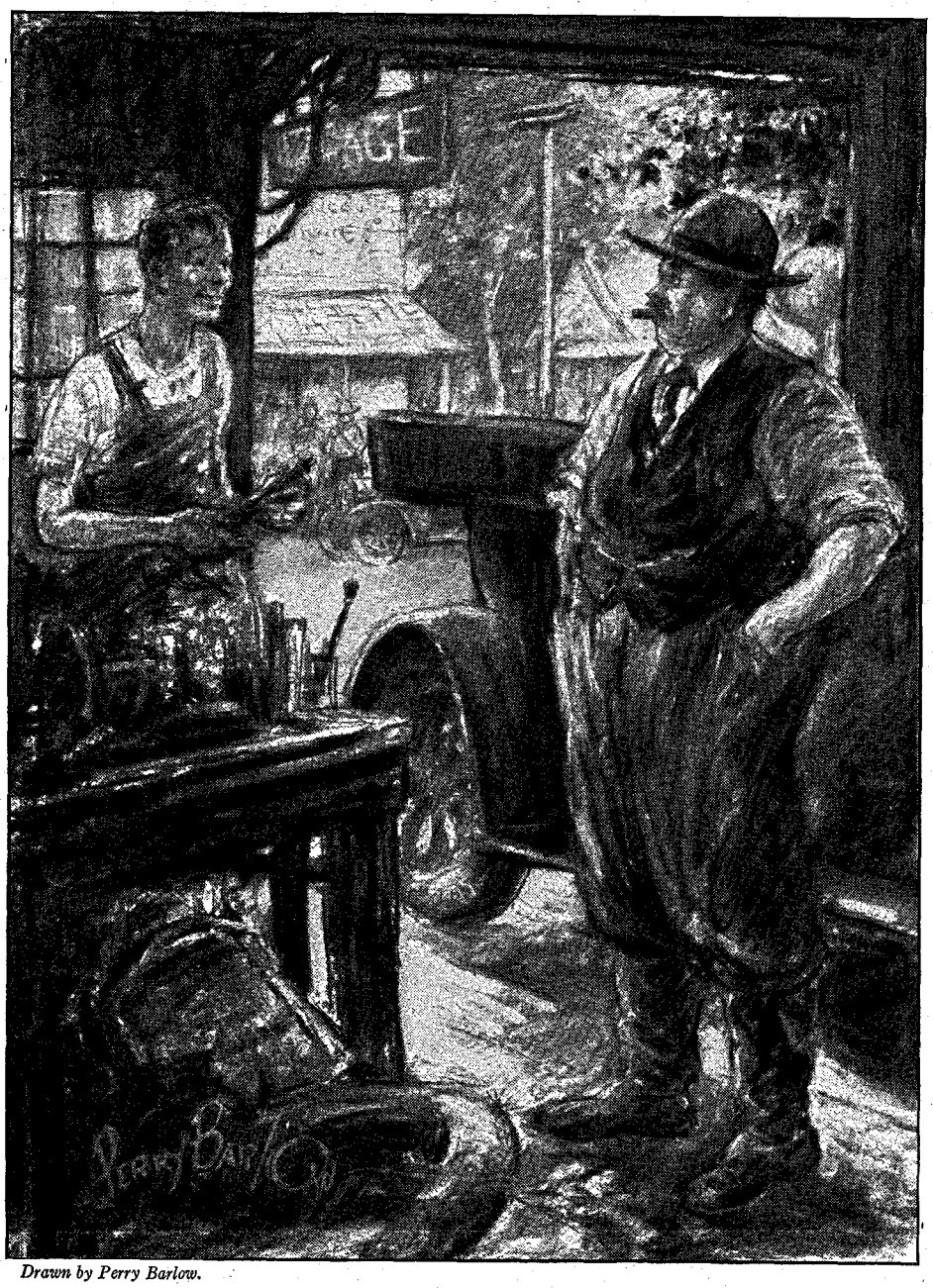

Drawn by Perry Barlow.

"What? The son of me own sister? What on earth! Why didn't you look me up?"
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grumbled, sitting down. "The old boy spreads himself across my trail wherever I go. 'Tis a quiet place here. If I knew my own heart——"

He looked about, up and down. There was a little clearing across the river with a small log cabin in it. Trees grew up the slopes of many hills while squirrels ranged amid the heavy branches of the forest. Birds were chirruping. Around the cabin the trees were heavy with ripe peaches.

"I presume it would cost a man a thousand dollars or two to own a place like that." Jim shook his head, looking across the river at the twenty acres of stumpy, stony clearing. "Funny I never inquired the price of land. I'll just go hail the man, take a drink of water, pick a peach from his shade tree, and be sociable."

The man was sitting on the front steps. He was playing a fiddle. He was a whiskery, small-eyed, grinning Hill Billy. At sight of Jim a look of strong suspicion filled his eyes.

"I presume there's no land for sale in a fine country like this?" Jim asked sociably.

"No land for sale, stranger? I've a hundred acres here, or maybe two hundred, that I've owned for thirty-five years, and all it has ever done for me is give me time to learn to play my fiddle."

"I suppose 'tis worth, therefore, a million dollars?" Jim smiled.

"A man told me that in Kansas City or St. Louis a fiddler like me could earn five dollars a day," the man replied. "All I need's a hundred dollars and I'd give possession for it——"

"Of the fiddle?" Jim inquired. "'Tis a good fiddle that's worth a hundred——"

"This fiddle is three hundred years old; I've played music on it that is five feet high from the floor, sheet music, besides all the tunes I've heard the birds sing, and—and other fiddlers play. I sell everything but my horses and wagon for a hundred dollars."

"Is—is it safe to believe a man's ears in these parts?" Jim asked. "I—I thought I heard the—the river down there saying something?"

"I'd miss the river," the fiddler said. "For ten years, since I learned at last to play, it has told me a story that some day a man would come along and turn me loose from here. Listen while I play it!"

The fiddler struck a note, held it, then struck and held another. Jim, having heard much music, French harp, talking-machine, log camp, mine town, and the like, had also an ear for river talk.

"You're right," Jim said, when the man had finished his play, and was slumped limp with the fatigue of waiting overmuch, looking down at the river, which seemed these many years to have been lying to him. "The river told you the truth. I am the promise the river made ye, man! Here's the hundred dollars!"

"You mean it!" the shaggy-headed fiddler cried. "You'll pay me a hundred dollars for my prison? Good Lord—can it be so!"

Jim stared at him as the man stood forth with a fiddle and a bow held toward the sky. Small eyes? Jim wondered whence he had had that notion. The fellow's face was alight with joy, his eyes, bright, large, and wonderful, believing the release that at last had come to him.

There was the money. The man snatched it up. He brought out the papers and scrawled a sale—a quit claim and a transfer; eagerly he gave Jim directions as to how to have the sale recorded in the county records, as though he feared the responsibility for the land would still be on his shoulders. The fiddler would not wait. He hitched up his team, brought out arms full of music-books, a pair of old blankets, and a canvas that long since he had acquired against the time when at last he should be able to migrate, as the stream had promised, when skill a-fiddling should be his, by hard work and faithful effort.

Jim Carney sat on the steps of the little log hut to watch the man who was driving away with such joy. The splash of the horses in the ford was followed by their rattling and clattering up the poor new road into the woods beyond.

"'Tis not true," Jim shook his head. "I'm aslape, afraid to turn over for fear I'll wake up. How come it I had one hundred dollars and ninety cents in my pocket at this minute—Oh Lord! Tell me, is this thing true?"

He sat there, weak and stunned, all the afternoon. The world tells its children

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the most outrageous lies, to make them believe that their dreams have been realized. There were ripe peaches on the tree, and pigs eating some that had fallen from the weight of their own juices.

A log cabin with one room, a floor of half-round timbers, hewn top and sides. Shade for chickens and pigs under the house, and birds on the roof, a fence around the clearing to keep the woods and half-wild cattle out of the richness of a field long neglected for the music of the fiddler's soul.

"I have no music in me soul," Jim sighed as night fell. "But I've a great contentment, two strong arms, much experience, and a deed to the property to curb my spirits with!"

Eating peaches, he built a fire in the big stone fireplace, to bask in the red and yellow glow of it. This night he would cherish all his future life, sure that he was falsely treated somehow. Who sells a million-dollar farm in beautiful woods for a hundred dollars? It is the most impossible thing. He slept in a bunk full of sweet ferns and spice-leaves. He was in the fairy place when he awakened. There were still peaches on the trees when he awakened. It was a little late for watermelons, but he found muskmelons when he walked around.

"What manner of a place is this?" he asked himself. "Am I enchanted?"

He was a much practiced man, speaking of varieties of work. One does not recall with fluency a hundred and seventy-odd jobs without also recalling ways and means of accomplishing things. Jim Carney, who had hoed, ploughed, pitched, grubbed, built fences, and swamped roads for other men, now felt the joy of doing things for himself.

Did his bones rattle from the age? Were his muscles creaking? He felt them not, or at least he had found new oil for them. The fiddler had planted corn but not hoed it; he had a vegetable garden, badly crowded by luxurious growths of weeds; he had chickens running too wild and pigs lazying around too tame; there was much to be done.

"I need four hands and six feet for my opportunities," Jim told himself. "But I'll keep steadily at the job; I may yet have time for my wasted years!"

At the end of two weeks he had ninety cents, as at the beginning. Around his log cabin there was a great change, however. He had a garden all hoed out, and a black spot to show whither the weeds had vanished. The corn was growing tall, luxuriating in the new freedom. Chickens were making the most of excellent opportunities for domestic arrangements. Pigs were indignantly discussing the most exasperating fence in the world, to wit, a pig-tight one.

"I am fish hungry," Jim told himself. "I wonder would it be a sin to lay off work before dark to-night? Eggs are good eating, chickens, pork, and the like—but fish? May a man fish once in a while?"

He risked the effects on his soul of fishing. The fiddler, whose example was wholly bad, had left a cut cane pole, with lines and prodigious hooks. Of worms there was no lack. Jim Carney went down to the green river, and listening to the rippling music of a shoal that glided down a smooth strata of limestone, he dropped a large worm on the smallest hook, where the current swept out of the shallows into a pool on which the late afternoon sunshine cast yellow beams into emerald depths.

Jim watched the black head sinking slowly through the limpid water. He saw a fish with serrated back, a tail as wide as an oak leaf, a body like a bronze watermelon, and a certain gift of agility, come darting out of somewhere, and start away with the worm and chalk-line.

"The impudence of him!" Jim Carney exclaimed. "He's taking my bait!"

Jim set up the end of the pole, on whose tip was a wad of fish-line as large as a small fist. The curving sag of string straightened with a hiss through the water. A great agitation seized both ends of the line, with Jim exclaiming to himself, to the woods, to the stream, and to the fish whose anxieties increased as the contest waxed.

There is always some question when a great black bass is at one end of a fish-line, hanging to a bent, black piece of tempered steel, and a tall, embattled man is at the other end, giving the various lever lifts on a pole, as to what the issue will be. For minutes Jim was full of

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excitement, which did not end as at last the green depths of the pool yielded a tumbling, twisting, diving, pin-wheeling mass of shimmering bronze with silver, which churned the surface for a minute into white gleaming foam on which the sun fell with bright-colored hues; the next moment, still full of acrobatic confusions, the fighter of the pool flopped in mid-air, swung on the dark line inland, and struck a rock with a sound like a mighty hand-clap.

"Ah, me beauty!" Jim held up his victim, stunned and quivering. "What a fish for me! 'Tis a full meal, and fish-gravy for breakfast, too, besides."

He stuffed the fish with onions, potatoes, corn-meal, and wrapped it in a strip of home-smoked bacon rind, tied with wire. Then he daubed the pigskin with heavy clay. He put the fish into the hot coals of his fireplace. When he broke it out again, and unwrapped the bacon rind, he lifted the skeleton of the fish out of the white meat, and, smelling it, wondered what he had ever done to deserve such living as this.

Needing salt, some time later, Carney was disturbed. He felt a certain menace. Could it be that the dream was too pleasant to last? He looked about, wondering what he had to sell that any one would buy? There was a pig whose manners were too bad, for no fence would keep the brute in. This pig the man harnessed and led sixteen miles over a rough road to town.

It was a full-grown, black-and-white cane-rooter, weighing sixty-six pounds. It was middle afternoon when the landholder dragged his unwilling product along the village street to the butcher's. Hay wire, fish-line, old canvas, and the like, had made an effective harness for the squealing and indignant pig outlaw.

"Mr. Meat Market Man!" Jim greeted the butcher. "I have here the champion racing hog of the world! What am I given for it?"

"Five dollars," the butcher laughed.

"He is yours!" Jim said, and took the cash.

The butcher had the hog put into his own pen yard. Jim went around and bought supplies. He started home on foot, carrying a heavy bag. He was dead-tired, yet he would not desist from his intention of walking the round thirty-two miles that day.

In the darkness of his wooded route, passing only occasional little farms like his own, he heard something at his heels; he stepped faster, and the sound increased; he looked about and saw something near by.

"'Tis a ghost!" he murmured, as the snuffling, snorting, grunting, pursued him. "Sure! 'Tis a great incentive not to waste any time!"

Hanging onto his precious supplies, tormented by fears, hounded by the thing at his heels, he found, on reaching home after dawn, that it was the pig which had followed him so reluctantly to town, and was now keeping him company.

"You're a fine specimen!" Jim cried. "The butcher will believe me when I say this boar's a great racer!"

The pig, too, was tired that day. Jim allowed the brute the freedom of the shade of the log cabin. Three days later he took another cane-rooter to the butcher, one as large but not so obstreperous.

"I knew you'd lost the other one," Jim explained. "He haunted me all the way home, to the discomfiture of my conscience. This one is a better, I am sure, and far more willing!"

Jim's credit was somehow established by this event, the farmer could not exactly figure out how. An honest man, forsooth, it was declared! It was a strange sensation to feel that he was known to his neighbors. In the years of his wanderings Jim had not once thought of being known to the owners of the soil or to the men of industries. Even the county clerk, to whom he took the deeds to have them transferred, shook his hand, and inquired which way he was going to vote that fall?

"For you," Jim replied promptly, and later went out around to make inquiry as to whether the man was a Republican, Democrat, or what?

It was a great day in Jim's life when he cast his first vote. No one questioned his citizenship, till the next spring he learned his mistake. He went to the county clerk, who was perturbed in the matter, too. Between them it was figured out that owning land, and having been so many

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Hay-wire, fish-line, old canvas, and the like, had made an effective harness for the squealing and indignant pig outlaw.—Page 170.

years in the country, the State laws would expedite the matter.

"I'll be doing penance, while I'm waiting," Jim said. "I knew it was too pleasant, voting, for me always to enjoy the privilege."

He carried a back load of little fruit-trees to his farm, and planted them. A neighbor, his nearest, five miles distant, came to help him find his old government survey lot lines. He owned two hundred and forty acres, bottoms, hills, and river bank. Great trees grew on all but twenty-odd acres of clearing. They grew too close together for comfort. He looked at them with sympathetic eyes.

"'Tis a job for me," he shook his head.

He was a man of wild notions. This river that flowed for nearly half a mile across his land, was a stream of moods and habits. After a hard rain, it would rise twelve feet or so overnight, run yellow instead of green, and roar instead of whisper.

Thirty miles below on the bank of the stream was a sawmill town. Jim Carney went down to it on a little flood tide, riding two logs which he had felled into the

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stream. He lopped their tops, and lashed them with hickory withes. The sawmill man paid him forty dollars for the timbers, and asked for more.

Thus was opened the way to the man, who had been a logger, for ready sales of the surplus growth of his forest. He worked all winter, and drove a good raft down in the spring, alternate black walnut and sycamore, the sycamores floating the heavy hardwood.

"I need a team of horses," Jim said, and to his own surprise, he now owned a team, with a mule colt to boot.

Driving home over the rough road hurt his feelings. Never had he seen worse going. Having swamped haul-roads on logging camp jobs, he used his team of horses to work on his right of way. He persuaded a neighbor to help, and they spent many spare days improving their rough going. The days were too short for Jim, having so many things to do!

Jim learned the ways of the country, modifying them by his own experience. He raised a great crop, when he had done his own planting. Having more corn than he could use, he increased the number of his pigs. He trimmed his half-wild fruit-trees, planted grapes, and added acres to his little clearing, where the adding wouldn't spoil the best of his woods. He loved his trees.

He bought cows to milk them. He made yellow butter, which was a rarity in that region, and it sold well. He would labor briskly every day, but one afternoon a week he would go to one or another of his river's deep pools to catch a black bass on a big worm for a roast, or a fry, as the mood moved him.

Pride was in his heart. His heel never scuffled the earth he walked on. He wondered what sin he had committed that for more than fifteen years he had been condemned to range the earth before coming to this, his Paradise?

Peaches, pears, blackberries, apples, raspberries, wild grapes and tame, persimmons, strawberries in a little patch, cherries coming on red and ripe—the fruits of the earth were his. For substance, he raised corn, potatoes, carrots, turnips, cabbages, tomatoes, and all the ingredients of a mulligan, every one honestly come by.

He was puzzled, as he saw his prosperity. In five years he was living on a good road, carrying wagon loads of produce to his market, driving big mules, and with a hired man to add strength and effort to the business of working to the river music. He knew, now, what the fiddler had heard. At night, when the river was straining at its banks, Jim would catch the strain of a tune, and knew it was the voice of the Mississippi, approving him. He was three hundred miles from the great river, yet he felt the influence, as he always had, of that vast flood whose tributaries had caught his fancy to bring him at last to this his happy home.

Jim Carney was a citizen now. He was one of the supervisors. He was the best neighbor in the county, people said. When all the talk was going on about local improvements, he stood up and said:

"We need a good stone road from the county court to the line, where it joins on the prosperity of our next people's prosperity!"

The road was built, and then another one was built of stone, wide and substantial. Into the clearings of the mountains struck the fact that a road gave an outlet for what they could easily raise. Jim's was the only vote against the improving of the road that led to his own farm.

"Sure, gentlemen!" he cried out. "There are others that need the road more than I do, or my neighbors!"

"You're wasting breath, like you've wasted strength hauling these many years, Jim!" he was told bluntly.

So the fourteen miles was contracted. It added ten thousand dollars to the worth of the already valuable property of the original home. It added more to the places that Jim Carney had taken over, when others would have abandoned them. Out of his land grew hundreds of tons of things to eat, and a bridge spanned the river where formerly a ford had been.

"Still, I'll run a barge down on the floods, once in a while, to keep my hand in, and not to forget the days when I must carry out my crops that way of the friendly river!" Jim said.

The new road reminded Jim of something that he had forgotten. Some years

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before he had worked in a garage. Now he saw the good road before his very eyes. Hardly able to look his faithful horses and mules in the eyes, telling them shamefacedly that he wasn't deserting them, he sneaked into a salesroom, looked at a most beautiful automobile, with fixings and improvements he hadn't heard of, lines that amazed his love of the graceful, and promises of mileage for tires that were utterly incredible—and wrote his check on the spot.

"In a few years times have greatly changed," Jim Carney said more than half to himself.

His hired man drove the team home; he drove the automobile. He could hardly think for things that he saw, and yet he heard, as he crossed the bridge.

"Here's your home, Jim!"

His home—could it be possible?

There was the old log cabin, beautifully preserved. But a little back, on the hill, nearer the road, stood a fine dwelling with water from a little brook in the woods, a lawn with shade trees, an orchard, fields of grain, a little sawmill to cut his own trees tenderly into good boards for fine cabinetwork.

"It's a dream!" he exclaimed. "'Tis somebody else, not Jim Carney, that has done this thing? I know it is. I'll look at the map to see where I am wandering to-morrow."

It was a road map, one that had come to him as a man interested in good roads. He could not believe his eyes. He looked far and wide. His glance fell upon a painted trail that led away across country and stung his conscience as he saw whither it went.

"'Tis time, now, to go pay my respects!" he thought to himself. "I can go and look him in the eye!"

He had done a man's work at last. He never had been lazy, but every day had been neglected, till he saw the peaches hanging by the door of the fiddler, who had waited ten years for him to come.

Jim Carney rode away in the fine spell of weather. He was in his new spick-span automobile. He was at his Uncle Tim O'Rourke's before he knew he was started. The big farm was wonderful, as he looked at it. Now he knew that the value was not so much, but the work that was in the place, the toil, thought, pride, effort were what counted.

Jim turned in at the wide driveway, rolled up to the porch, and stopped. A man smoking a cigar sat in the shade, wondering who the newcomer was. Jim looked. The smooth face was good-humored, firm, bearing the marks of a lifetime of toil, steadfast in purpose, and the hair grayed amid the sandy.

"Did the car run all right, Tim?" the visitor asked.

"What car?"

"The wan I fixed for you in Kansas City."

"What's aching you, anyhow?"

"I was afraid it wouldn't work well; I came to find out. 'Tis some years since——"

"Jim! You spalpeen! Come along. I've been wondering would you turn up. What's your job? Livery?"

"No—farming."

"Where?"

"Over in the mountains and woods. Fruit, corn, vegetables, chickens, pigs, with one thing and another."

"Sit down, lad—I'm glad you came. Tell me about it?"

"Sure. Knowing you had come, when I could, I followed," Jim said. "I was fifteen years or so arriving. One day I saw a peach-tree, and bought the place. So I bring you a few baskets of them, now that the trees are trimmed and bearing proper, having been sprayed."

"Arragh!" the old man laughed. "I told the folks it'd be all right—that some day ye'd be coming right. It was in ye, when the time was ripe."

"Not the time—the peach!" Jim laughed.

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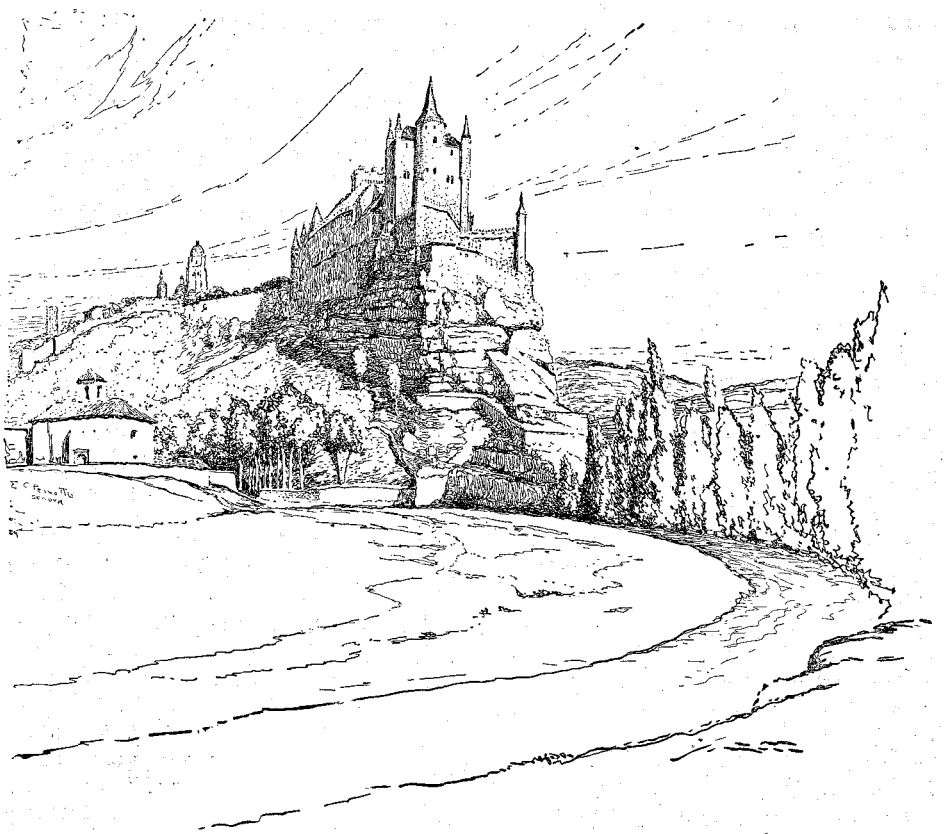

Its Alcazar bristling with barbacan and battlement.

The Town of Don Pablo the Crafty

BY ERNEST PEIXOTTO

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

AS you stand upon the terrace of the Royal Palace in Madrid, you look out over a broad expanse of varied landscape and follow the meanders of the Manzanares, a river that winds off through lovely groves and gardens to a line of lofty mountains—the Guadarramas—whose summits, blue and snow-capped, close the limits of the background just as they do in the Velasquez portrait of the Infante Don Carlos. Among these mountains nestle old towns and castles, and on one of their northern spurs clamber the mediæval walls and houses of Segovia. As long as fortresses were necessary or as men lived in feudal cities girdled by walls and towers, Segovia was a prosperous and powerful city of Old Castile, but when the Moor had been driven forever from Spain the mission of these warrior hill-towns was fulfilled, and since that time Segovia, little by little, has sunk into a peaceful slumber, retaining, with its neighbor Avila, the charm and glamour of a bygone age, the mourn-

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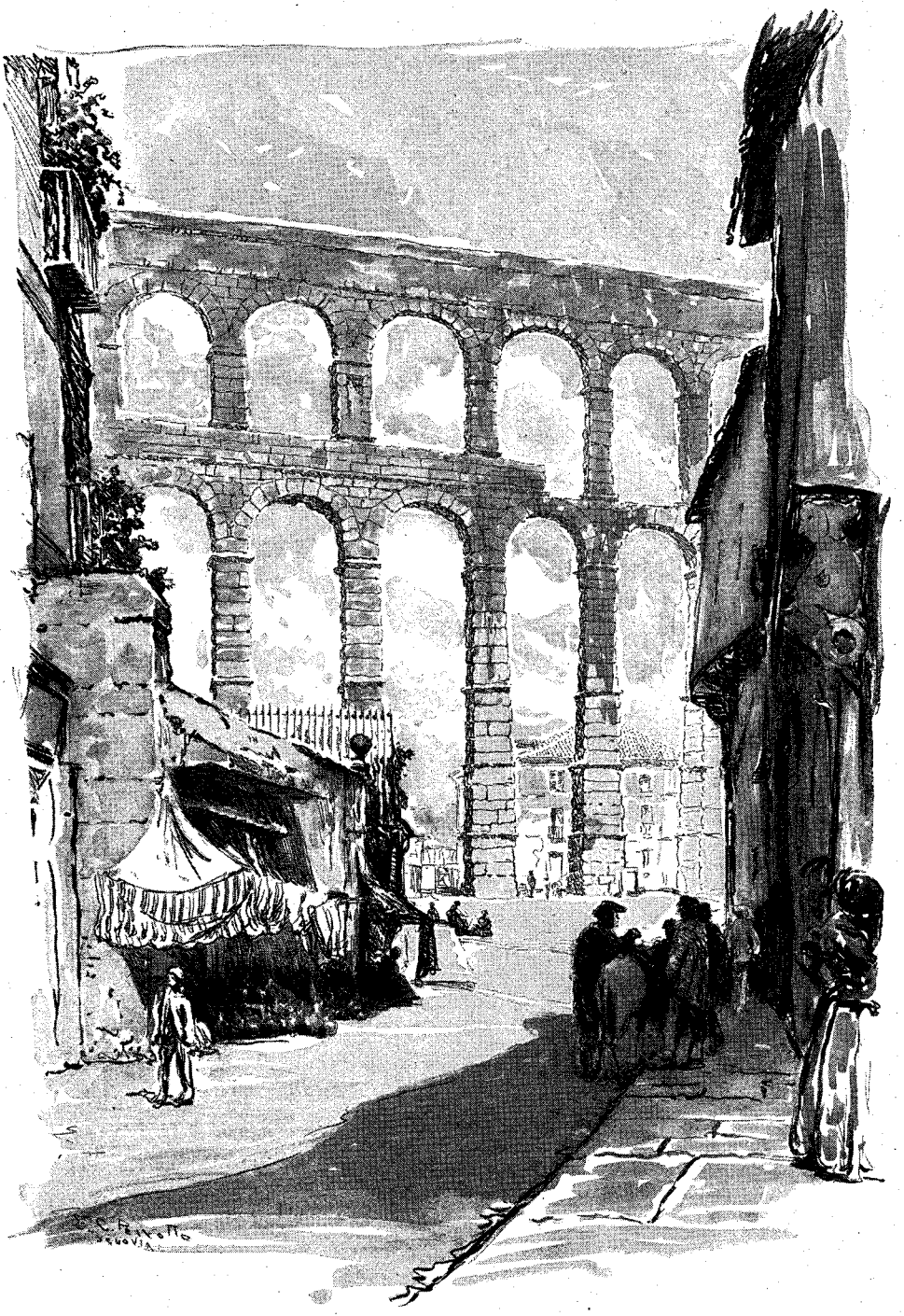

Framing a niche of blue in each of its countless arches.—Page 176.

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ful beauty of a city whose decay has made it even more precious to the dreamer of dreams and the lover of the picturesque.

The railroad station, as so often is the case in Spain, lies somewhat apart from the town, making it a necessity to use the rattle-trap omnibus that stands drawn up before it. Three mules, harnessed abreast, with their skins stretched tight as drumheads over their dry old bones and their leanness hidden under jangling bells and scarlet pompons, leaped forward under the driver's lash as we started toward the city. Luckily we had taken seats on the *berlina*, and I say luckily advisedly, for, had we sat inside, I verily believe we might have lost our hearing even in those few moments.

Some turbulent imp of mischief seemed to impel the driver to speed, for we entered the Madrid Gate at a gallop, clattered on at the same wild pace through the twisting streets, and proceeded thus through the town to the accompaniment of urging cries to the mules, the fierce cracking of the whip and the rattle and bang of the dozen coach-windows crackling like pistol-shots about our ears. As we tore through the narrow lanes, people fled in every direction at our approach, or rushed from doorways to grab up errant children, or popped out upon balconies to see what in the world was the matter. We caught fleeting glimpses of weather-worn houses tottering on wriggly stilts; of dingy *posadas* before which groups of overladen donkeys mournfully hung their heads; of beflowered balconies and gaily painted house-fronts; then we plunged into the gloom of a lane narrower than all the rest, where our wheel-hubs grazed the walls on either hand, only to emerge at last into the brilliancy of the sun-baked Azoquejo.

Could anything be imagined more replete with character than this quaint old market-place? Venerable houses straddle its squat arcades and enclose it on every hand, while across its very centre, vaulting from hill to hill, piled high with red-tiled roofs, strides the colossal *puente* like some prehistoric monster with a hundred legs. But a glance at this aqueduct, vast and simple as a work of nature, is needed to tell that it is of Roman origin, for who but Roman builders could have reared such mighty stones? For nearly two thousand years it has carried upon its countless arches the pure, clear waters of the Sierras to fill the fountains of the city and the great reservoirs of the Alcazar, the favorite home of Alfonso the Wise. With its three tiers of mighty arches it remains the most important work that the Romans left in Spain—so extraordinary, indeed, that the peasants prefer to believe, and always will believe, I dare say, that his Satanic Majesty, in love with a beautiful Segovian maiden, built it in a single night to win her favor and spare her the trouble of going down the hill to fill her water-jug at the spring!

In its very shadow we spied the hotel that we were seeking; so, picking our way through the clutter of the market—a litter of pottery, baskets, and blankets—we soon had chosen a cool little apartment that faced the square and, having caught the Spanish custom, spent most of that Saturday afternoon hanging over the railing of our balcony.

At one hand, towering high into the heavens and framing a niche of blue in each of its countless arches, the giant aqueduct arose, and around its bases the peasants bartered and gossiped and chattered. On the other hand the land sloped sharply away down toward the valley of the Eresma, cut in two by the main road to Pedraza, broad, white, and dusty. Vehicles of every description—covered carts, gigs, coaches, and lumbering farmers' wains drawn by patient oxen, kept arriving by this road (for Saturday is market-day), varied by trains of slim-legged donkeys trotting under inconceivable loads. And every once in a while a stage-coach with four or six horses would rumble up with a grand flourish and a prodigious cracking of whips and deposit its load of sweltering humanity before our *fonda:* peasants in kerchiefs or queerly plaited straw hats; priests, crimson-cheeked and apoplectic; or tired-looking commercial travellers with wilted collars and dusty clothes.

But we were the only tourists in the dining-room that evening, or, in fact, on any of the evenings of our stay there. At the various tables there were but few women. There were some sturdy farmers, a few officers, a priest or two, and a

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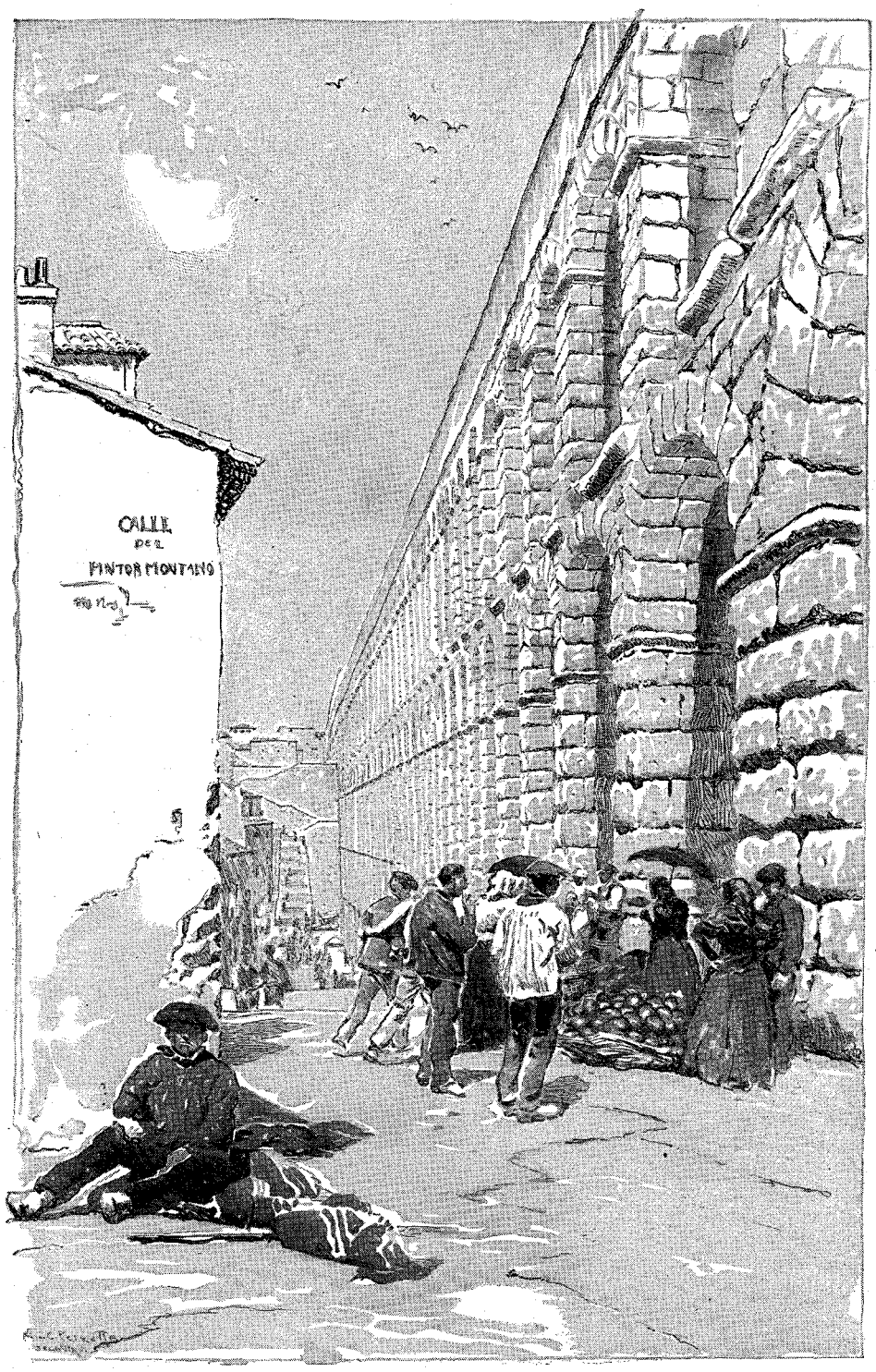

The peasants bartered and gossiped.—Page 176.

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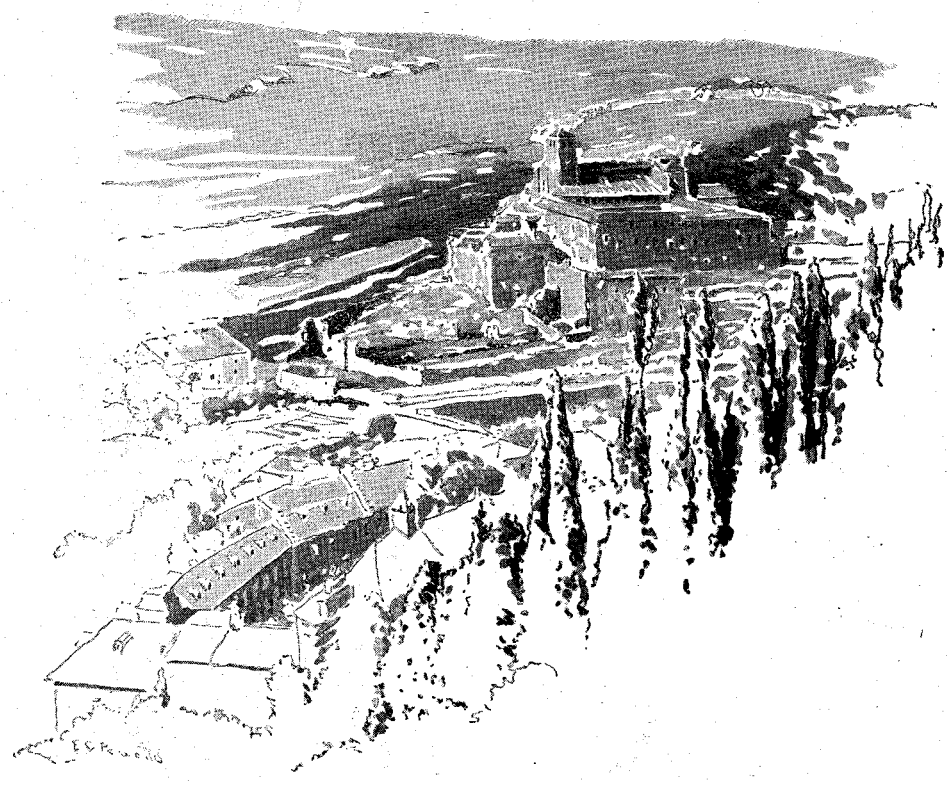
travelling barrister or doctor, but the women were left at home—doubtless a survival of Oriental custom, for the Spanish lady, though prone enough to attract attention on her afternoon promenade, still shrinks from showing herself in provincial hotels.

A large table of honor at one end of the room was occupied by a mess of artillery cadet-officers, for in Segovia the artillery school of Spain is located. They were a good-looking group of young fellows, with clear-cut features and whitish skins, most of them indubitably titled, and one at least might have been a cousin to the King, with his wide mouth and ponderous protruding chin. This table alone was enough to keep busy the single waiter and his overworked assistant, for from it proceeded a continual rapping of glasses and calls for wine, for food, for paper and ink, for a messenger, or for coats and caps. And such appetites as they had! The fruits, the nuts, the cakes upon the table all disappeared with the soup or, at latest, with the fish. And when I chanced to remark to the proprietor one day that doubtless he was glad to have such steady patrons in his establishment, he remarked, with a grunt and a shrug: "Oh, that—that doesn't bring much gain to the house."



The ancient monastery of El Parral.—Page 182.

Dinner was late, usually at nine rather than at eight, so that, when we went upstairs that first evening, the streets were dark and deserted, and no one was stirring except the *sereno*, or night-watchman, who, with lantern and spear, wandered about calling the hour. In his belt he carried a number of house-keys, and in his hand some tapers, and when the people came home late at night, he unlocked their doors for them and handed them a taper to light them up the stairs—

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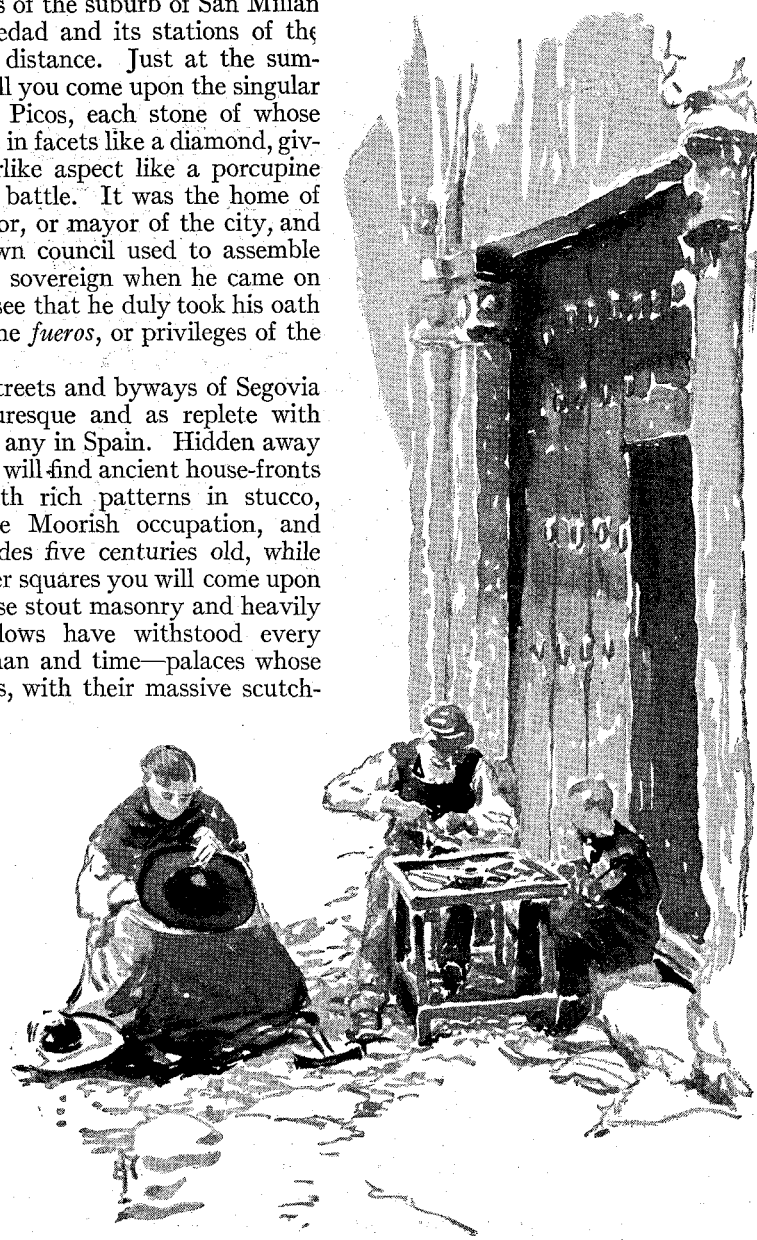
an antiquated custom that still prevails even in as big and cosmopolitan a city as Madrid.

Next morning we found that the bulk of the city lies up the hill from the Azoquejo. The Calle del Carmen leads up to it, affording from time to time, through gaps in its houses, glimpses out over the pottery roofs of the suburb of San Millan with the Piedad and its stations of the cross in the distance. Just at the summit of the hill you come upon the singular Casa de los Picos, each stone of whose façade is cut in facets like a diamond, giving it a warlike aspect like a porcupine bristling for battle. It was the home of the corregidor, or mayor of the city, and in it the town council used to assemble to greet the sovereign when he came on a visit, and see that he duly took his oath to respect the *fueros*, or privileges of the city.

The old streets and byways of Segovia are as picturesque and as replete with character as any in Spain. Hidden away in them you will find ancient house-fronts diapered with rich patterns in stucco, relics of the Moorish occupation, and Gothic façades five centuries old, while in the smaller squares you will come upon palaces whose stout masonry and heavily grilled windows have withstood every assault of man and time—palaces whose grim façades, with their massive scutcheoned doorways, hide behind their ruggedness warm patios, sun-baked, decorated with tiles and ornate balustrades, and planted with palms and flowering shrubs.

It is in these streets of Segovia that Quevedo lays the scenes of his master-



The cobbler and maker of hats.

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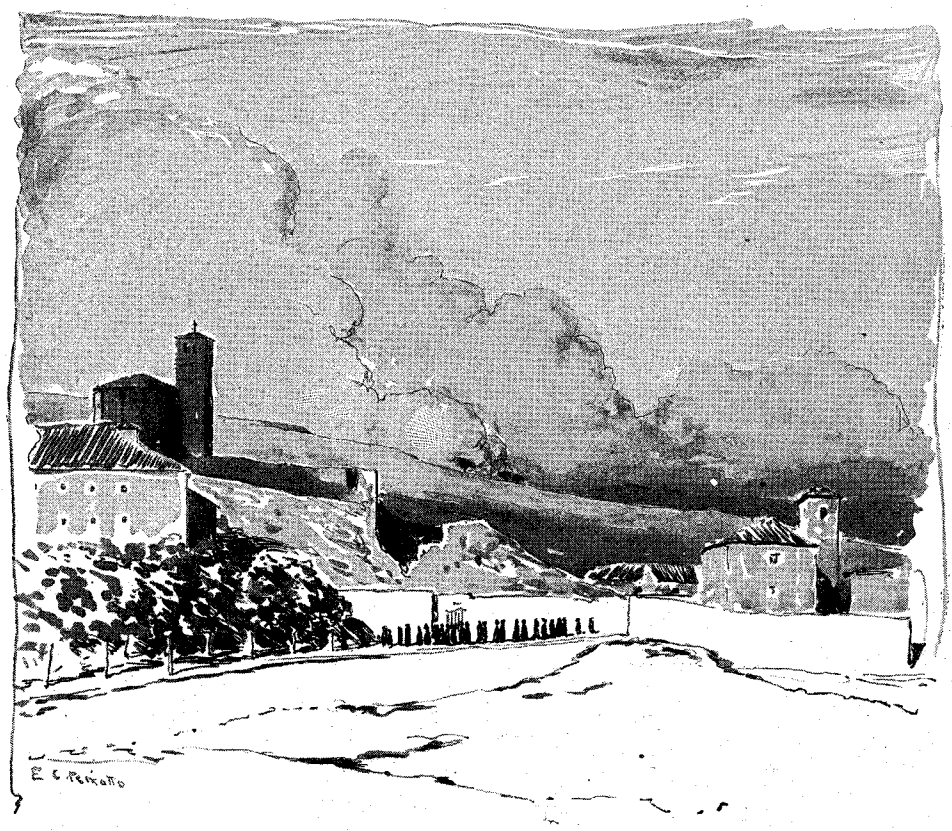
piece, "El Gran Tacaño," a classic that the Spaniards rate only second to Cervantes's immortal story. Piece of realism that it is, with its biting sarcastic philosophy hidden under a cloak of broad humor, it might have been signed by any of the realists of to-day, so true to life do

dered in the dirty Calle de la Neveria, but a step from the Plaza Mayor, I came upon this sign over the door of a barber-shop: FELIPE, PRACTICANTE EN CIRUJIA—for all the world Don Pablo's father, barber and surgeon in one!

And so I always think of Segovia as



The church of Vera Cruz stands alone.—Page 182.

its pictures remain. And as you walk about these streets and watch the people in them, you will still find his types extant and will fancy Cabra's school shut up behind some grim façade, or Don Pablo's uncle, the executioner, living in one of the noisome alleys; or, in some passer-by, proud though dressed in well-brushed, threadbare clothes, you will recognize old Don Torribio, the penniless hidalgo, who, existing by his flattery and his wit, gravely bows to the ladies in their black mantillas as they pass on their way to church. And one morning, as I wan-

Don Pablo's town (the French translation of Quevedo's work bears as its title "Don Pablo de Segovie"), and see in its streets the backgrounds of Daniel Vierge's unequalled drawings, to my mind the greatest masterpieces of modern illustration.

Segovia has further claims to artistic laurels. Its craggy hill slopes, its austere buildings, its far-reaching horizons have tempted the greatest modern Spanish painter, Ignacio Zuloaga, to leave his native town Eibar and take up his residence in it. For years he wandered over

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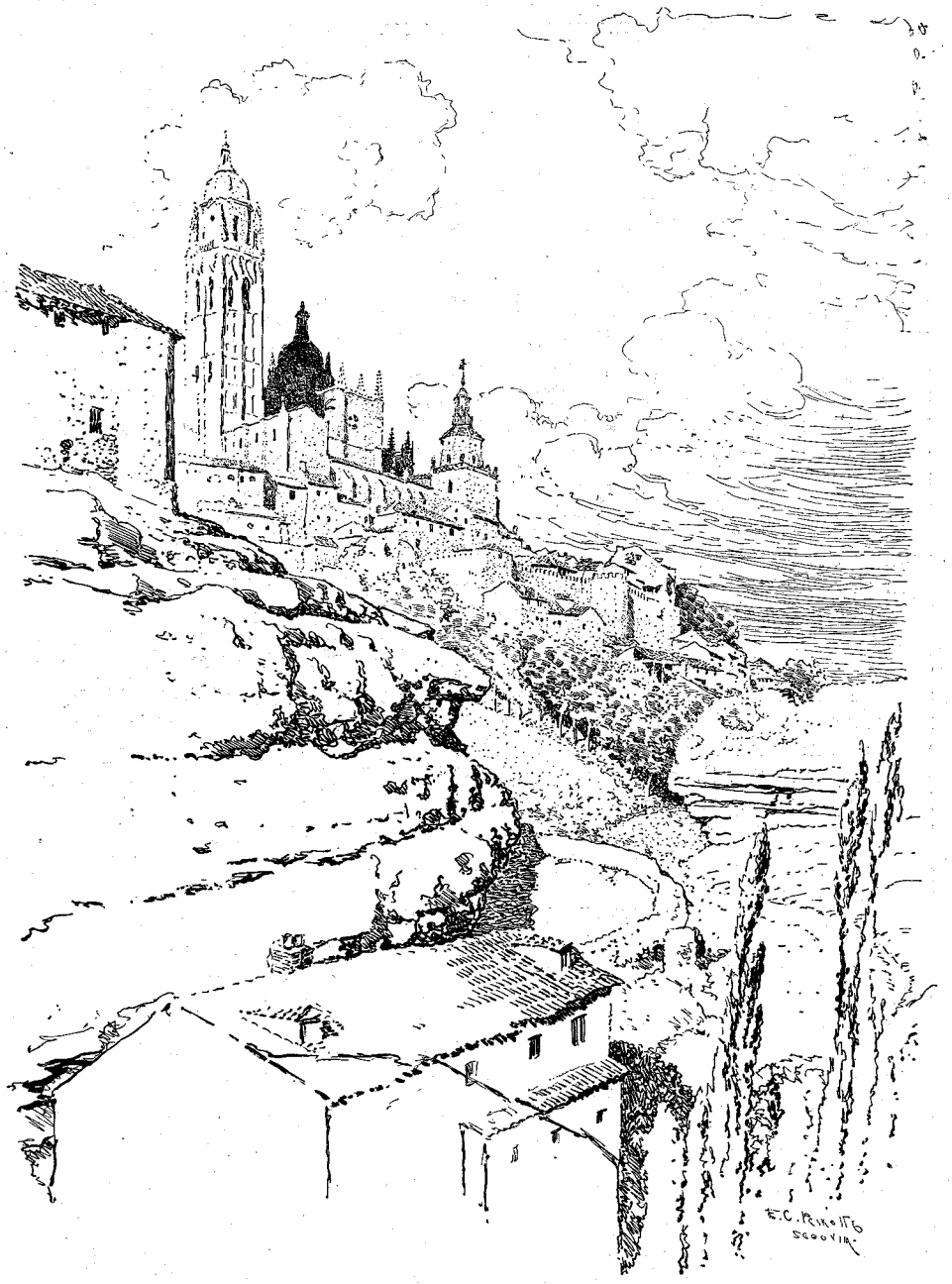

The city piles up grandly from this side too.—Page 183.

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the rugged face of Spain in quest of the picturesque, then made up his mind that, of all the Spanish cities, matchless Segovia best suited his æsthetic liking. There he maintains two studios, one being the Canonjia, a noble *casa* with great walls such as I have before described and windows that overlook the endless plains of Old Castile; the other the nave of the primitive church of San Juan de los Caballeros, an old Romanesque structure that has been abandoned for more than three hundred years.

These early Romanesque churches of Segovia are of a particularly pure and beautiful type. During the wars against the Moors Segovia changed hands several times, and when the infidels were finally driven from the city, and retired to their fastnesses at Toledo, the Christians who crowded into Segovia after them, fired with religious zeal, began to construct a number of parochial churches in the style then prevalent, the purest Romanesque. These churches thus mark the period of the town's greatest prosperity and coincide in date with the building of its palaces and its Alcazar, a perfect type of feudal castle. Later, when the Moors were driven from Toledo and retreated still farther south, Segovia ceased to be important as a frontier town, and since then its churches, except those in its more populous districts, have sunk more and more into disrepair, have been shorn one by one of their inestimable treasures, until now they remain mere empty shells from which the pearls have been stolen. But these abandoned churches, some quite intact, others more or less fallen to decay and ruin, still decorate the squares and street corners, where their cloisterlike arcades, their well-proportioned bell-towers and their airy loggias borne aloft on slender colonnades, add the key-notes to the general picturesqueness of the city.

But, if you wish to obtain a true idea of the peculiar beauty of this grand old Castilian burg, you should do as we did one sunny Sunday afternoon—walk around it. We descended from the Azoquejo to the faubourg of San Lorenzo; then went on past the Santa Cruz and along the steep road that descends from the Puerta da San Cibrian to the Alameda, which half-abandoned promenade, bordering the bank of the gurgling Eresma, is one of the most romantic pleasaunces that I know. Its loneliness, its grass-grown walks shaded by rows of venerable trees, stimulate the imagination and make of it a sort of poet's retreat or lovers' paradise. And, besides this sylvan charm, it commands a number of striking views of the city that piles high above it, girt by its mighty walls and bartizaned towers, cut with gates and punctuated here and there with the belfries of its churches.

Beyond the Alameda, on a hill, perched high amid vine arbors and trellises, stands the ancient monastery of El Parral, at one time known as "a terrestrial paradise," now but a ruin set in ruinous gardens. From here on the road becomes more and more picturesque. Beyond the Moneda, the only mint in Spain until a hundred years ago, you come upon the highway that descends precipitously from the castellated gateway of Santiago, a road enlivened with gypsy women, with men in faded smock-frocks goading cream-colored oxen, with deformed and tattered beggars and all the riffraff that gathers in the dust of Spanish post-roads. Above the evil-smelling lanes of San Marcos the church of Vera Cruz stands alone, twelve-sided, built by the Templars in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre, upon their return from the Holy Wars. Farther down the river looms the sinister Peña Grajira or Crow's Cliff, from whose top criminals used to be flung to death.

It is from this point that, as you look back, you realize the justice of the comparison that likens Segovia to a ship sailing toward the setting sun, as, behind a swinging bend of the Eresma, it towers high above the two rivers that have cleft it from the surrounding plateaus, its Alcazar, bristling with barbacan and battlement, looming like the giant forecastle of some mediæval galleon sailing the southern seas.

It was growing late in the afternoon as we returned by the other side of the city up the narrow valley of the Clamores, deeply imbedded between wooded hills. Had you been spending July as we had been, on the sun-baked plains of Old Castile—treeless, shadeless, seared and scorched—you would have felt as we did that Sunday afternoon as we breathed

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the moisture-laden air and heard the wind sighing in the poplar leaves overhead and looked into the shadows where children played among the willows. The city piles up grandly from this side too with its walls and towers, its tiled roofs and buttressed garden-walls, culminating in the fretted mass of the cathedral whose west front seemed ablaze in the sunset.

Down among the trees by the river a little fête was in progress. In one corner, near a refreshment booth, the centre of an admiring crowd of peasants, stood two musicians of a bygone day, a drummer and a piper, belted with *fajas* and clothed in sheepskins. Anything more weird or primitive than the lilt and quaver of their music—strange and Oriental as one might hear in Tunis or in Tangier—could scarcely be imagined, nor did this surprise me, for almost all the Spanish melodies that I have heard among the people—their dances, their folk-songs, and their love-songs as well—are impregnated with this same relic of the Moors. Even in Seville Cathedral, at the solemn moment of the elevation of the host, I detected the same strange note in the improvisations of the master who evolves such wondrous harmonies from his pealing organ.

As we came into the *paseo* upon our return to the city we found a military band playing, and, tired with our long stroll, we were well content to sit down and amuse ourselves by watching the citizens and their Sunday raiment. The men talked over their affairs; the women sat gossiping in groups, their daughters glancing askance at the well-groomed cadets of the artillery school; the children rolling hoops or playing *toro*, mounted on each other's shoulders as *picador*, charging with *banderilla* or giving the *coup de grâce* as *espada* to the poor little bull-boy, just as Goya depicted them years ago in his tapestries in the Escurial.

"To Every Man a Penny"

BY ISABEL WESTCOTT HARPER

And so they sleep forever and a day;
Of that great quietness they do not tell:
Only the face of nature seems to say
That all is well.

"The rest is silence": only in the dawn
Do they have being now, and in the wind.
Dust unto kindred dust again is drawn
With healing kind.

Ah, human love! for this they sacrifice
Their heritage, the pride of consciousness:
The love divine, and heaven that men devise,
Would make this less.

Through all the ages death has ever lain
The fact toward which we move, the price of thought—
Benignity of fate that takes again
The pain it brought.

Is there more love than this? Great peace they sought.
They tell us nothing more; and o'er the hill
The stars rise ceaselessly, and time is naught.
Let us be still!

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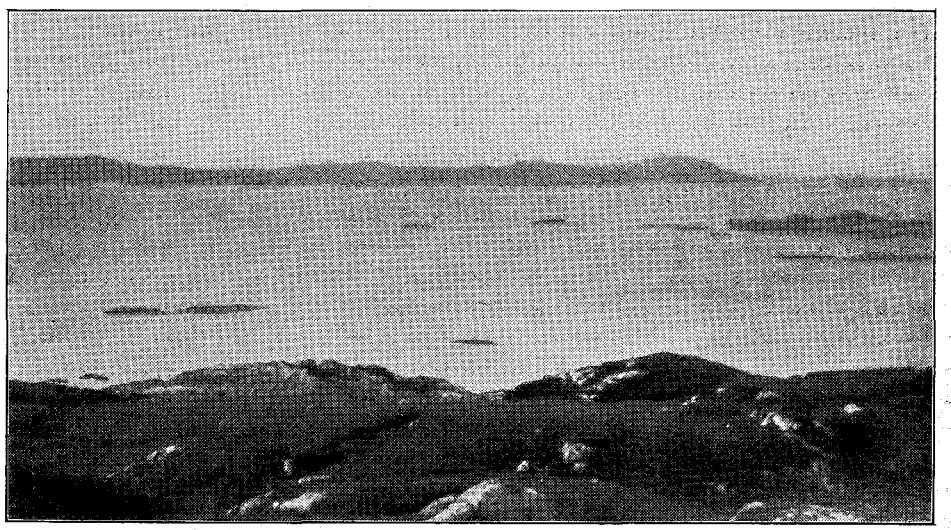

Iona from Earraid, as David Balfour saw it.

Eilean Earraid: The Beloved Isle of Robert Louis Stevenson

BY LLEWELLYN M. BUELL

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

"But it was in Earraid itself that I delighted chiefly."—R. L. S.

NOT a few travellers, since the days when Doctor Johnson and his Bozzy ventured upon their difficult and hazardous tour of the western islands of Scotland, have visited, afoot or afloat, those isles of Skye, Mull, Ulva, Gometra, Eigg, Staffa, Iona—the very names, in their strangeness of sound and accent, recall the sombre and romantic beauty of those outworks of the British coast. Seldom, however, is the casual tourist of to-day, steaming around Mull from the banalities of Oban to spend one hour "doing" Iona and another in the caves of Staffa, aware that he passes Earraid,* that islet which Robert Louis Stevenson loved perhaps above all others, which he used as setting in two of his stories ("Kidnapped" and "The Merry Men"), and which still called his fancy back to it from the soft delights of distant Vailima.

Something of the fascination this island had for Stevenson communicated itself to me from my earliest reading of "Kidnapped," and was strengthened as I came to be familiar with "The Merry Men," so that it was with a sense of rare privilege that I found myself, this past summer, sailing close to its rocky shores. Perhaps a discursive narration of the way Earraid unfolded itself to me will have some value as a guide to any that may wish to visit the islet, and as a commentary on Stevenson's use of it as setting.

Granted though it be that all mankind loves an island, how came it, the reader may ask at this point, that Stevenson chose this for his own, of all the islands

* Eilean Earraid is pronounced, as a group, "ellen air-raid"; *Earraid*, not in combination, is pronounced more like "arid."

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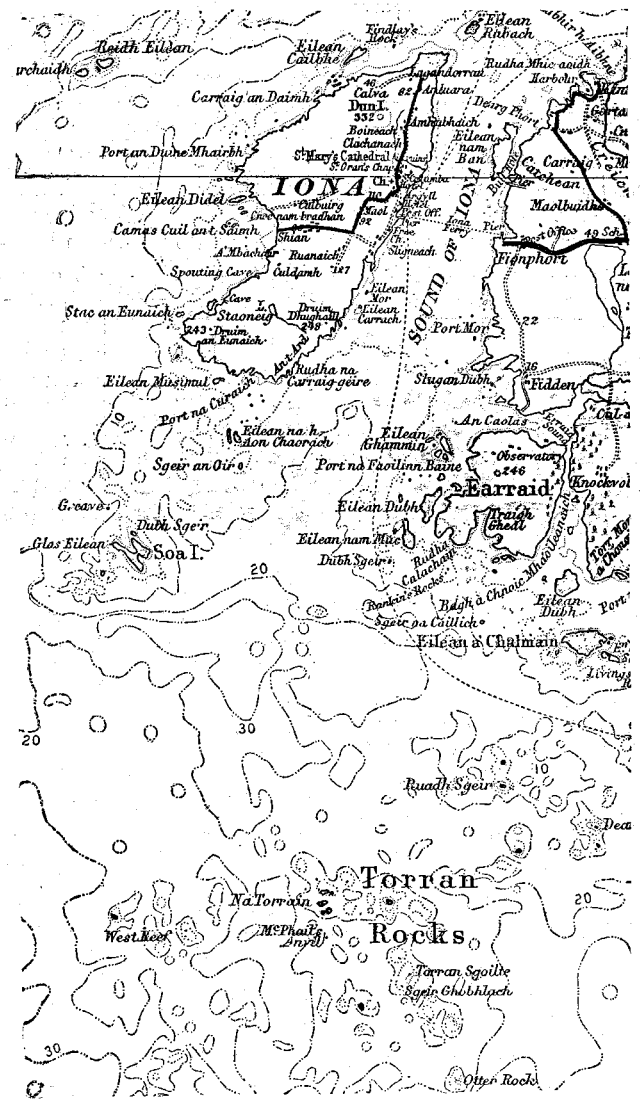

Map of Iona, Earraid, and the Ross of Mull.

In "The Merry Men" Earraid is called Aros; Earraid Sound, Aros Bay; Mull, Grisapol; Traigh Gheal, Sandag Bay; Ben More, Ben Kyaw.

sown upon all the seas—bleak Eilean Earraid rather than Ceylon or Fayal, Torcello or Formosa or Sark? First of all, he was with all his heart and soul a Scotsman. Again, he was justly proud of his family's work, since before his grandfather's time, in the service of the Northern Lights, building heart-stirring beacons like Bell Rock, Dhu Heartach, and Skerryvore, all about the rugged coasts of Britain, but mostly in these same western islands. Chiefly, however, Stevenson owed this affection for the Hebrides to a vacation in his twentieth year spent upon this very islet, while the elder Stevensons were building the Dhu Heartach light. That reef lying fifteen miles out in the ocean southwest from Mull, Earraid was the nearest available *pied à terre* for the builders, and the boy Louis had the delightful occupation of idling about as the nephew of the chief engineer, as he tells us in "Memoirs of an Islet." There is no record of his ever

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having revisited Earraid, but the crowded impressions of all his later years never obscured its features in his memory.

For the ordinary modern traveller, without a yacht or an uncle in the light-house service, the only convenient way to reach Earraid is to go north from Glasgow by land or sea to Oban, where at least the sunsets and the whiskey are to be commended. From Oban you take the swift and equable *Grenadier*, which thrice weekly goes the circuit of the great island of Mull and makes a stop at Iona, the nearest point of approach to Earraid itself. Iona is the historic isle where St. Columba landed in his little curagh from Ireland, braving those stormy seas to carry the message of the Cross to the pagan and barbarous Hebrideans and Picts—Iona, the burial-place of kings and of yore the seat of piety and learning, now all ruined in the blindness of reforming zeal. It is to-day such a delightful place for those who love simplicity and quiet, romantic scenery and intercourse with the gentle, "homely" islanders, that one is given to wonder why R. L. S. showed so little affection for Iona when he had so much to lavish on its plainer neighbor, Earraid. Perhaps the explanation is to be found in a letter written to his mother, just after his arrival at Earraid, that summer of 1870 when he was young and twenty.

Ruins of the Darnaway farmhouse.

Of Earraid the letter says nothing, but there are pages and pages about the people the lad had met at Oban and on the steamer that brought him to Iona. It sounds startlingly like the present day to hear him tell how he sized up his fellow passengers, decided that a certain young girl was his "best investment," and struck up acquaintance with the old gentleman who was with her—"and so with the damsel." Now, as then, every one seems to regard those island boats as heaven-sent opportunities for enlarging his acquaintance and ministering to his self-esteem. All flushed with his social successes, as he calls them, Stevenson had to stay behind at Iona while his new friends, including charming Miss Amy, went on. Moreover, during his wait for a boat to ferry him over to Earraid, he had a very bad dinner at what he calls "the wrong hotel." He tells his mother of the miserable sequence of rice-and-water soup, mashed herring flanked by iron potatoes, and a leathery fowl that must have been "the grandmother of the cock that frightened Peter," a recital that in its vividness and its reflection of high spirits shows the twenty-year-old boy already a promising apprentice to the art of writing. Indeed, one of the final sentences shows where his heart lay—"Really, the whole of yesterday's work would do as a novel without one little bit of embellishment." *

Unwittingly I followed Stevenson to that "wrong hotel," but times and Macleans had changed in fifty years, and its unpretending simplicity and the friendliness of guests and staff alike made the Argyll quite the right hotel for me. Before my first luncheon was over, a party had been formed to explore Earraid with me, and with the help of these strangers of longer residence than mine it was a

* "Letters," vol. I, pp. 27–36, edited by Sidney Colvin (4 volumes, Scribner's, New York, 1911).

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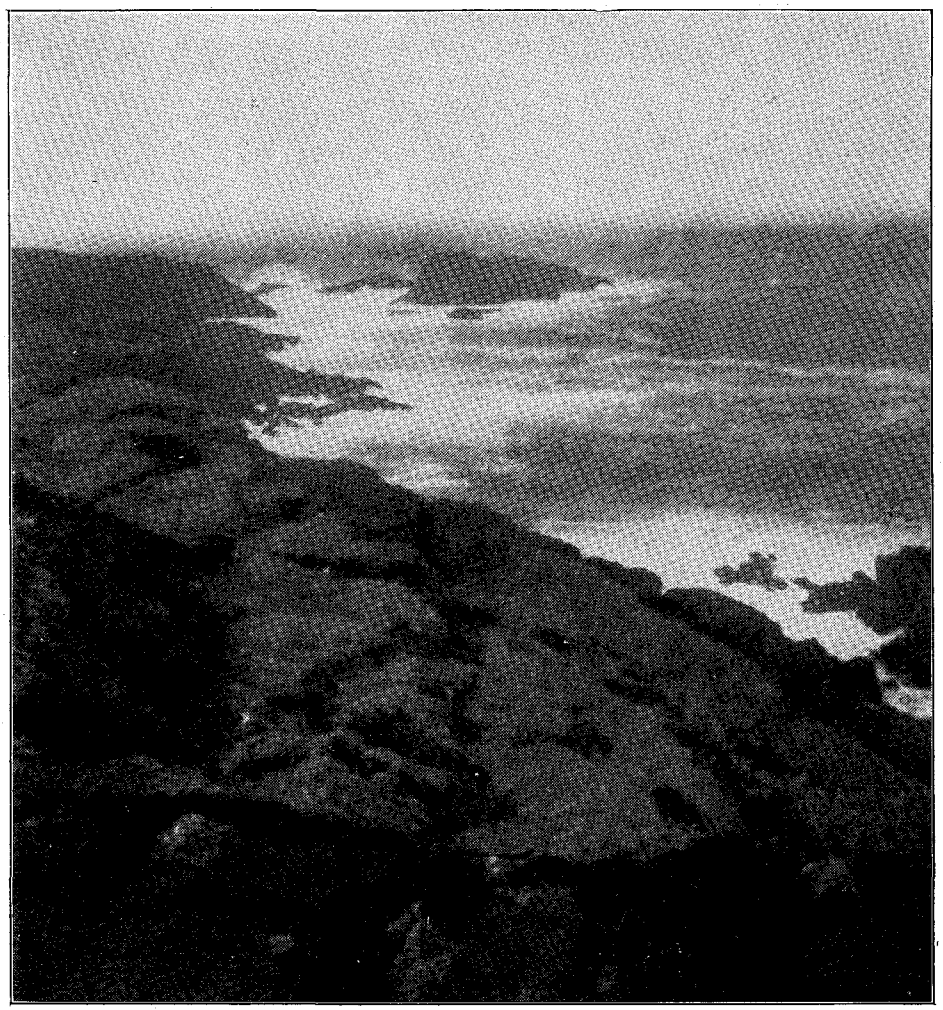
simple, albeit gradual, matter to get Coll MacDonald, a surly but harmless native in whose veins surely flows the blood of ancient pirates and wreckers, to sail us across Iona Sound to Fionphort on the Isle of Mull. From there it was a walk of a mile or so southward by a desultory road to the shore of Earraid Sound, or "Aros Bay," as it is called in "The Merry Men."



The coast in a storm.

As I looked across from this point there came the first disillusionment. Earraid, or "Aros," is no longer uninhabited as in David Balfour's day, nor yet occupied only by Gordon Darnaway and his daughter Mary Ellen. It is now the land station for a section of the lighthouse service, with a landing-stage, warehouses, cranes, and a row of cottages looking as if cast in block out of the hardest and dullest iron in the world, all impinging their commonplace ugliness upon the beauty of Earraid. Yet from here are served Dhu Heartach and Skerryvore, both lonely and ultimate outposts in the Atlantic bearing comfort to mariners, both counted among the proudest achievements of that "family of engineers" from which R. L. S. felt himself the degenerate offspring.

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Confronted with this sight, we stood on the rocks and waved hopefully at the apparently sleeping settlement, and finally got a response from a leisurely moving figure near the landing-stage. While he slowly rowed across to us, we had time to fortify ourselves with tea from a thermos flask and biscuits brought from the tiny general store on "The Street" of Iona. The man in the boat, on arriving, turned out to be a good-natured member of the Lights colony, who assured us that there was no public ferry, and that we could have walked across the sands higher up the bay so long as the tide was out. None the less, he ferried us across. On the way, thinking of the barrenness of the island as it appears in "Kidnapped," I asked how long the single farmhouse on the bay had been there. "Since Noah was a baaby," was the reply, so prompt and emphatic as to terminate discussion. Stevenson, who prized the "ability to speak with ease and opportunity to all sorts and conditions of men," should have been there to draw out this Charon of ours—who was no less than the keeper of Skerryvore itself.

He had been enjoying a four-weeks' holiday—amidst the gaieties of Earraid—and was going off on the morrow for an eight-weeks' tour of duty on that far-off reef, which Stevenson loved to call "the noblest of all extant deep-sea lights." He told us the long days of summer were harder to endure than the twenty-hour nights of winter, and set us to reflecting on the oppressiveness of interminable daylight in that wide unbroken desert of waters. Yes, he read a great deal, especially in winter, and he once had a royal breakfast on snipe and woodcock he found dead from dashing against the light as they flew along in the migrating season. All in all, a stanch, simple, and cheerful soul, fit to carry on the noble traditions of the Northern Lights.

"Sandag Bay" from above.
Scene of the wrecks in "The Merry Men" and the place where David Balfour in "Kidnapped" was washed ashore.

Once landed on Earraid, we ascended by the road past the hideous granite cottages up a continually greener and softer track to a white land-beacon and heliograph station used for communicating with the deep-sea lights, and thence over untrodden moorland to the highest point on the islet. Here, with the view unobstructed on every side, the Stevensonian is struck at once by the felicitousness of the description in "Memoirs of an Islet" :* "The little isle of Earraid lies close in to the southwest corner of the Ross of Mull: the sound of Iona on one side, across which you may see the isle

* In "Memories and Portraits," p. 251 (Scribner's, New York, 1895).

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From a painting by N. C. Wyeth. Copyright Charles Scribner's Sons.

David Balfour on the Island of Earraid.
From the special edition of "Kidnapped." Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth.

and church of Columba; the open sea to the other, where you shall be able to mark on a clear surfy day the breakers running white on many sunken reefs." Add to this that there is a small bay in the rocky southern side, and that the narrow channel that separates Earraid from the great island of Mull is high and dry at low tide, though a fathom deep at high water, and you have the essentials for a portrait of this beloved isle.

So from my high-placed coign of vantage I could easily recognize that this was the place where David Balfour, washed off the brig wrecked out there on the Torrans, came ashore and spent four miserable days and nights, wet to the skin, fending off starvation by a nauseating diet of limpets and bog water, and suffering the mental pangs of solitude and desertion, all ironically needless, simply because it never occurred to him, an inlander, that escape might be perfectly easy at low tide!

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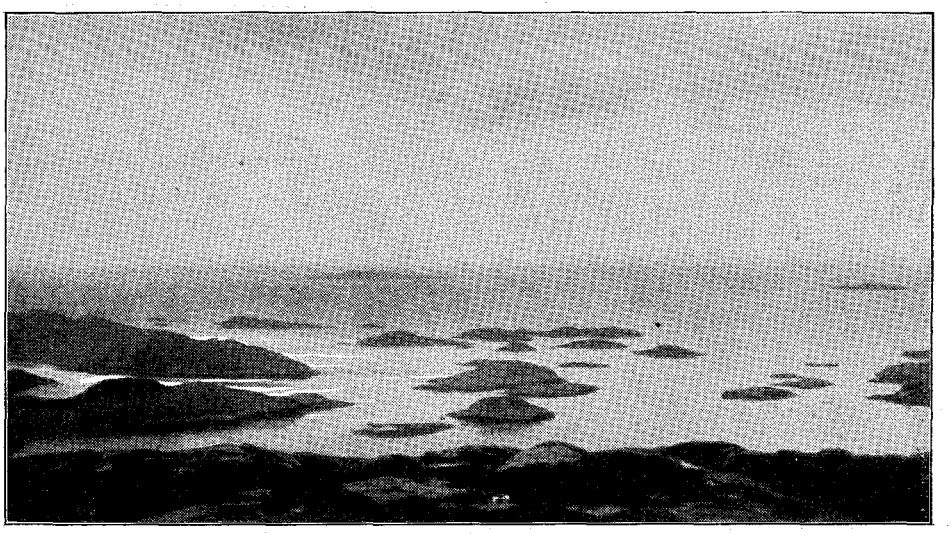
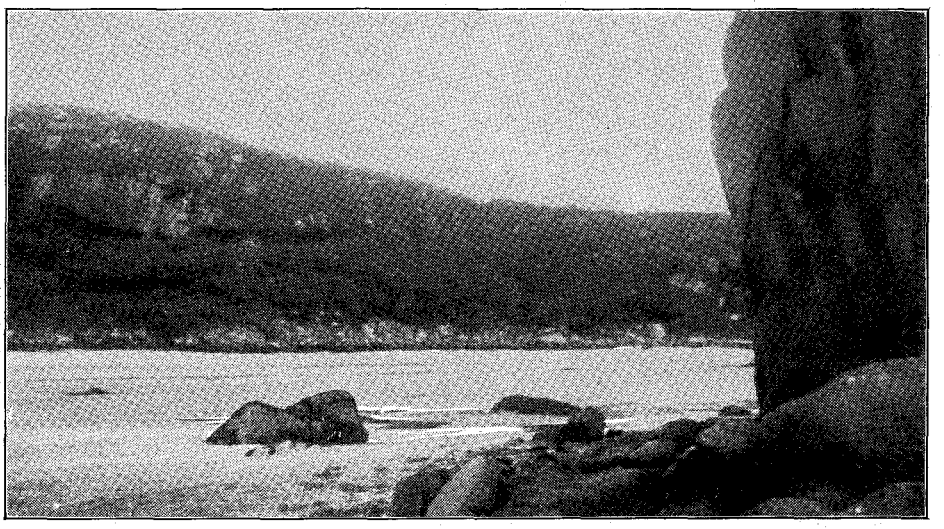


"These great granite rocks . . . go down together in troops into the sea, like cattle on a summer's day."—"The Merry Men."

Perhaps not so many as have read "Kidnapped" are acquainted with "The Merry Men," though it is a singularly artistic short story, even more intimately and completely associated with this island. It was Stevenson's first literary use of his memories of Earraid, and his remark to Graham Balfour,* "I began with the feeling of one of those islands on the west coast of Scotland, and I gradually developed the story to express the sentiment with which that coast affected me," shows how he not so much set the story in this particular place as built up the action to suit the island atmosphere he loved. All who have read that "fantastic sonata about the sea and wrecks," know that the action and, indeed, the charac-

* "Life of Stevenson," vol. II, p. 169 (Scribner's, New York, 1901).



The channel between Earraid and Mull at low tide.
The black band on the rocks shows mean high-water line, about six feet high.

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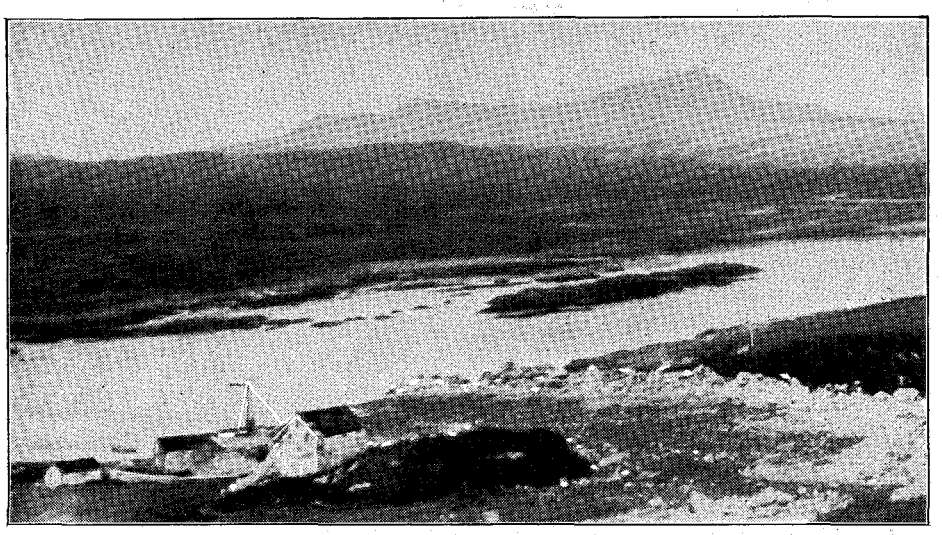
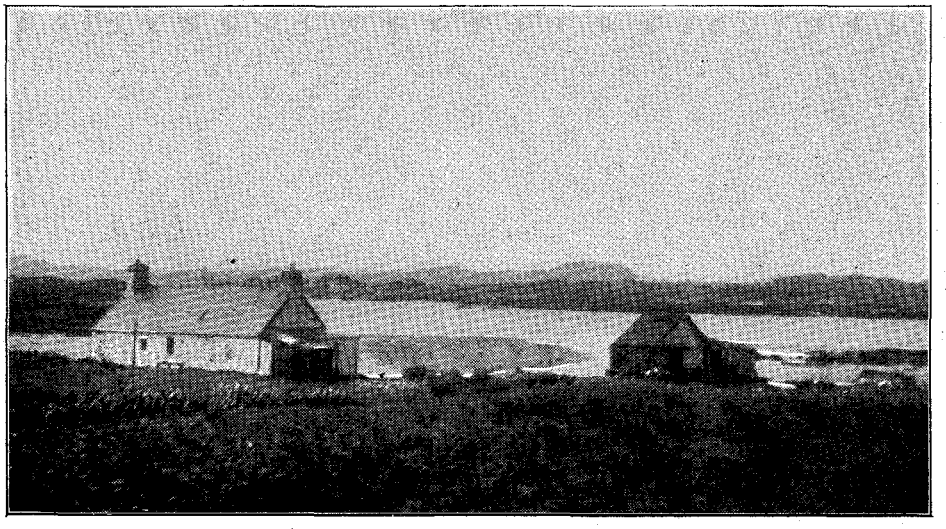


"Aros Bay," "Ben Kyaw" in the distance, Northern Lights colony in the foreground.

ters owe their nature to the situation and topography of the island. There is meaning more than literal in the statement that "any way the wind was, it was always salt air."

Actually on the spot, where one's view embraces practically everything mentioned in the story, it is easy to appreciate how the sea lies all round about the island and about the lives of the characters, Mary Ellen and Charlie and the blindly faithful Maclean clansman Rorie, but especially Uncle Gordon Darnaway. One can picture that dour Lowlander, penned by circumstances on his ultimate Hebridean islet, "biting his nails at destiny," beset by the awe and the fascination of the sea, and obsessed at once by the tragic spectacle that is shipwreck and by greed for plunder from the broken ships, to the



The farmhouse on Earraid, said to have been there "since Noah was a baaby," Iona in the distance.

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point of having killed the sole survivor from a brig, the *Christiana*, wrecked on his shore. One sees him in that other storm, at the time of the story, lying on the rocks above Sandag Bay down there below us, and watching yet another ship going down among the breakers called the Merry Men, till the sight puts him into a complete frenzy, a sort of diabolism, a worship of the sea as the embodiment of "the auld sin o' the warld." Roaming at large like a wild goat on his island, he eludes the well-meant pursuit of his servant and his nephew, until he sees they are aided by a kingly negro saved from the night's wreck. Him he mistakes in his madness for the ghost of his victim, and flees straight from him into the swift-running tide, which engulfs them both—"and if ever they came up again, which God alone can tell, it would be ten minutes after, at the far end of Aros Roost, where the sea-birds hover fishing." A grim tale of wild folk and mortal deeds, fitting outgrowth to spring from this waste of rocky islands, buried reefs, and sudden mighty storms. Fitting, too, where one is hearing melancholy songs, tales of old and recent wrecks, and eerie superstitions that neither Christianity nor science has ever fully dislodged from the minds of the dwellers therein.

It does give one a thrill to have all the setting spread out before one and to be able to follow out the details of the story. That little bay with straight rocky sides and a steep sandy beach filling the inner end is "Sandag Bay," where Charlie Darnaway dove to find the wreck of the Armada ship, and where the *Christiana* had broken her back on the sands, to fire his uncle into a wrecker's frenzy of rapacity and murder. MacPhail, the postmaster of Iona, told me that there actually had been a wreck in that bay, a bit before Stevenson's time, and that the skipper mistook this blind cove for the deeper entrance to the channel between Earraid and the Ross of Mull (see map, p. 185). That Stevenson heard this tale in 1870 seems as likely as not, so that for him to combine this wreck with the indubitable Armada ship sunk near Tobermory, on the other side of Mull, would be but a simple movement for his nimble and romantic fancy. The third ship, that of the Spanish treasure-hunters, wrecked among the Merry Men during the action of the story, was evidently a pure figment of the romancer's brain, born whilst he thought of the other wrecks and of the fate of ignorant sailors in a badly rigged ship storm-tossed on that sharp-fanged coast.

As for the terrain itself, it is only a half of a square mile, more or less, of Highland moor set into the sea—rock, bog, grass, and springy beds of heather; nothing, of course, approaching a tree, and hardly an acre of level ground in its whole extent. As we climbed about, my sympathies were strong with Charlie Darnaway in his chase after his poor mad uncle, the day after the storm, and I had no difficulty in imagining the physical distress of the Edinburgh divinity student, soft from a winter spent over his books. Those crags and hummocks would be truly heart-breaking to ascend, and in the haste and disregard of a pursuit, especially, so slippery and uneven to descend that one would be in constant jeopardy of a turned ankle, or even a cracked skull. In "Kidnapped," Stevenson shows that he had not forgotten the quality of his rambles on Earraid, by making David's journey from the channel back to Sandag Bay, a distance of hardly quarter of a mile, cost him half an hour of painful scrambling from rock to bog, and hummock to crag.

Earraid is given a peculiar quality of semi-insularity by the tidal channel to the east. At low tide it appeared like a sandy-bottomed canyon with a rill of salt-water trickling through it. On our return journey we crossed it, almost literally dry-shod. The floor of the channel, before the turn of the tide, stood easily five feet above the level of Aros Bay outside, but in two hours high water would fill it quite a fathom deep. So deep it was when David Balfour saw it first and jumped to the conclusion that he was marooned on a desert island.

There are not many living things on Earraid, but what there are harmonize with the personality of the island. The poisonous vipers that Stevenson's romantic heart loved to dwell upon were not at all in evidence. There were, however, picturesque black-faced horned sheep,

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and a dozen or so of goats as wild as deer. Once, for a moment, I saw on the beach of Sandag Bay some of the spotted white seals of the region. Besides these, there were only sea-gulls wheeling overhead with plaintive, "human" cries, the long-necked black cormorants gossiping on their rocks, and the limpets amongst the seaweed, poor and patient as Keats's oyster.

Of more scenic value than the surface of the islet are its surroundings—the Paps of Jura far off to the southeast, the rocks to the immediate west, the mountains of Mull to the northeast looming over the nearer low green pastures, with Ben More dominating them all, that noble peak spoken of as "Ben Kyaw" in "The Merry Men," and in "Kidnapped" serving as David's only landmark. It is not to be called a smiling prospect, the view from Earraid, for every way you look there is but treeless moor and crag and sea-worn rock, set off against broad tracts of empty sea. Yet, even apart from its grandeur of mass and expanse, this landscape on such a sunny day as I saw it first had its points of tender beauty—the gleam of green and silver water, relieved by the whiteness of breakers on the rocks and the moving purple shadows of the clouds, the brilliant green of the rain-washed verdure toning off to the purest blue in the mountain distances, the majestic sunbeams descending in a glory of mist far out on the western plain of the ocean, the bright bell-heather and the harebells, and the orange lichens on the rocks at my feet.

And over across the sound to the northwest lies the sacred isle that men call Iona, or Icolmkill, or simply "I"—the village, the cathedral, and the ruined nunnery standing out bare and clear against the treeless green of the island, whose actual beauty seems haloed by its ancient piety and sway.

Finally, to the south show the rocks and reefs and little bird islands that create the Merry Men and the Roost. These are the rocks of which Stevenson writes so tellingly that "they go down together in troops into the sea like cattle on a summer's day. There they stand, for all the world like their neighbors ashore . . . but when the sea is up, heaven help the man that hears that cauldron boiling."

Thus I saw them, that first day, the great rocks gathering like kine in sunlit water, but that evening a wind sprang up from the southwest. To mine hostess of the Argyll I spoke of wishing to see a proper storm in those waters, and she replied: "It'll be a storm itself we're having the night." It was. The next morning the *Dinara*, the weekly steamer to Skye, declined to land passengers or mail, or even bread for Iona, but stood by in the harbor of Bunessan till the next day. Coll MacDonald's ferry dared not ply, and even the *Hesperus*, the Northern Lights tender, successor to the Stevensons' *Pharos*, felt uneasy in Aros Bay, and took herself off to a quieter roadstead. All this in the partial shelter of Iona Sound. What the Merry Men, on the exposed southern side of Earraid, were up to, literally defies description.

Storm-bound on Iona in good earnest, I clambered to a promontory opposite Earraid, and watched the mad water leap and dance over the reefs that are sown out in the vicinity of Sandag Bay. Truly the Merry Men were holding carnival, and I could almost hear their song at a distance of over two miles, as they smashed and spouted and sucked away at the jagged immovable rocks. Charlie Darnaway is made to speak of these breakers as running fifty feet high, "but that must be the green water only, for the spray runs twice as high as that." No more can I say exactly how high, having seen them only from afar, but if what I saw on the similar coast of Iona be any measure, I can say they leapt as if goaded by the wrath of God or the fury of the devil.

All day long the wind held, and all day long monstrous billows came tirelessly piling in upon the rocks of Iona to fill the island with the thunder of their breaking. Toward night the gale fell off, and by morning there was but a smart breeze, though the swell was still running high in the sound. Learning that boats would venture out, I hired a native yawl and two Gaelic sailors to sail me through the Merry Men and up the little bay to the gut that just keeps Earraid an island.

Some sail, as Scotch, English, and Americans alike would say. A rough

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passage over the sound against wind and tide, then right in amongst the rocks, so that the spray from the breakers wet us, now bearing full upon a reef marked only by boiling white water at one moment and showing its discolored teeth at the next, as the billows sucked away from it, then sheering away from that danger only to run ten yards to windward of a spray-washed cliff. Happily the canny Gael at the tiller had nerves of whipcord, and he knew those reefs and their tricks as an animal tamer knows his lions, so that he took us safely into the entrance to the channel and back home again. For all that, there could be no question as to the fate of any vessel, large or small, that should try to navigate in that passage without such intimate and instinctive knowledge as his. Hence the inevitability of the third wreck in "The Merry Men." From this angle of approach, too, one could understand how the *Christiana* was cast away, for Sandag Bay did look to an unpractised eye enough like the entrance to the gut to deceive any skipper on a stormy night, seeking anxiously for refuge. Scarcely, however, does it seem the place for a ship to be driven into after a whole day's struggle, as the uncle pictures it: "A sair day they had of it; their hands was never aff the sheets, and it perishin' cauld—ower cauld to snaw; and aye they would get a bit nip o' wind, and awa' again, to pit the emp'y hope into them. Eh, man! but they had a sair day for the last o't! . . . But, man! the dunt that she cam' doon wi' when she struck! Lord save us a'! but it's an unco life to be a sailor—a cauld, wanchancy life."

We must allow something, after all, to the author's imagination. The greatest trouble with a literary pilgrimage like this one is just that we somehow expect, against reason, to find everything exactly as described, not realizing that the picture was painted for us by a man who, by his very quality of art, should be exceptionally endowed with imagination and sentiment, and that he was working under the excitement of creation and preoccupied with the dramatic emotions of his self-borne characters. Such being the case, we must expect to find the actuality, viewed in cold blood and prose, a little less brilliantly colored.

Less, however, than any other literary setting I know does Earraid let you down. If Stevenson has overstressed the vipers in his zeal for the romantic, at least he left you to discover the seals, those mysterious ladies out of the sea, for yourself. If he has, as he admits in the preface to "Kidnapped," moved the Torran Rocks several miles nearer to Earraid, if he has somewhat altered Sandag Bay, and transported to it an Armada ship from twenty miles away, why, that is but testimony to the godlike power of the creative imagination.

The firm-handed way in which Stevenson moulded his material is further shown by the fact that though "Kidnapped" and "The Merry Men" deal with much the same period of time, the latter half of the eighteenth century, in the one he represents the islet as uninhabited, while in the other he has the rather superior family of Darnaways living there. A similar freedom in adapting his setting to his purpose is manifested when he makes David Balfour haunt the rocks on the northwest of Earraid and yearn for the warmth and companionship of the firesides of Iona, seen so clearly across the sound, while in "The Merry Men" it suits him to take no cognizance of that blessed isle, and to allow the reader to think of "Aros" as unsheltered from the great desert ocean to the west.

But Stevenson's variations from his model are as nothing to his conformities with it. The picture in "The Merry Men" is practically identical with that in "Kidnapped," and both, as I learned from my pilgrimage, are close to the original. The "Memoirs of an Islet" and the references in the letters are really less positive evidence as to the hold that Eilean Earraid had taken upon Stevenson's imagination than the fact that twelve and fifteen years after leaving it he used it as setting for two stories, complete and unchanged not only in its general character and location but in all details of contour, vegetation, climate, and surroundings. I make no doubt that during that summer of 1870, the boy, on the threshold of a creative manhood, let his romance-weaving mind rove about the islet, making it the scene of any number of fantastic and thrilling adventures in

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the manner of his favorite Scott. From these, after a lapse of ten years and more, he selected with a maturer mind the material for that grim "story of wrecks, as they appear to the dweller on the coast," and for the episode of Davy Balfour's miserable experience as a castaway.

And why should not Earraid have made this impression on him—him, a Scotsman, a scion of that line of light-builders to whom the western islands were a work-ground and a monument? Yes, even though one be alien to such traditions of family and nation, Earraid, with its semi-insularity, its heathery crags, its outlook upon storied Iona and a quadrant of the unbroken ocean, with its deadly reefs and weirdly mewing sea-birds—Eilean Earraid just herself, hard, wild, strange, withdrawn from the paths of men, captivates the imagination and bewitches the heart of any one who has a vein of true romance.

The Peril of Labor

BY J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN

IF a skipper of a ship in a fog keeps the strictest outlook, he may even yet strike a hidden reef and go down. In such a case we regard the disaster as practically unavoidable, because he was following the best-known rules of the sea. But the errors of leadership of organized labor cannot be thus typified. They may rather be compared with the possible action of some eccentric aviator. When our great Pacific fleet was moving south along the west coast of South America, suppose an opinionated flier had become convinced —after sailing for days close to a shore hidden to the zenith by dark clouds— that there were no Andes to the east behind those clouds. From his own personal observation there could be seen only thick mists produced by the cold antarctic current condensing the moisture in the upper air. Of course, he had heard that geographers and scientific folk had declared the existence of a lofty mountain range close to the Pacific coast; but, he reasoned, these academic persons were mere theorists, for to the observant traveller there were in fact no such mountains. Therefore, obstinately sure of his opinion, he decided to act on it. One fine morning he rose from the mother ship in his plane to about a thousand feet and steered due east at full speed for Brazil and the Atlantic Ocean. Needless to say, no trace of him would ever have been reported. And so it must be with any leader of labor who fanatically plunges into the rugged world of industry without the guidance of established economic experience. If he acts in this way, he obviously imperils the organization he represents. But why should he go to smash to prove what has been already established by scientific methods?

II

As every one knows, there has sprung up in recent years a class of leaders who have been both a cause and a result of the growth of unionism. Unionization has been forced in many cases where it would otherwise have lagged, and the nature of the union has called to control men of a special type. Most of them must be of a sort suited for propaganda and the dissemination of views adapted to extend the influence of the unions. Mentally they are committed to a point of view; they are not as a rule searchers after economic truth. Hence the agitator is frequently found in office. But in the class of workingmen, just as in other classes of men, there are included all types of mind, the conservatives and extremists, the ignorant and intelligent, the industrious and lazy, the reasonable and

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unreasonable, the evil and the worthy. To hold his place, therefore, the labor leader must be primarily a politician; he must adjust his policy to the views most largely held by his group. To keep his following he may pose as a conservative, and yet, in fact, aid in dangerously revolutionary operations; to get the support of the general public he will advertise the patriotism of the unions as if they were the only class engaged in the war, and at the same time abet strikes and cessation of work to gain a party point at the expense of the very existence of the nation. A unionist code of morals has sprung up which places the union above the state wherever their interests conflict and justifies acts which would be condemned by the accepted thinking of civilized society. Truculence, bullying, brutality, persecution, even arson and murder, have been used to carry a point. Such things, of course, are repugnant to the great number of reasonable and fair-minded working men. Hence it has become common to say we must distinguish between the often vicious point of view of the leaders and the generally sensible attitude of the men in the unions. It may be that, by the very nature of the organization in a union, the unscrupulous get to the front and do not rightly represent their constituency. If a leader, for instance, has received a bribe to call off a strike which he has threatened for the very purpose of blackmail, the rank and file are supposed to know nothing of it. But, whatever the cause, a situation has come about in which the leaders practically supply their membership with their reading, direct the general course of their beliefs on the subjects of labor and capital, and have even countenanced a systematic agitation against any opposition to their views. The independent press, so far as it reaches the workers, is the only corrective.

III

VERY few persons can think correctly in any subject. Our colleges and universities have had almost no influence on the economic thinking of our people, except to provide with fact and argument those who have already preconceived convictions. To-day the way the country goes on a great economic issue is a matter of chance, the accident of the presentation of the question by self-interested politicians. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that union members hold as many erroneous and false economic views as those in other walks of life. The point of danger about it is that organized labor can base its combined action on these mistaken opinions and drive it home to the irretrievable danger of its membership and society as well. If its leadership can force its thinking on its members, it is not of much practical importance to say that it does not correctly represent the mass of reasonable workmen. It is of importance, however, to note the thinking of these labor leaders and to test its quality by some economic standards. It is well to inquire of the aviator driving into the clouds hiding the Andes whether his opinions are well-conceived.

Without going far afield, it is obvious that unionist opinion finds itself in antagonism to the existing economic system; its immediate demands are for higher wages and better conditions of employment, but its writings and arguments go much farther. Of course, those leaders who court popular support aver that they detest socialism; but their protestations are not convincing. Everywhere in unionist utterances is to be found a conviction that the share paid to labor is unjust; often that labor produces the whole product; that under the present wage system the workers are enslaved; that the share of the capitalistic employer is large at the expense of wages; that wages can be advanced to any limit because of the amazing expenditure of the rich; that profits are an inexhaustible fund on which a laborer should draw by every means at his command; that employment at wages fixed by his own desires is a right; that industry should more and more be controlled by the state; and, in general, that the existing system of distribution of the product is so unjust that labor should be placed in more or less power over the management of industry to the end of obtaining a larger share for labor. This brief summary, however, is very restrained. The radicals have so "bored into" the unionist pronunciamentos as to make the above statement of their de-

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mands seem like colorless conservatism. But, without making the unionists (whose demands range from higher wages to revolutionary communism) responsible for the opinions of the extremists, it is clear that in general they were taught to look for "a new social order" at the end of the war; and the change of the present industrial system to a new social order is, of course, only a change to socialism. All the persistent agitation of the unionists sooner or later merges into the current of socialism. Inevitably there appears sooner or later the antagonism to private property and capitalism. This conclusion may be met by a superior smile of the *intelligentsia* and the remark: "Of course, that is the end in view; it was not necessary to make this labored demonstration of it." Nevertheless, it is not the end which the great mass of intelligent workers in this country desire; but they are being insidiously swept on to that inevitable end by the guidance of their leaders. Unless one is mistaken in reading human nature, we are likely to see a cleavage in the ranks of the workers on the fundamental differences between conservative and radical temperaments, lines which are so fixed in human nature that they do not conform to the divisions between employees and employers.

IV

THE crux of the situation lies in the necessity of the leaders to hold their following by showing increasing energy in propaganda both as to numbers and dogma; while at the same time the true meaning of the agitation is becoming clearer and clearer, and the futility of carrying on industry without encouraging the saving of capital as well as insuring its safety, and the resistance of common sense and human nature to a weakening of property rights, is everywhere emerging. No writing or teaching on the fallacies of socialism has had much effect on the thinking of the world compared with the unexpected and amazing demonstration of its actual working in Russia. Sovietism is nothing but socialism plus force; socialistic theory enforced by a most brutal tyranny. The world has had teaching on socialism by Russia on such a colossal scale that it has been made clear to the meanest understanding. Not only the socialistic, but the unionist, agitation has felt the jolt.

As the unions seem to have passed more and more under the influence of the extremists, the fuller understanding of the aims of the leaders has stiffened the fundamental instincts of the Anglo-Saxon to resist attacks on the safety of capital and any infringement of its rights to property. It is not a matter of argument. It is the action of primary instincts under which the present industrial world came into being with its accumulated aids to the cheap production of the very essentials of modern life. It has been stated by a biographer of President Wilson that it is an issue between "human rights and property rights." In fact, property rights arose only because they were human rights. Historical jurisprudence has shown us that law came from within, not being imposed from without; that the habits and customs of a people were crystallized into its codes. Property rights developed out of primitive need. There is nothing immutable about property rights; they are what they are because the race is what it is. They are expressions of the wishes of the race shaped during many centuries.

The right of a man also to the use and control over his capitalistic tools and equipment, whether it be a carpenter's hammer, a man's factory, or a farmer's horse, is as little open to question. The claim of a farmer to his capital in the form of a horse and to the returns for its use and depreciation, admit of no argument with the rank and file; it is based on a primary sense of right over his own possessions. It is more necessary to the protection of the man of scanty property than to the rich, who can easily take care of themselves. Against these fundamental requirements the steadily expanding demands of the extremists have been held up; against this *impasse* socialistic and revolutionary agitation has come to a halt.

V

As radical leaders have been brought up against this barrier they have come to see that their subversive views will

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never be accepted voluntarily by possessors of capital and property. The colossal egotism of the fanatic, who so believes in his self-appointed judgments (as against that of the commonweal) that he intends to force them upon others contrary to their will, inevitably leads to the policy of "direct action," or force. Consequently, the problem to leaders of organized labor to-day is how to force their demands upon a resisting public. In what way, in default of peaceful persuasion, can the policy of "direct action" be carried out? How can the primary instincts of man be overcome?

The first method—by physical force, by strikes, intimidation, boycotting, picketing, threats, and assaults—has admittedly not been successful in gaining the ends of organized labor, even for such simple purposes as an increase of wages. It is now generally agreed that, in an ordinary condition of the labor market, if order is preserved by the state, strikes are ineffectual. Force can, of course, be applied equally by both sides, if the state fails in its duty. In Italy, for instance, the Fascisti gave the Communists a dose of their own medicine and forced their retirement. In Russia we know that the power of an unparalleled tyranny has not been able to make a success of revolutionary doctrine. It has reduced a granary of the world to a devastated, starving territory. Lenine and the Kaiser have both sufficiently demonstrated the futility of a policy of force.

Another method has by experience proved much easier and more effective. If the source of legislation can be controlled, even extreme doctrines can be enforced on others against their will by law. This is "direct action" by political means. Leaders of organized labor and extremists find this an effective method because politicians are open to deals for votes. Thus the Adamson Law was forced upon Congress in the sole interest of the railway brotherhoods. After the experience with government control during the war the unions very naturally prefer to deal with pliant politicians. If nationalization of railways and industries were established, similar class legislation could be passed by bargaining for votes. Such direct action does not depend upon argument and persuasion but upon success in political strategy. Industry under it would cease to be governed by efficient management, but instead it would pass under political control, and the end would be a certain rise in cost of living. Only when an *imperium in imperio* is created will it be possible for truculent leaders of the railway brotherhoods effectively to say, as they did in August, 1919, in opposing the return of the railways to their owners: "The brotherhoods were in no mood to brook the return of the lines to their former control." Or, if their demands are refused, they reply that "in that case, we cannot restrain our men; we do not know what will happen." But, where, we ask, is authority lodged, in the unions or in the Government of the United States? Can the opinions of the few be forced on the majority? Direct action by politics is a two-edged sword which, like physical force, can be used on both sides. It is a dangerous weapon to introduce. Capital, too, can resort to direct action. It is better to avoid its use on either side.

VI

THE resort to force and direct action is the tacit admission that the demands of organized labor will not be voluntarily accepted. Nevertheless, they are being pressed with all the authority of the large union membership. But, if the leaders are untrained in economic analysis, if they adopt impossible and fanatical plans that are ruinous to industry, their policy is certain to bring disaster, not only to the community but to the men who make up the unions. We have recently had some remarkable illustrations of the manner in which the wrong-headedness of labor leaders has compromised their following.

In the painful readjustment of costs and prices to a lower level, after the crisis of 1920–1921, so that demand might again be able to call for continuous production, the leaders of the railway unions clung to the idea that they could make an exception to economic law in their favor. It was well understood that high materials and wages had held up the level of war prices; but materials had fallen, as well

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as wages in other industries. With great audacity they decided to insist for themselves on war wages. They had been afflicted with a megacephalous conception of their power to enforce their wishes. After the precedent of the Adamson Act they set out to threaten the very government with "direct action." Since January 1, 1917, the outlay of the railways for labor per annum had increased from $1,465,000,000 to more than $3,900,000,000; and yet, because the Labor Board granted a reduction of 12 per cent in wages on July 1, 1921, amounting to about $400,000,000, they called a strike. They were not satisfied with having $2,000,000,000 more wages than in 1917. Or, compared with December, 1917, their wages had increased from 55 to 113 per cent, while cost of living had gone up only 24.5 per cent. The strike was a challenge to the United States through the Labor Board. The strike was, in effect, a blow at lowered freights for the farmers and consumers in general. In spite of all this, the leaders proposed to shut off coal and food from the cities, to cut off millions from the use of the railways, to hold up measures for the reduction of unemployment just when business was slowly recovering—in support of inane and impossible demands. Public opinion forced the calling off of the strike.

In utter disregard of public necessities the leaders made their membership accessory to an economic error whose consequences would have been almost infinitely disastrous. The assumption in such strikes is that, occupying a key position by which they have a power to paralyze industry, the public and the government have no option but to grant their demands, no matter how extreme they may be. The effect is exactly the opposite. The irresistible conclusion is forced on the country that action should be taken to prevent in the future any small group of persons from holding up the nation, for its own selfish purposes. If men take employment on the railways, which are affected by a public interest, they must accept the fact that they are not as free to indulge their whims about stopping work as they would be in a private industry. The attitude of the railway unions disclosed a wholly mistaken psychology, a state of mind out of touch with the practical world in which we live. In taking such a position the leaders compromised their membership in the eyes of all other citizens, and made them seem as if they were no better than highwaymen. This is an imputation that the great body of intelligent railway men would instantly resent.

Nothing has been settled by calling off the railway strike, except possibly to reduce the country's belief in the power of the unions. The problem still remains, for the contumacious attitude of the leaders remains the same. When the federal court in Indianapolis declared that the coal-miners could not force unionization on a district where it was not wanted and forbade the employers to "check off" union dues from miners' wages, the answer of the unions was practical defiance. The hold of the leaders would, of course, be much weakened if they had to depend for funds on the voluntary payment of dues by members of the union. The effect on public opinion has been cumulative. The action of the miners on top of the railway fiasco tends to create an almost universal prejudice against the doings of all labor-unions. And yet the unions have legitimate and useful functions to perform. In truth, labor is imperilled by its own leadership.

VII

For some unaccountable reasons the leaders of the unions have assumed that truculence, threats, and ugly intimidations are the only means by which they can accomplish their purposes. Their Prussian methods of bullying and the use of force have no other results than the creation of bad blood between the men and their employers. If their leadership were worthy of the name, it would aim at establishing such relations with the other necessary factors of production that amelioration of conditions and better pay would be made possible rather than impossible. Again and again officious leaders have intervened to prevent friendly relations between workers and employers, in order to keep their membership in hand for combined action on any policy set by the leaders. The idea of one big

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union, or that employers should not be allowed to negotiate with their workers, except through an outside representative of the unions, bears in the same direction. These "oral laborers" are more concerned in keeping themselves in office than in forwarding the real progress of their members.

An army is always in peril under a stupid or incompetent general. It may be led to defeat and slaughter against its own will. That the members of unions have suffered incalculably from bad leadership is only too true. The bane of the working men is the low quality of their leaders. In temper, in intellectual power, in disrespect for the long process by which civil liberty has been won for all classes, in contempt for law and order, they are, with some obvious exceptions, often unfitted for leadership. But, in the main, their mistakes have been due to lack of economic training and insight. Men have seldom sought the study of economics and the ways of increasing wages from a desire to get at the truth, and afterward gone into unionism; but, as a rule, those who have had a personal stake in labor organizations or who have already fixed *a priori* convictions afterward have gone into economics to find support for these convictions. The creation of labor colleges is a case in point. It is like establishing an institution to teach free silver, or protectionism.

Assuming that the lucubrations of earnest but untrained labor leaders are more to be trusted than the impartial, scientific study of all economists since Adam Smith, the results which have been reached on wages and allied topics of distribution have been largely ignored. It may be said, obviously, that economists do not agree on these subjects; but it should be understood that the many differences of economists are the inevitable concomitants of a live and progressive science. Nevertheless, a general residuum of accepted principles affecting wages can be counted on. Without going into detail here,* it is clearly understood that an increase of efficiency is a cause of higher wages. Every one knows that more pay can be commanded by a skilled than by an unskilled laborer. Moreover, if the joint efforts of the factors of production (resources, management, labor, and capital) can be made to yield more product, more can be paid to each. In fact, higher wages in the United States than in some other countries have prevailed for years, because our productivity was greater. By working in accord with, rather than against, positive economic forces, gains to labor might be easily achieved, rather than defeated. In bringing such results to fruition unions can play an important part. There is no opposition to organization of labor in itself, but only to the abuse of its power by wrong-headed leaders.

The peril to labor, moreover, lies not only in the lack of economic understanding by their leaders, but in the frequent cases where half-baked theorizing crystallizes into fanatical bigotry which then governs the policy of the unions. Thus some leaders may be absolutely sincere, and yet their fanaticism makes them blind to conditions which might have been used to the advantage of the general body of members. During the English coal strike the opinions of the leaders of the miners were, no doubt, honest; but that did not prevent action which, at a critical time in the recovery of business, cut ruinously into English exports, weakened her foreign exchange, crippled the chief industries of the nation, and worked evil not only to the coal industry but to the finances of the state. The effect was the same as if they had been avowedly disloyal to the state.

In looking forward to the possible betterment of our industrial relations we must admit the fact that the union leaders encourage industrial inefficiency by "making work," and are insisting on policies directly antagonizing the racial instincts regarding the safety of capital and property as well as the accumulated respect for constituted authority exercised by the modern state. Direct action can make little headway against such obstacles. Such an attitude can be likened only to that of the eccentric aviator who would drive ahead regardless of all evidence that the rugged Andes do lie behind the clouds on the Pacific coast.

*See the writer's "Latter-Day Problems" (Scribner's) on *The Hope for Labor Unions*, and other similar studies.

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What Shall I Believe?

BY EDWARD G. SPAULDING
Professor of Philosophy, Princeton University; author of "What Am I?" etc.

NOT long since a friend asked me if there was a conflict between science and religion, and, when I told him that I was convinced there was not, he requested me to make an address on the subject before a forum consisting of the congregations of two churches. I accepted the invitation, and in due time forth I went, made my argument, and stood a strenuous cross-examination for an hour afterward.

I relate the incident, because through it I discovered an interest on the part of the members of two orthodox congregations in having the principles of their faith brought into contact with certain specific knowledge that has arisen in our modern civilization, especially that knowledge which is identical with science. I found that there was the demand for free discussion, for question and answer, with no dodging of the issue. In brief, I discovered that a question was present in the minds of many devout and reverent people, the question, namely, as to what is the bearing of the results of modern science, when these results are fairly stated as the scientist states them, on one's faith and belief.

That my audience was typical I am convinced. It consisted largely of church-members. At one time or another they had come to believe. Either they had been brought up in an environment in which it was the tradition to believe, or they had had a highly emotional and unanalyzed experience, or, consciously or unconsciously, they had exercised the will to believe. But now, whatever may have been the origin of their belief, and still holding to it, they desired to examine its relation to science and to reason, as well as to tradition, emotion, or the will to believe.

This incident has led to the writing of this article. Long before the conversation with my friend I had, however, reflected on the questions which he and my forum audience raised. What shall I believe? Or, if one prefer, Why should I believe? What is there, when one examines frankly and fearlessly the realms of science, of art, of literature, of history, that, apart from profound emotional experience, from tradition, and from the will to believe, allows or even compels one to believe?

In those who ask this question I can, I confess, find no spirit of irreverence, although it may be that that which they revere above all other things is the truth. But this means that the truth is regarded by them as itself a good—indeed, as perhaps that good which is better or higher than anything else. And it is worthy of remark at this point that again and again in ecclesiastical history the truth as an immaterial, ideal, and universal entity has been regarded as an essential characteristic of the nature of the Divine Being.

The question, What shall I believe? is, then, not irreverent. It can be so regarded only provided one presupposes that it is the very nature of the Divine Being to disapprove of all sincere questioning. But to maintain that this is the nature of the Divine Being is to give an answer to the implicit question, In what kind of a Divine Being shall I believe? It is an answer to a question which, if it is not asked by devout believers now, was certainly asked by those who in the past determined that very dogma which forms the content of certain specific beliefs today. For present unquestioning belief is itself in many instances the historical product of questions that have been answered by those great masters of the church who in the past sought the truth, and acknowledged the progress of rational and free inquiry, albeit their answer may have been that the truth is accessible only

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through that divine enlightenment and aid which come from revelation. But, again, to maintain that one shall believe in a Divine Being who reveals the truth, is to ask and then answer the question, What shall I believe?

In a previous article the question was asked, What am I?* and the appeal was made to science in order to find an answer. The result was that it was found that even the very answers that science itself gives to this question carry one beyond science and into a realm in which personality is discovered to be an entity that is unitary, qualitatively new, and free from the limitations of those scientific realms to which it also belongs. It was found that the personality belongs to those realms with which, not science, but religion, art, literature, and philosophy deal. True personality is found only at this level. I am all that science claims, but I am also that which was recognized to be a fact long before there was any science, and must still be so recognized.

The answer to my first question led me, then, beyond science, so that, as I approach my second question, I am familiar with the conviction that science is not all, however counter to this its own claim may be.

In seeking an answer to my new question I take belief as I find it and ask, What are the facts, apart from tradition, emotional experience, and the will to believe, that lead one to believe? It would thus seem that I am searching for proof, for demonstration, at least to a certain extent, and I confess that I am. But proof and demonstration have degrees. The lesser degrees are supplemented logically by probability, psychologically by conviction. For example, that the individuals of a species vary in structure and function can be directly observed, but that one species evolves from another by virtue of minute variations that are advantageous, is not directly demonstrable. Nevertheless by the strict Darwinians this is believed to have been the most probable course of evolution. However, no one has ever seen evolution actually taking place by such means. Science is replete with similar examples.

*See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for January, 1922.

Belief also may have different degrees, and, accordingly, different definitions. It may be defined, for example, as "the holding to be true in the absence of direct proof and demonstration"; also as "the holding to be necessarily true, with the opposite regarded as inconceivable"; or, finally, as "the holding to be true notwithstanding demonstration to the contrary." But with this psychological question I am not primarily concerned. Rather, my question is, What facts can I discover that compel me to believe, and, believing, what is the content of my belief when it is reasoned about? Finally, what is absolutely essential to belief and what is not?

What means, now, shall one take in order to answer these questions with a maximum of proof and demonstration, and a minimum of assumption? I answer that such a means is furnished by again asking and giving an answer to the question, Are there certain facts that science is incapable of dealing with? The reply that I find myself obliged to give is, "Yes, there are."

Science deals with electrons, atoms, energy, evolution, cells, machines, statistics, and a host of other things, but as yet we have no strictly and exclusively scientific account of personality, love, sincerity, goodness, beauty, justice, and the like. Yet these are as undeniably and directly experienced as are any of the whole gamut of scientific facts. Indeed, at that level at which personality comes in contact with personality, it is to such facts that all science, both pure and applied, is ultimately subservient as a means to an end. For either science is good in itself, which means that knowledge for its own sake, like beauty, is good; or science is but a means to that which is good—such as the production of works of art, the bettering of the material and social conditions of living, the alleviation of pain and suffering, and the like. And I am not sure but that one may doubt whether, when the account is balanced, and the evil that science is capable of producing, as in war, is debited against the good, science has produced an age that is better than those ages which were without science.

I shall denote these non-scientific facts

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by the well-recognized term "values," and then distinguish among values two kinds, namely, ethical and æsthetic, identifying the former with *the good*, and the latter with *the beautiful*. There is no doubt that we experience these values, that we are actuated by them, and that we judge things by their means. Thus values are efficient causes, forces, powers in our lives, albeit they are immaterial. In brief, it is by values that we live. Also there is no doubt that neither of these two kinds of values is reducible to, or definable in, any other terms ultimately than itself. Sooner or later in any attempt to define values a point is reached beyond which one cannot go. The good and the beautiful are, as the scholastics would say, *sui generis*. Thus, for example, to till the soil is good, because it produces food; food is good, because it keeps men in health; health is good, because it conduces to life; and life is good, —but why? And what is that good which life is? The good is an ultimate concept which one can only liken to the beautiful and admit to be an undeniable and final fact of experience.

Nor is the outcome different if, having versed ourselves in the history of such ethical doctrines as Stoicism, Epicureanism, and Utilitarianism, we compare these as to their merits. For by such comparison we endeavor to arrange the three in accordance with a scale of goodness in order to find which doctrine is the best or highest good as a rule of life. But goodness itself as the common factor in respect to which we compare these doctrines is not itself comparable with anything else. It is as much a fact in this universe as is length, but it is a different kind of fact, and there is no scale on which goodness and length can be compared.

Seemingly, then, I must admit that I live in the presence of goodness as the common factor or invariant of those particular facts that are good. In experiencing those facts I experience it, and experiencing it, I arrange those facts in a scale according to degrees of goodness, or in a series of means to ends, until in the one instance I reach the highest good, and in the other an end which is not in turn a means, but is good for and by itself alone.

Values, then, are experienced, and, being experienced, are reasoned about. We find particular instances of things that are good as well as of those that are bad, and we reason about them. In fact we discover by reasoning that there is a distinction between concrete, particular good things, such as a brave act, a kind word, an honest man, a just nation, and the good as an ideal. The actually existing particular good may never reach the ideal. Further, we find that the good is dynamic in character. It is a force, an impelling power, in the sense that it inspires and leads men to action, whether it is the concrete or the ideal good, or both, of which they are conscious.

Indeed, even when men explicitly deny the good, they implicitly presuppose it. They act on the basis of the good whether they will or no. Whatever course of action is adopted is presupposed to be better than any alternative course that is not, and, therefore, to belong to the realm of the good. For example, to give up one's life as something evil is to presuppose that something is good, namely, either death itself or that to which the sacrifice of one's own life may lead. Such is the motive indeed that actuates many of those who die for their country in war. The good, then, is something that cannot be escaped. It is experienced, presupposed, and lived by, although there may be radically different and even contradictory views as to what the good is in particular circumstances.

However, in the broader realm of values that includes both the good and the beautiful, there are also directly and undeniably experienced evil and ugliness. These may be called negative values. Evil and ugliness are no more identical with the things with which science deals than are goodness and beauty, and yet they are in opposition to, and in direct conflict with, goodness and beauty respectively. How, now, shall these negative values be accounted for, especially evil? What is its status, its place in the scheme of things?

Things that are commonly regarded as evil are, perhaps unfortunately, too familiar to demand illustration. But in order to present two typical ways of dealing with evil, or with the problem which

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it presents, two examples of evil may be selected, namely, war and poverty.

Is war an evil? The answer depends on the point of view, which in turn depends on one's philosophy. But what philosophy can possibly allow or maintain that war is not an evil?

The answer to this question is found in that very special and widely influential philosophy which is called Idealism, or, preferably, Objective Idealism. This philosophy originated in Greek thought in the fifth century B. C., but reached the climax of its development in the nineteenth century in the system of Hegel and his followers, among whom are included our own Emerson and Royce. A constant stimulus to the modern development of this philosophy has been science. For science seems to be in its implications absolutely deterministic or fatalistic, nonmoral, soulless and godless, and Idealism promises a way of escape. This is accomplished logically by distinguishing between appearance and reality, between the related and the relater, between the opposed or conflicting and the synthesizing, between the many and the One. Science is held to be concerned with only the first member of each of these pairs of terms and therefore to imply something beyond or transcendent to, and different in kind from, the things of science. Accordingly, the conclusion is reached that there is One Absolute and Spiritual Being who is ultimate reality, synthesizer and relater, in contrast with all other things as the manifold of illusory appearances. In that One all oppositions and differences are held to disappear. There is in the Absolute One no right and left, no up and down, no attraction and repulsion, no cause and effect, no subject and predicate. And the case is not different with evil. It, too, in the Absolute disappears.

Idealism, then, is that philosophy which holds that there is an Absolute One that may be identified with perfect and complete Personality, all-knowing, all-powerful, and all-good. Human history is regarded as a manifestation of that One, so that nothing which appears in history is *admitted to be* ultimately evil. All evil is mere appearance. Its character as evil is lost, absorbed, transformed in an all-inclusive Being. Evil seems to be evil, therefore, and a very real fact, only because it is regarded from a limited point of view. But as viewed by an All-Knower it vanishes. Thus it is that the evil of war, as a seemingly very specific and horrible evil, is argued out of existence. Indeed, who of us have not heard the argument, quite in keeping with Idealism, that the Great War would be seen to be a good if one could only have a sufficiently broad knowledge of all the circumstances and results past, present, and future, connected with it?

But this idealistic method is not the only way of disposing of evil. There is also a scientific method. Science, and especially that naturalistic philosophy which grows out of science, must have its own solution for each of the pressing problems that Idealism claims to be able to solve, or yield to Idealism; and evil presents such a problem. The scientific and naturalistic way of treating evil is well exemplified by the solution that is given to the problem of poverty.

Is not poverty, and the suffering which it entails, an undeniable evil—poverty as it affects a large part of the world's population? It would certainly seem to be until one considers evolution and its factors—at least those factors that Darwin emphasized. Those factors are (1) the differences, both great and small, among all the individuals of a species; (2) the chance occurrence of these differences; (3) the chance advantage given to some individuals by certain specific differences; (4) the unfavorable character, in some respects, of the environment; (5) the fact of great fecundity, and, therefore, of the lack of sufficient food for all individuals; (6) the resulting struggle for existence and survival of the fittest in the sense of the strongest; and (7) the inheritance by each successive generation of the average of those individuals of the preceding generation that survive. This is, in brief, the Darwinian recipe for progress—a progress which shall include the production of new species and the differentiation and specialization of structures and functions, both physical and mental—but a progress whose only standard or norm is constant or increasing adaptation to, or usefulness in, each specific environment. In such a scheme everything is either a

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means to or an incident of this one end, and poverty is no exception. Poverty is hard on the individual; it is the price to be paid by the individual for being weak; but it disappears as an evil if it is regarded as an incident that is necessary in order that the species may progress toward fitness and strength. Nor is the argument different as applied to nations. No wonder that the Germans, science-mad and swallowing whole a Darwinian ethics, preached the doctrine that small and weak nations have no right to survive.

There are these two chief ways of nullifying evil, of showing that it is not what it seems, and there may be other ways. But if there are, then there is always one remaining philosophy that allows evil to stand at its full face value and that finds all methods of arguing it out of existence to be invalid. Whether or not one accepts this perhaps more uncomfortable view will depend on whether or not some method of disposing of evil other than by fighting it is convincing, but, according to my philosophy, there is no such method. Evil is evil, and it cannot be transformed or argued out of existence. There are evil persons, evil motives and deeds, evil institutions and practices, evil forces. Indeed, running through all evil things is evil itself.

I find, then, in answer to my question, What shall I believe? that the world is peculiarly divided and then redivided. There are the indifferent non-values of science—such things as atoms, masses, motion—and there are values; values are æsthetic and ethical, and these logically include, the former, the beautiful and the ugly, the latter, good and evil.

Directing my attention to the last two, I find that there is in the affairs of men a conflict between good and evil. I find, too, that each exists both in particular cases and as a principle. I put the goods together, both the particular instances and the principle, and recognize in the combination a reality or a power in the sense that the Good is efficient in influencing men to action and in leading them to be their best and highest selves. The Good is an immaterial force. I likewise recognize in the combination of particular evils and the principle of evil a reality that works efficiently to oppose the Good. I then observe humanity, in whom and in whose affairs the fight takes place, and discover that the only means by which evil is combated is by the Good. I study history, and again the conflict is revealed. But this means, it seems to me, that throughout history, working in men, inspiring them and aiding them, there has been a reality, a power, that is identical with the Good, and that, taking things by and large, the Good has not been vanquished. Rather, I believe it has been winning. I must admit, however, that I cannot prove this. It is only my belief, and belief begins where demonstration ends.

I have reached, then, a certain basic answer to my question, What shall I believe? Part of that answer I can demonstrate, namely, that there is something in the world besides physical fact, and that is goodness, or the Good. I can demonstrate, also, that the Good throughout history has actuated and inspired men. It has always been working. But I am not able to demonstrate that this reality always will work, or that, working, it always will be victorious. However, I believe that it will both continue to work and be victorious. This, then, is my first answer to my question.

It is an answer, however, that is derived, not by arbitrarily limiting science in order logically to find opportunity for the Good, but by finding first the fact of the Good and then the necessity of acknowledging the limits of science. It is an answer, too, that identifies the Good, not with a power that is confined to human affairs, but with a cosmic reality—a reality in the universe that exists side by side with those realities with which science deals. Belief in such a reality is trust and confidence; it is a belief that means hope, humility, and reverence, and the conviction that in those efforts and endeavors that are the best in human nature there is the presence of a Moral Ally. Belief in a Being of this kind is belief in a God who, if he is not known and understood intellectually, is nevertheless used by men in the business of living.

But the objection will doubtless be raised that this conclusion gives far too limited an answer to my question, and

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that there is much more in belief and faith than the conviction that there is a power in the universe that is identical with the Good. While the objection is granted in part, the reply may nevertheless be made that whatever other content faith and belief may have, they would not be faith and belief in God were they not identical with the conviction that the Good exists and is a power as this has been thus far defined. It is impossible to conceive of God as evil. The conviction that there is a Power that not only makes for but that is righteousness is the very essence of religious faith, toward whatever else faith may also be directed.

There is nothing in principle, however, to prevent the development of this conviction into a greatly enlarged belief. Indeed, such a development is demanded by the very fact that no two personalities are ever quite the same, and because the ethical, religious, and æsthetic nature of the personality is all too richly endowed to be satisfied with the mere conviction of the presence, the conservation, and the increase of the good in the universe. Only one principle of limitation to such an extension of belief must be recognized. This is that as regards those things in which science is authority, science must be allowed to have its way. What shall I believe in addition to my faith in a Power that makes for righteousness? Why, whatever appeals to me as a personality that is in some respects unique, and therefore whatever satisfies my own emotional and æsthetic nature, so long as the specific beliefs that thus arise do not conflict with reason or with science. And what would I have others believe? Only that which appeals to and satisfies the emotional and æsthetic nature as well as the rational character of each personality. There thus appears the principle of the freedom of belief—a principle that might well be recognized side by side with the principles of the freedom of the reason and the freedom of the will.

This very principle of the freedom of belief as it has historically gone hand in hand with its sister principle, the freedom of reason, has as a matter of fact led to the development of a number of specific beliefs, or specific concepts, concerning the nature of the Divine Being. This development, however, has always been influenced by the contemporaneous cultural forces in other fields. Thus the fact is that in the historical development of Christianity the Divine Being has been conceived of as Personality, as Power, as All-knower, and as Spirit. Particularly important, however, in this list of attributes is spirituality, for if there is any one concept more than another that traditionally has been regarded as necessary to the nature of the Divine Being it is this. Yet the study of the sources of the influences which historically led to the conception of God as a Spiritual Being shows that this, like other concepts concerning the Divine nature, was at least in part the product of other cultural forces. Thus it is the historical fact that in the thought of Plato and Aristotle there were present the conceptions of the perfect as opposed to the imperfect, of the ideal, the immaterial, the conscious and the personal as opposed to the material, of the eternal as opposed to the ephemeral, of the omnipresent as opposed to the limited, of the true and the rational as opposed to the false and the irrational, and of the intuitive as opposed to the discursive. These conceptions played an important rôle in the period from the second to the fifth century when in the thought of such theologians as Justin Martyr, Origen, and Augustine the Divine Being was first clearly conceived of as spiritual. The spiritual is the perfect, the ideal, the immaterial, the personal, the eternal, the true, and the intuitive, one or all. Thus the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle not only was of profound influence on Christian doctrine but still is of influence through the tradition that was established with the formulation of that doctrine.

When modern science began to develop in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, there was, however, the opportunity, psychologically at least, for the development of still further conceptions as to the nature of the Deity, notwithstanding the fact that in certain respects these conceptions logically were inconsistent with science. These inconsistencies were doubtless at first overlooked, as they are even now overlooked. But their removal does not in the least violate the essence of genuine belief or make im-

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possible the existence of a deep and devout religious faith. It makes impossible only certain specific and unessential theological conceptions, thus to demand a distinction between theology and faith.

Throughout the Middle Ages, when there was little if any science, there was an ever-growing use of reason, not as a basis for faith, but in order to clarify dogma and to establish the principle of the authority of the church. But in this twofold appeal to reason there was peculiar irony. To use logic to clarify dogma, although the outcome of such reasoning might be the conclusion that one must accept and believe dogma in order to know, was logically to make the infallible fallible and to condition belief by reason. This human tendency to use reason continued to develop when modern science, with its appeal to nature, to experiment, and to its own authority, made its appearance. But the result was that reason as serving faith now had certain novel facts and theories with which to construct new arguments that were regarded not as displacing, but as supplementing, other conceptions of the nature of the Divine Being.

The first great period of modern science was characterized by the development of the mechanical conception of the universe. This conception was the result of the experiments, the observations, and the reasoning of such master minds as Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler, Newton, and Laplace. The general guiding-point of view of these pioneers was that only natural causes could be accepted as accounting for natural effects. The specific result of their discoveries was the theory that ultimately there were only two kinds of natural causes: the one, the push of one body striking another; the other, the pull, through gravitation, of bodies on one another. Bodies were naturally in motion, and not at rest, as Aristotle and the church had maintained, and the operation of specific causes of these two types kept all bodies in the whole universe in motion. The result was what is known as the dynamic conception of the universe. In such a dynamic universe every cause is itself the effect of a preceding cause, as far back as one may go. But could this series, this regress of causes and effects, be infinite? The answer to this question on the part of the theologians and even of some scientists of the period was that it could not, but that there must be a First Cause, a Prime Mover who was Himself Unmoved, a Creator, a Mechanist. Thus it was that there was added to the traditional group of conceptions of the nature of the Divine Being a new group. But may it not have been theology and not religion that was enriched or at least altered thereby?

It is at this point, however, that a specific conflict between science and theology appears. The theologians and the scientists did not at first see the inconsistency of this answer with the genuine implications of science, but this inconsistency became apparent as those implications later became recognized, and especially as still further fundamental scientific conceptions were developed. Lavoisier in 1790 established the principle of the conservation of matter, and later Rumford, Joule, and others the principle of the conservation of energy. As a matter of fact, the science of mechanics implied that for every effect there was a preceding cause in a world of nature that is a group of moving and mutually attracting bodies, and that the series of such effects and causes could have no beginning—in other words, that there was no First Cause, no Prime Mover. Here was a direct conflict between science and theology, and, seemingly, theology must yield. But the conservation of matter and energy also demanded further yielding, for the implication of these two principles is that the creation of something, either matter or energy, out of nothing, is impossible. Matter and energy are only transformed, not created; matter comes from preceding matter, and energy from preceding energy, in both cases without any beginning. Thus again there was direct conflict between science and that specific theological view in which the Divine Being was regarded as having created the material world *ex nihilo*.

But if the mechanistic theory of the universe was the first great development in modern science, the theory of evolution and the general group of biological sciences that centre around that theory form the second. Evolution as a theory

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was itself long in evolving, but when it reached maturity in the work of Darwin and his successors, it radically altered every field of human knowledge. Especially did it render logically possible a new explanation of the origin of all living beings and of all those refinements in the usefulness and adaptiveness of organs and functions that so impress the observer of nature as "evidences of design." This explanation was, briefly, that species evolved from other species and were not especially created and eternally fixed, and that the usefulness of organs and functions was the result of the accumulation, through heredity, of minute variations that were advantageous. Criticism and new discoveries since Darwin have somewhat modified the specific explanation made by that great pioneer, but no scientist, whether he is a follower of Lamarck, of Darwin, of De Vries, or of some other leader in the field of biology, doubts that purely natural factors quite adequately and satisfactorily account for all so-called instances of design. This means again, however, that that specific theological view which was based, especially in the eighteenth century, on the argument that the wonderful adaptations found in nature implied a Designer, if it did not conflict with science, was at least rendered unnecessary by science. Just as the science of mechanics does not logically allow of a cause that is first in time and uncaused, or of a creator who makes something out of nothing, so does evolution render at least superfluous the conception of a being who, external to and distinct from the universe, is nevertheless its architect, its designer, or its purposer. In brief, the argument from design loses its cogency in the face of the equally valid explanation that evolution furnishes, just as the argument for a first cause is nullified by the implications of the laws of mechanics and of the principles of the conservation of matter and of energy.

However, that this is the fact has been frankly recognized in both philosophical and theological circles, especially since the time of Kant, with the result that the concept of a First Cause has been interpreted to mean, not first in time, but first in order of reality, first in importance, first transcendentally. Similarly the purposive, the teleological, the design element, has been interpreted, not in analogy to what a human mechanist, or architect, or designer does, but as meaning the presence in the universe of the Good and the Beautiful as another aspect of things than that which forms the subject-matter of science. That these are the correct interpretations is, indeed, the verdict of practically all philosophy from the time of the Greeks to the present—a verdict that is opposed only by that philosophy, called Naturalism, which maintains that the *sum* total of the sciences is the only valid philosophy there is. However, it seems to be quite impossible, as we have previously seen, for this naturalistic philosophy to establish its case, even for such a familiar fact as personality.

I conclude, then, that there is an essential distinction between religion and theology; that theology is influenced by contemporaneous tendencies in other fields of thought, such as science, to build up specific theories that are, however, not in the least necessary either to theology or to religion; and, finally, that the irreducible essence of all genuine faith consists in the conviction that in the universe there is a Being who is that reality which is the Good, and which may be identified with the Spiritual, the Transcendent, and the Eternal.

We may now reach a definite answer to our original inquiry. On the one hand, it has been found that, quite apart from believing because of the influence of religious tradition, or because of some deep emotional experience, or because it is possible to will to believe, there are specific reasons for belief that come from a candid examination of all the facts. Belief is quite congruous with science, with history, and with all other bodies of knowledge. It is congruous because that which is believed in is directly experienced as fact. Only one principle of limitation has appeared, and that is, that to science must be allowed the decision as regards certain questions. But to yield to science in this respect is to yield in nothing that is essential to deep and devout religious faith.

If this limitation is observed there still remains, however, ample opportunity for

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the exercise of the greatest freedom of belief. Indeed, the principle of the uniqueness of personality not only permits but may even demand those more specific beliefs that are traditional and that may alone satisfy the ethical and æsthetic nature of the personality. In fact, the very recognition of this principle shows that it is irrational to suppose that any two individuals can ever have quite the same belief and faith. A personality is a unique entity, and so also must the belief that arises in a personality be unique.

This recognition of the uniqueness of one's own personality as a special instance of the uniqueness of personality in general demands, however, that the right of each personality to a belief that satisfies that personality, even though it satisfies no other, shall also be recognized. This means that the right of the individual to base his belief on any foundation whatsoever—authority, tradition, emotional experience, the will to believe, and reason, one or all—must be acknowledged, and it must be admitted that if any one of these does not appeal, for example, reason, then there is no way of making it appeal. One who cannot or will not reason cannot be made to reason. Nevertheless, it is only to place oneself in line with the general tendency of the spiritual development of mankind in the broadest sense of this term as including science, literature, art, and religion, to appeal to reason as at least one basis for faith. In the historical development of religion itself that appeal has in fact not only always been made, especially by the great masters of the church who have formulated doctrine, but it has been made more and more frequently as that development has progressed. Also, life in modern times, in all of its aspects, has come to be founded to an ever greater extent on reason. It is only in keeping, then, with both history and the spirit of the times to appeal to reason as at least supplementing tradition, emotional experience, or the will to believe, as a basis for faith. But one may have a knowledge of all the more important facts of science, history, art, and literature, and one may reason on the basis of this knowledge, and still find the widest freedom for the ethical and æsthetic development and expression of one's personality with no conflict resulting between what reason shows and what is essential to faith. Reason in alliance with science discloses only certain limitations to this freedom.

In fine, the appeal to reason shows that there is a rational justification of faith, but it discloses also the rational demand for a wide freedom of belief, so that the non-rational nature of the personality may be satisfied, and for the recognition of the correlative principle of toleration.

The Love-Vine

BY DOROTHY LIVINGSTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. M. BERGER

BECAUSE the afternoon was wet and dull and he had been left quite alone in the apartment, Strong, with one of his brown fingers, beckoned a book from the row at the back of his desk, opened it at random, jotted down the date, July 5, 1919, and wrote:

"Viewing things now from the sixth floor of our New York flat, to her I must have appeared the perfect ass. The idea of a full-grown man, first officer of a sizable liner, grousing about the deck at five in the morning, sifting, to the best of his ability, deck-chairs, cushions, and sundry, seems absurd. But at the moment of our first meeting my mind was far from effects in heroes and heroine-worship."

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He drew lines of disapproval through this much.

"I'll begin where I met her and do preliminaries some other time."

As I secured the rope supporting the last group of chairs, a vision in pink, something she calls organdie, was blown around the corner of the for'ard cabin. The vision smiled upon me through the ends of a veil, and some curls—golden, but red where the sun shone upon them.

"Have you lost a diamond necklace?" asked the vision, in a tone that convinced me she had been watching.

"Only a passport," I said gracelessly, still free from the contagion of her.

"I wonder," she remarked thoughtfully, and now I saw her eyes were marine-blue, moving one hand from behind her back, "if this is it?"

I darted toward the green booklet.

"For heaven's sake——"

"Please! Everything is here."

"I beg your pardon," I said, and meant it.

"I'm going to identify you, that's all. Now let us see: Age, 36; Height, 6 feet; Forehead, broad; Eyes, gray; Nose, straight; Mouth, large; Chin, square; Hair, black; Face, oval; Scar on left cheek; Occupation, traveller; Signature of bearer— What's your name?"

"Johnston Cunliffe Strong!" I had become anxious to prolong our conversation.

"Right!" She handed me the booklet and waited for me to say something.

"I can't tell you what I owe you for this," I began.

"A hundred thousand dollars!" Her face became closed like a bud with laughter. "And you are a most foolish youth to carry so much money so carelessly."

I placed the notes she returned me between the visa leaves of the passport and pocketed all. Then I realized she was again waiting for me to speak.

"When I was twenty-one," I explained, "I had saved twenty pounds which I put in an Australian bank; the bank failed and I lost all, and I have never since trusted a bank."

"I don't blame you! But how did you come to be in Australia?"

So I told her how I had loved a certain actress of thirty-five, how she had allowed my sapling adoration, and how upon entering the greenroom one day gods and ideals had smashed when she had said to the manager: "Ah, shut up!" How I had sought the sea for diversion. All this and many other things followed on the trail of a lost passport, yet I never realized how quickly she had become aware of most things that to the rest of the world were a closed book. I knew only that for the first time since I was twenty I wished the society of one woman in particular.

Going out from breakfast the purser drew me aside to allow some one to pass, and upon turning, I saw her, with a man, enter Suite A.

"Who are they?" I asked my friend.

"Robertsons. Bride and groom! She is fascinating but he is rather a cad, I understand."

"Because she is fascinating?" I said, and went to my quarters.

We came up outside the islands. The *Nirvana*, sister of our *Valhalla*, had wirelessed reports of exceptionally bad weather. Our barometer predicted hurricane weather, but the night was as clear and beautiful as any night I have ever seen. I admit that part of the loveliness was due to the idea that just below me she stood looking out upon the vast tropic glory of it all. By standing on the starboard side of the bridge I could see her, and the fact that her husband was there, too, did not mar my pleasure. Strange what stuff a man's made of, after all!

Discipline is slack in the South Seas, so when my watch ended I took a couple of turns up and down the deck, hoping—not in vain—for an invitation to the empty chair beside the Robertsons'. A kind of friendship had sprung up between the husband and myself, for he was a likable sort of chap, possessed of all I had not: good looks, charm, polish, and an extensive education. All three of us had been to the same places, but our French was the greatest bond of all.

The skipper sent for me. Robertson gave me his card and called after me he wished to arrange a party when we reached port.

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"That ought to be about sundown of to-morrow," I said, and hurried away.

As I went up the ladder I noticed that the wind had veered to due north, and that the sky ahead was overcast. I found the skipper in the chart-room.

"Notice the weather? Barometer?" he asked.

"Ominous?"

"Bad," he replied definitely.

"Please! Everything is here."—Page 210.

By ten o'clock we were well into it, but we had had time to prepare, and with a lusty crew and a ship like ours I had no fear.

By midnight all the port life-boats had been washed away, the rail was gone, and the angry sea tugged untiringly at the for'ard hatches. Manganese, too, is a nasty cargo. The skipper and I had been caught in the pilot-house. He held to me and screamed something into my ear, when, with a mighty lurch and an obvious shifting of ballast, the *Valhalla* was tossed on her side and refused to right herself.

Hellish din was in my ears, a moment of supreme agony when breathing was impossible; the wheel pierced my side, I groped blindly. . . . Mental eclipse, a blinding crash, cool, soothing water, then air! Ah, how sweet it was! Air!

I struggled madly but the vicious sea roared and dashed in ceaseless paroxysms of fury. I saw no trace of the vessel. I determined to float, and was tossed here and there. My ribs pained and at moments I was senseless, but the cool water revived me. Something came upon my wrist with a crushing force. Again and again it came. Mobilizing all my strength, I clutched at it, but it was some time before I found a hold.

At dawn I scrambled on to the raft. Then I must have slept.

When I came to, the sea had calmed a bit and I espied a speck—it seemed halfway to the horizon.

I paddled, prayed, and *willed* myself toward the speck, but the sun was blinding bright when I reached—*her*.

She wore a life-belt. I picked her up for dead.

To see the sky the next day you would never guess it knew how to do anything but behave. We sighted land about

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high noon. We were without food, but the contents of my flask—a silver one—had kept us alive. She was very weak, and the energy the sight of land had called forth disappeared when we found all efforts to reach it were apparently futile.

The storm had revolutionized even the currents. The surface of the water was alive with Portuguese men-of-war and sting-rays which pestered us every time we gave them an opportunity. Their stings are nasty, too. The constant sight of fish in the clear water nearly drove us mad, for we were starving. The sharks were thick about us; they seemed to know how far gone we were. It would be only a question of hours until we would have to give in.

Some time in the night I realized we had struck a current of some kind. I hardly cared whether it took us ashore or to sea, so long as we moved. I wakened her, but her strength had already been overtaxed, and she received my news with a calm, tired smile.

In the pitchy darkness that precedes the dawn, I smelt the stench of stale fish. We were near something, but I dared not paddle on account of the sharks. When day finally came we were but a stone's throw from shore. Beneath us were the wonderful coral formations of the South, and tiny fish were everywhere. The sharks had deserted their prey.

Making a fish-net of the back of my porous shirt I secured our first meal. I had to carry her ashore, but water from a fairly good spring soon revived her.

Near by, two negroes, deaf mutes who understood nothing but their own signs, fished for a livelihood, and gave us cuttings of yam and sweet potatoes to begin a garden. I could not make them tell me anything about the surrounding country, and finally abandoned my attempts.

Soon after I had erected a kind of "benab" of bamboo, guinea-grass, and mud I contracted pneumonia. Our solemn-faced black neighbors took me in hand. I was given a strong concoction of coffee, lime-juice, and rum, and my reed bed was placed in the sun. She was given herb sap with which to anoint me, and I convalesced under her constant, untiring care.

They kept poultices of wild-plum leaves on my head to bring down my temperature, and I always managed to pull these well down over my eyes that I might watch her without her knowing I did so. Once, when I apparently slept overlong, she came near, so near—the fragrance of her intoxicated me so that I caught her arm, but she gently disengaged herself and arranged a new roll of grass beneath my head.

She still had but the filmy white dinner-gown she had worn when I picked her up. She told me she washed it in a pool near by each night, and at sundown she would tie the pink sash about her waist, and laughingly called this "dressing for dinner."

The tropics seemed to accentuate her ethereal loveliness; her hair was more brilliant. . . . She had become alarmingly dear to me, and it was perhaps my utter weakness that caused me to forget all else, until one day she came to me as I sat propped up in the sun.

"Johnnie," she said—she called me Johnnie and I called her Valerie—"are you absolutely sure my husband *was* killed? Couldn't he have been picked up as I was?"

"No one could have lived in such a sea. There was no wreckage even that he could have held to, and you know we searched thoroughly."

"Yes, I know! Of course I know; I can't think why I ask when I know—" she answered hopelessly, looking out to sea.

"What's the matter, Valerie? Aren't you happy—here with me?"

I don't know why I said such a thing.

"Yes, yes, Johnnie; but poor Jim—! I sometimes—always in the night, Johnnie, I seem to see him—his eyes— Oh, it is awful! Always his eyes, imploring me to help him. Last night he called and called: 'I'm not dead, Valerie; I'm alive! Help me! Help me!'"

That was the beginning. Before, the shelter in which we lived, the garden, the fishing had distracted her; but the time was now at hand when she had only the wreck of a man as companion, and the horror of the whole thing seemed to possess her. She lost interest in everything

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and became listless, sitting always looking out to sea and waiting for assistance which never came.

The black men prepared a fish for me and brought it with a yam one morning.

I had to carry her ashore.—Page 212.

They were our advisers in everything. Later that morning she came into our "benab," her face ghastly, and dropped to her knees beside my bed.

"The garden!" she sobbed. "Something has killed everything! A vine is growing all over it!"

I had seen a good deal of tropical vegetation, so I struggled to the scene of the catastrophe. One look was enough.

"Love-vine!" I announced. "Beastly thing! Kills everything it comes in contact with—there is no escape! Chokes all vegetation, *anything*, to have its way. In some countries it is a criminal offense to have it found on one's property. *Love-vine——!*"

"Love-vine!" she repeated. "Yes, it must have its way—*always!*"

I wondered what she meant.

Our neighbors were informed, and they stood, silent witnesses of our plans to

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escape starvation. We decided to offer them my watch and ring, with the hope that they would find a means of obtaining food. They received the things and left the camp.

Things were getting pretty bad by the fifth day. We had eaten the black men's food, but this would give out in time. I could not sleep, and lay thinking. Suddenly Valerie burst in upon me from behind the curtain of banana-leaves which separated our quarters.

"They are coming back over the hill!" she cried, and ran out to meet them.

I staggered after her. Sure enough! those faithful souls were returning. And their return meant two things: we would have plenty of canned food and beans, and there *was* a town somewhere near.

God knows I was content enough here with her, and I felt that in time she would overcome the nightmare about Robertson. I had searched for him even when I had abandoned all hope of finding him. No one could have lived in such a sea without a belt or spar to hold to; and she had assured me he had just secured her belt about her when the ship capsized.

During the days at sea the friendship between Robertson and me had waxed strong, and being then unaware of the greatness of my passion for her, no jealousy had marred that friendship. Even those days of her mourning for her husband failed to incite me with aught but reverence and pity, and with the self-assurance of an amateur I thought only time was necessary to make my suit successful.

Our silent helpers carried me to the shelter of our "benab." They are terribly superstitious about the potency of the moon's rays, and it was now full. Recent events diverted my thoughts from sleep. Recovery was a matter of honor; I was bound to take her to the town and ultimately to find a means of transportation. During those brief moments of reasoning my enthusiasm dropped to zero. The thought of losing her—and of a sudden this became even probable as a thousand incidents arose in my memory to prove her devotion to the drowned man and no particular interest in me. A weird hopelessness overwhelmed me as this realization took root. My fever returned, and after long hours of battling with devils of fancy, I lapsed into a twitching sleep.

The sound of footfalls on the shell beach awakened me in time to see our two neighbors tearing about in a frenzy of surprise. One burst into our quarters and, with unearthly guttural sounds, urged our attention toward the hill and the sea. On the hill nothing was visible, but by laying his forehead to the earth he tried to impart to me the knowledge that it would be only a matter of moments until there would be plenty to be seen there. But the sea offered a different aspect. The moon divulged the fact that almost within ear-shot a creature struggled in a death-grip with nature.

I boarded the raft and shoved off.

The supernatural had certainly had a hand in bringing Robertson back to us. I knew a great gladness at his return, for his poor distorted face and blanched hair told of his days out there in the great unknown. He had been sucked down by the sinking *Valhalla*, and ejected to the surface when the boilers exploded. A member of the crew in a salved life-boat had picked him up.

Hunger had come gradually upon them while they were becalmed near the scene of the wreck. Then they had seen *it* floating, face down; they had picked it up and later:

"My God, he was only thirsty!" Robertson told us.

"His act seemed to turn his mind," he went on. "He drank sea water and went raving mad. I had to make an awful fight for it because he was a big brute, but he died—died with threats and curses for all mankind.

"Then I came upon a cask of fresh water in the boat, not much, but it kept me alive, and from time to time flying-fish lighted in the boat. Luck was with me, after all, you see! And I got into a current that brought me here."

At this point our neighbors directed our attention to several figures silhouetted on the crest of the hill. Our dilemma, however, was short-lived, as the black men, by trying to secrete the beans and canned

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"Love-vine!" I announced. "Kills everything it comes in contact with."—Page 213.

provisions, imparted to us the fact that the law was tracing them to their lair to discover how they had come by the watch and ring.

"That will be easily explained," I said; but Robertson, with maniacal alacrity, grabbed up the sacks, slung them into the life-boat, and dragging Valerie down, insisted upon her getting in.

"Come on, Strong; no telling what may crop up!"

"No!" I protested. "It will be easy, old man. Hold on!"

But I saw the love-vine! If the law travelled for two days to find a satisfactory explanation only for their pains—? No, the law would be compensated for its clever ruse in tracing the two scamps. I had no idea in what country we were, and if it was of the Spanish-American variety, I realized our safety lay in our absence when the law arrived. The supplies would last, and we could explore the coast and return when we desired.

There are things too big to understand.

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To these the Oriental bows. And one he calls The Great Destroying Power.

Why half the world is distorted that a fourth may know more complete happiness—the other fourth is never heard of—one cannot understand. Why is the fourth an unrecorded nonentity? We call it life, and are satisfied.

With Robertson and Valerie, myself and the provisions sailed The Great Destroying Power.

We were to take our turns as lookout. Action had imbued me with new strength, so I took first watch. Robertson slept. At sunset of the next day he awakened, and I suggested that he relieve me. He refused, so Valerie and I sat together through the night, with only the sea and moon and stars as companions while Robertson slept. This went on for days, he devouring all canned goods and refusing to watch or to eat the beans which we knew he should eat.

"Look here, old chap," I ventured one day, "you'd better lie low on cans and eat some of these, or the consequences may be serious. It's dangerous, Robertson."

"You can darned well shut up on beans, because I won't eat them. When a man's been starving he will eat what he pleases!" These were the first words he had said since we had shoved off. He sat always at the tiller, muttering to himself and cracking his knuckles. Sometimes a harsh laugh burst suddenly from him, and at such moments it seemed Valerie's nerve would snap.

To prevent beriberi I wet both sacks in the sea, laid them in the bottom of the boat, and spread beans between them. These soon sent out sprouts which Valerie and I ate while we cruised about in search of land—*any* land. Constant showers kept our thirst appeased.

On the tenth day at sea Robertson struck his wife when she tried to induce him to eat. The same night he caught me by the throat and slit my back with a piece of tin.

"*Starve* me, will you?" he yelled in my ear. "Starve me and take my money?"

But when I freed myself he dropped down exhausted. His fever rose rapidly, and by the time a whaler picked us up, he was a very sick man.

"Same old owl!" the skipper told us, and I was glad Valerie was ignorant of his particular vernacular. "An I ain't seen none these nine year. The cans got 'im. But I'll be puttin' inter Savanny fer pervisions, an' we kin hope on."

The old man acted as medical adviser. Valerie nursed him by day, and because his delirium was worse at night I sat with him then, although she came constantly to offer assistance and to see that all went well.

The strain of the days through which she had passed, while not detracting from her beauty, caused a great sadness to fill her beautiful eyes, her face became wan and resigned, and where she went she created an atmosphere of hushedness. Even the hard sinners in the crew offered their savage homage in various ways, and the skipper had given her his quarters, and entered always as a usurper for occasional clean linen or a chart.

"But we'll do it, won't we, Johnnie?" she said one day when Robertson seemed worse. "We'll *make* him get well, you and I."

And——

"When a man can command the sea to behave he can surely make another man obey! You *make* him, Johnnie—dear!" and she placed both hands on my shoulders and drew me down to her.

"Lips please, big brother!" And a bit of her old-time mirth returned, with its same old contagion.

What a honeymoon she had had!

"Sure thing, little sister! We'll make him—*bully* him until he recovers in self-defense."

Sure enough, Robertson began to mend. Cooler days came, and presently he recognized Valerie.

"Change your dress! Where's Strong?" he remarked, and dozed off.

We sent for the skipper, but he failed to find it an occasion for rejoicing. He was a glum old customer.

As we neared land, Robertson's condition improved.

Land to the shipwrecked! Only as one of the wrecked do I realize what this means, and words refuse to come. A big

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lump fills my throat, quite like the one my flag never fails to produce!

"Johnnie!" A cool slim arm was slipped through mine as I stood on deck, hands in pockets, watching home come home.

"Is he asleep?" I asked, without looking at her.

"*Johnnie!*" she exclaimed. "You're crying!"

"It's home, little sister."

"Home!" she repeated quietly, and the little arm was withdrawn to find a handkerchief.

"Let's go down and tell him," I suggested.

He lay motionless in the dark room, his two thin arms dropped, listless, on the sheet.

"You tell him and I'll go." I felt my intrusion.

"We want you, too, Johnnie!"

"Johnnie! What was that?"

"The anchor." I now made as if to leave. Something was smothering me. I could not remain.

"How it frightened me! It must be my nerves."

"Johnnie!" Her scream arrested my retreating steps, and I ran back.

"What!" I cried, and I did not recognize the voice as my own.

"He won't move."

The skipper came in.

"Just what I was afraid of," he said. "As the anchor goes down life goes out. Peculiarity of the disease!"

Beriberi. . . .

Valerie would not marry me for more than a year, for, after her fever—during which she seemed to forget all the horrors of our adventure—she insisted upon letting her hair grow thick before our wedding. It—the hair—is all little golden ringlets now, and— But there she is at the door!——"

"What!" I cried, and I did not recognize the voice as my own.

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The Classic Pattern

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR
Author of "Educating the Binneys," "A Home of Her Own," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR LITLE

THERE was the usual difficulty in believing that the girl standing at the wicket could possibly have grown up so quickly. But I had her own word for it that she *was* Maribelle Binney, and that, after all, she was only eighteen. A moment earlier I myself had belatedly descended into Circleville upon a stale cloud of smoke and cinders. Outside the station, there had been nobody. Inside, there were hot, concealing shadows, contrivances for selling chewing-gum, and Maribelle. But young girls, at least if they were Binneys, didn't composedly buy tickets and stow away time-tables at that time of night unless—unless— I had to speak to her.

The tall young creature had smiled down at me a little disconcertingly. But she met all my meddling inquiries. They were taking the ten-three to Chicago. Her father was resting over in the corner opposite—possibly he was even asleep. Seven or eight meetings every week, in strange places, did exhaust him, even now that Maribelle herself went along to see that he had enough to eat and got aboard the right trains and all that. "But perhaps you hadn't heard that father's carrying on what you might call a drive."

"A *drive?*" The word seemed grotesque. Wilbur Binney was diligent and single-minded; he was all piety and virtue. But one couldn't help knowing it was his temperament to putter, and that as to all financial values he had retained the innocence of paradise.

"Oh, I don't mean he's raising money. That wouldn't be so hard, I suppose," the girl set forth with perfect simplicity. "It's missionaries that he wants to find—new ones. They've given out—at least among our own church people. People say it's because of the war. And since father isn't going back to India himself, he's arranged to do this instead. No, he's not strong enough to go about in this way. But, you see, when it's what he wants more than anything . . ."

There was no time to ask about results. And I felt that would have been indiscreet, anyway. There were in fact only three minutes in which to recall myself to Mr. Binney and to discover that ill as he looked, he had a new quality. Some urgent flame was searing him.

I pretended I knew about what he was doing, and murmured something that must have sounded congratulatory. He laid his hand upon Maribelle's shoulder and looked at her with adoration. "She makes it possible," was all he said.

Their train whistled and I went outside with them.

"Oh, no, please—at the other end," Maribelle called after me. I had started toward the sleeper with one of their bags. "We always take the day coach. It's quite comfortable, really." From this I knew that the bag I held must contain sandwiches for a succession of inadequate and clammy meals.

The girl was all competence and tenderness as she got her father aboard the hot, littered train. Something held me there watching them till they were out of sight. Perhaps it was my sudden conviction that the relationship of these two was of a peculiarly classic pattern. Purely the products of a new world, they were nevertheless the unchanged father and daughter of antique fable.

To this new impression of the Binneys I was to find in a day or two that Circleville had its sharp correctives to supply.

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"Poor Mr. Binney," they called him now, in a tone that just stopped short of contempt if it didn't in the least stop short of patronage. They couldn't believe in him enough to praise or even to tolerate his single-handed effort to relieve the missionary shortage. And perhaps, in any case, frugal and prose-bound people that they were, they would have shrunk from seeing Wilbur Binney squander that thin and scanty essence that was his life-blood in a cause that wasn't personal or domestic or visibly immediate. The idea that possessed him was the sort of thing at which their own bridled imaginations halted stubbornly. And to nobody, of course, did the whole enterprise seem as fantastic and unnecessary as it did to Wilbur Binney's wife.

The color of her opinion was in fact so easily imaged that I made no effort to see Leota. Rather the contrary. But within a week the missionary's wife and I were inevitably sharing a seat of an interurban trolley-car, with an hour ahead of us. It soon became clear enough that up to the moment of her skilfully shaped confidence I hadn't understood the situation at all. And it was only indirectly that I seized it now—only by translating what she said into the terms of my own understanding, supplying all the clews and annotations that my old knowledge of the Binneys furnished me.

The thing that somehow everybody had omitted to tell me, that Maribelle, with that delicacy of hers, hadn't mentioned, Leota promptly told me now. She couldn't of course, in decency, stress it too inhumanly. But the rather dreadful truth was that she had secured her heart's desire. Nothing had been more frankly admitted between us, during the years that she had found me a sympathetic confessional, than the fact that Leota dreaded a return to India, to the missionary life, beyond all human possibilities. Well, the fates had listened to her. And this is what the fates had contrived.

Three months earlier the doctors had told Wilbur Binney, no longer that he must keep on postponing his return to India, but that he must never return at all. This was what I hadn't known. He was in the category of incurable chronic cases, and there wasn't any appeal. Had he been alone, a free agent, I could have my own secret surmises as to how this pronouncement would have affected him. The urge to fling himself, however feebly, upon the breast of that inert unchristian hemisphere he yearned for would, I suppose, have been irresistible. But the husband of Leota Binney and the father of Leota's unnumbered lovely children was far from being a free agent. The luxury of dying outright for a cause was clearly quite outside his range of choice.

He had had to betray, it proved, how much he minded.

"It didn't seem reasonable of him to take it so." Leota spoke with singular mildness, but I saw that she was striving not to seem to exult in her own deliverance. "A man with all that Wilbur has—his pleasant home, and the children, and his easy, congenial work at the seminary. And they tell him that if he is careful and stays in this climate, he can easily keep the upper hand of his trouble.

"You know he's never been in the least a moody man. Perfectly serene through all that struggle out in India, though we usually had a sick baby of our own to worry over.

"But after that last interview with the specialist in Chicago, he came creeping home and scarcely spoke to any of us for a week, even Maribelle—and I believe he's more attached to her than he was to Dorcas, even. You would think it had never occurred to him before, in all these years he has been ailing so, that things might turn out this way. He just groped about the house as if he somehow couldn't feel or see things any more.

"Then one day I went into his study when he was out, and I saw he had unpacked his hand-bag.

" . . . You remember, I've told you about it before. The bag that has always stood there strapped and bulging by his door ever since we came back from India—as if he expected to start the next day on some sudden summons. Sort of a symbolic comfort to him, I suppose, though he never said a word to explain it. But now, finally—he'd given in. The bag stood in his closet, empty."

Leota paused and looked toward me for the usual comment. Then she turned

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from my squirming silence and brightly went on with her tale.

"People saw how it was, and wanted to do things for him. But what could they do? He simply wouldn't talk about his affairs to anybody, not even to me. And the little things that distract the rest of us don't distract him. As for the children, they might as well not have been there—except Maribelle. Maribelle is a girl that for my own part I don't understand at all, nowadays. But her father seems to. And Heaven knows how he would have pulled through this summer without her. She's given up everything, it seems to me, that a girl of her age ought to have, and done everything, almost, that a well-brought-up girl ought not to do. But I won't go into that now.

"Well, what I am getting to is that within a few weeks after the time I'm speaking of, Doctor Pettigrew, who is always making those important sudden trips of his, or at least he acts as if they were important, in the interests of the National Board of Missions, came out this way and stopped overnight with us. I had hoped that when the doctor saw how wretched Wilbur looked he'd find something consoling to tell him. But that isn't the doctor's way. The first minute we three were alone together, he and Wilbur and I, he came out with this serious news of a missionary shortage. Up to this time they hadn't made it public."

Leota swiftly interpreted my blank look.

"Oh, well, I suppose that to you a thing of that sort may not seem of much consequence. But perhaps you can guess how it would seem to Wilbur. It actually frightened me to have him know it, in that sudden way, now that he couldn't go out to the foreign field himself.

"But the strange thing was that in a way it seemed to do him good—stimulated him. Some people might think that Wilbur's view of things is a little narrow. And there's no doubt that he's too good, or too idealistic, maybe, to get on in the world. But, anyway, his feeling was, as he told me afterward, that with a big need like that existing, he had to rouse himself to help meet it, at whatever cost. So he had his plan ready in an hour. And the doctor, before he left the next morning, gave it his official sanction.

"Think of Wilbur, in his weak condition, racing through the Middle West, all through this hot summer, asking busy people to drop their own affairs and start out for that impossible India! It seemed lunacy to me when he first proposed it, and it does now. But you can't take too strong a stand against a powerful man like Doctor Pettigrew.

"Still, I should have opposed this campaign more forcibly if I had realized what it entailed in regard to Maribelle. The child hasn't been of the slightest help to *me* all summer, and she hasn't made a single preparation for going to college. You know she enters the State University in September."

I seized upon this mention of Maribelle as an excuse for shifting the theme. It was so much less uncomfortable to talk of Maribelle than of her father, even though from Leota's point of view the radiant young creature was not without her definitely irritating qualities. In fact, I was to discover that ever since Maribelle had allowed her actual self to become at all apparent, it had been quite clear to her mother that in a newly grown-up daughter almost any other type of personality would have been preferable. Yet I saw she drew consolation from the fact that Maribelle was lovely to look upon and that people praised her.

My companion's tone became even conventionally maternal as she repeated to me the extravagant commendation of Maribelle's teachers, and assured me that the girl expected to complete her college course in three years, and so on. The string of formulas began to rattle from her lips like beads.

"With a mind like hers, they tell me that the work will be nothing. And she can manage the expense very easily, ministers' daughters get so many discounts. Then she can earn quite a little——"

But here the glibly boasting mother stopped short and blushed. Then she laughed a little. She had remembered that perhaps I might remember, too.

"That is—we did of course have an education fund for the children. I told you about it years ago. But we've had to borrow from it now and then. Oh,

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mostly for Wilbur's sickness, though he himself doesn't know. And it took a good deal for Joshua's freshman year. He's not as quick as Maribelle. . . ."

As we separated, fifteen minutes later, I thoroughly perceived how ineffectual, even more, how almost basely self-regarding, had been my wretched little resolve, on coming this year to Circleville, that I would allow a definite rift of formality to develop between the Binneys and me. For after five days spent in the same community, here I was caught up again as unreservedly as ever into the current of this curious family. I had to confess to myself that I really did care what became of young Maribelle—and of her father. And since Leota had told me that "the campaign" would be over in three weeks, and that her husband was already preparing for the final meeting, to be held in Circleville, I knew that I should have to see it through. Already I felt as uneasy, as sensitive to an impending crisis, as though the missionary cause were mine also.

It proved to be all below the surface, the agitated expectation of those few weeks.

Though one caught brief sombre glimpses of Wilbur Binney, bent on his apostolic journeys, yet one was far from hearing any shout of encouragement for his weariness.

But if the general silence was ever so faintly hostile, it was by no means inattentive. From an unguarded source or two, a seamstress or some such nonparticipant, I learned that it was well known just where Mr. Binney was spending each day of each week, and precisely what measure of success he was attaining. Rigidly withholding itself from open inquiry, the town nevertheless succeeded in satisfying its curiosity in exact detail. I have no explanation of how this was accomplished.

Circleville was likewise elaborately aware, and in whispered concert it powerfully disapproved, of all that was implied in Maribelle's lieutenancy. Only a cold occasional word or so was dropped. There was no vociferous disparagement. But one understood plainly that if Maribelle had been *their* daughter, she would not have given up her summer to any such unnatural pursuit. To the need of such a parent in such a cause they conceded no legitimacy whatever.

On the other hand, there was the surprising fact, unspoken also, of Leota Binney's tremendously altered status. Extravagantly as Leota preferred Circleville, she had always in a sense been obliged to buy her way within it. Circlevillians had had their reserves about her. This was partly snobbery because she was a Snead, that is to say, a nobody, and partly the result of her not having had the warm humanity to compel their liking.

But all that was changed. Leota and Circleville were become closely, recklessly, intimate. This almost ostentatious social gesture in the direction of his wife was so far perhaps the only visible result of Wilbur Binney's missionary campaign. Leota moved in an atmosphere of sympathy quite new to her experience, and no doubt luxuriously sweet. And she reacted dramatically, simulating the traditional wife with a grievance, overburdened, long-suffering. Not that she complained, publicly, except in the most indirect and ladylike fashion. She didn't have to. I even heard somebody say she was "brave."

And from Circleville's point of view there was, of course, a strong case against Wilbur Binney. If the missionary's life was not his own, as his neighbors passionately believed, then it was true that he was seriously damaging the family property. With all Maribelle's care, he was growing thinner and yellower and weaker every day. He was taking liberties with the single source of supply of an excessively large family. The collapse of a man of such responsibilities would be an offense against the domestic code not readily to be condoned.

I suspected that somebody must have hinted something of this sort to Maribelle, because her manner came to suggest a certain mild defiance as their coalition, hers and her father's, became continually more close. It struck me that it was with almost a retaliatory accent that she withheld herself from that web of secular affairs in which her mother was always trying to entrap her between trains. And for the Circleville

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frivolities with which all her contemporaries were busily dallying, she had only an occasional bright look of angelic scorn. There was no real flattery in her coming to me for a quiet half-hour now and then—she merely knew I didn't share the prevailing attitudes.

Now, of course, I am stricken by a sense of the meagre use to which those precious intervals were put. I was older, I had a certain prestige with her. I might have preached to her a wholesome egotism that would have saved her. Or I might at least have tried to do this. For, after all, in any important issue, above all in any point involved in her relationship to her father, I am by no means sure that I could have influenced Maribelle. Young as she was, she knew so well what she was about. And her self-control was so complete that it was only through odd little omissions, now and then, rather than through anything she actually said, that I acquired my curious suspicion in regard to the girl. A suspicion that I shall never verify. I shall never ask her now whether or not she has her secret reserves as to her father's propagandist doctrines. The time for asking that is past.

Dropping in at the Binneys' one morning, I had found the girl and her mother engaged in some dark and drippy process of preserving fruit.

"Maribelle isn't going to college, after all," Leota let fall, with elaborate carelessness. I understood that I was being called as referee into a situation already acute. Then, as nobody said anything, she went on, with a hint of passion: "She's simply getting to be her father's *slave!*"

Maribelle giggled at this, very youthfully.

"He certainly needs one," she remarked cheerfully. And then, to me, in explanation: "And that was, of course, why I had thought of staying at home. I was afraid I couldn't do enough for him in the week-ends. He's so dependent, poor thing, since he has been such an invalid."

"You would think that with the house actually bursting with children, some of the rest of us might replace Maribelle a *little*," Leota threw in.

Maribelle was conscientiously bent over her steamy mass of plums. "Father did say something this morning about my not giving up college. What really consoles him for my going,"—she looked up with a queer little smile,—"is that I've promised to take up Hebrew. It does seem a little dull, but I don't mind. Then when I've learned enough, I can help him with that book he's been writing for so long. A sort of Biblical commentary, you know."

I looked at her flushed and charming face and wished I might dress her in something exquisitely frivolous and send her to a party. But I had repented the wish in an instant. It was, after all, a mere ignoble sharing of the cause of Leota and the other Circlevillians. For I knew well enough what these would have done to Maribelle if they could. Strip from her her generosity and vigor and intelligence, equip her with superficial arts and a conventional wardrobe, and pack her off with the hope that she would "make" a desirable sorority immediately, and become engaged before the year was over to some son of a prosperous father. Everybody knew that such was the provincial parent's view of the possibilities of coeducation.

But though it was all very well to despise this popular ambition, you couldn't, whatever your point of view might be, feel at ease about Maribelle. There was something awesome in the girl's resistance, in her strength. She was in no danger whatever of slipping into one of the familiar easy grooves. But she was perhaps at every moment of her life exposed to some wilder danger—something up to which that courage, that perhaps fanatical loyalty of hers, would lead her straight and unwavering.

For my own part, I wasn't in the least committed to the wish that the citizens of our town, even a handful of them, should spring forth to proselyte remote continents. Yet more and more I found it sinister that Circleville at large, that nursery of foreign missionaries, that seat of theology and theologians, should exhibit so calculated an indifference to the fact that on a certain Wednesday evening, rather early in September, the

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Drawn by Arthur Lille.

"You would think that with the house actually bursting with children, some of the rest of us might replace Maribelle a *little*," Leota threw in.—Page 222.

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pious effort of Wilbur Binney was to reach its public climax. A few days later the exhausted apostle, his conscience presumably appeased, would return to his post in the theological seminary, and Maribelle would enter college. Everybody knew all this, and everybody still pretended that he didn't. For that final output of energy and hope one could see that Circleville had merely its cold rebuke in waiting. No hysterical response would the mistaken man elicit from this sane and cool-headed group.

I was still lingering on; in a state of fascinated dread, when the day of the meeting came. Just an ordinary dull little evangelical gathering you would have supposed it to be if you had been passing through the town. But Circleville and I knew differently.

The day itself I can still image clearly —a day of sickish, stationary heat. The earth was spread with a thick, tawny haze. Fences and trees seemed to lean obliquely against each other in a dizzy unreality. The thick sweet odor of ripe grapes, the strong pungent smell of marigolds in the near-by garden, reached me almost unconvincingly, as through interpolated screens.

It was with a stillness like that of night that the crisis of noon arrived and passed. I suspected myself of a touch of delirium. For the afternoon seemed to swell, formidably, as I contemplated it. It was such a hopeless sort of bigness. You felt there could be no end to this hot, still, round phenomenon.

At what I suppose must have been about four o'clock Maribelle stopped in. She had come, she said, to return some books. But she stayed on uneasily. Soon I saw that she wanted to talk about her father. There were so few people, nowadays, to whom she could talk about him. And she could at least count upon my understanding her.

She was rather white, I noticed, and uncharacteristically nervous.

I asked if Mr. Binney wasn't well.

"Oh, he's not ill," she said, "but he's rather strange. He has stayed shut up by himself all day long. We've never known him to do it before. Do you suppose he is—praying—or——"

"He feels it's so critical—this talk?"

"Oh, it's just that!" she breathed with intensity. "He cares so much about rousing these especial people. If I could only be sure they would understand——"

I hesitated: "They're generous. They always give."

"Oh—*money!*" She was youthfully scornful. "But they won't give themselves. What he asks is that they drop their little lives and *go!*"

She wouldn't pause or rest. Before she left I had agreed to join their family group for the evening. It was Maribelle's urgent idea. And I was glad, now that the moment had come, to make this slight public demonstration of loyalty to the Binneys.

So three hours later Maribelle and I sat side by side in the slowly filling church. Each additional presence was indescribably comforting. So long as people didn't stay away altogether, I felt that the ordeal could be borne. Yet they were drifting in with the air of leaves on a light wind. There was an elaborate suggestion of having come by chance, and with no idea of what it was all about.

It was a nerve-straining matter waiting fully half an hour for an audience of respectable size to assemble. At last the church must have become quite half full. The organ burst into a shrill sigh, and kept on pumping drearily away, in despairing prelude, until Wilbur Binney rose —a severely modelled, inelastic figure, not without a kind of dignity.

Circleville may have had a right to its reserves, perhaps even to its sulkiness. But it hopelessly missed the clew to the grim desire in the look of the man who stood there facing us. He believed himself to have shirked sacred duties. I was sure of that, and I was sure his soul was sick from it. And the thing our eyes were bent on, as though we had been a psychological clinic, and Wilbur Binney the exposed and quivering "subject," was the man's struggle to gain relief from his miserable sickness. An unbearably intimate spectacle, it seemed to me. I felt that the lights should have been dimmed.

It was noticeable that he faced us without books or documents. Such wasn't the custom among Circleville preachers. It was understood among us

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that only the superior and highly paid city clergy, men with the expensive silver tongues of angels, spoke without notes. But Wilbur Binney spoke in this fashion now.

I hadn't expected to listen. In fact, I deliberately yielded him only a small, blurred area of attention.

But before he had been speaking more than a minute or so, a word penetrated to me. It was the word famine. He repeated it—*famine*. He was speaking very concretely. My surprised attention half surrendered, and I found I was following him closely when he finished with his first point, which had to do with the impulse to relieve hunger. He was being definite and a little startling. He was even being "timely."

Then he quickly changed his tempo. "But it's another famine I'm concerned with." He launched this in a slow, distinct voice that was still free from conventional pulpit solemnity. "A famine far more terrible—a famine of holiness. It is well to prolong the beating of the eager human heart for a year, if you can, or for ten. But I am speaking of eternal life. I am asking you to relieve a famine among people who are *hungry for eternity!*"

There was an effectiveness in this. And more effective even than the extravagances he uttered were the look of the man himself and the sound of that odd recurrent rough note in his voice—the note of an unsubduable emotion. The values he presented were so luridly real to him. He meant it all, so profoundly.

And yet, I couldn't feel sure that the human beings all about me were yielding any quiver of response. Men easily classified as professional churchgoers sat heaped within the outer corners of the pews, so expertly balanced between sleep and waking that they actually retained, even while luxuriously half-unconscious, a certain loose control of movement and expression. But they weren't thinking, they weren't feeling. Nor was there the most delicate interruption of the trivial rhythm of those miniature fans oscillating over chiffon bosoms. Above these, smooth, solid faces seemed to convey that there was no conceivable arrangement of words, nor any modulation of voice, through which a man so irrevocably classified as Wilbur Binney could surprise or rouse them.

The Binneys themselves were sitting rigidly still, even the youngest of them. I didn't, somehow I couldn't, look at their faces. But as I sat staring straight ahead, a thin, very cold hand was slipped into mine. It was Maribelle's. I allowed myself an excessively slight pressure of her fingers, still without facing her.

Yet I could almost have wondered how it was that the girl had not long ago squandered her emotional response. To this very argument, no doubt, she had listened almost daily for months. And I could feel no certainty that it intellectually convinced her. So why should its final repetition affect her as profoundly as those cold, trembling fingers told me that it did?

Leota had all this time been sitting inexpressively at my other side. Now I felt a touch upon my arm. She was offering me a fan. She was smiling faintly, the meaningless small social smile she so often wore, and her face was flushed from the warm atmosphere. The icy chill of sheer sympathy had not smitten her. She was not even aware, I think, that there was an issue in the air. And for her, indeed, there was none. Should missionaries be evoked from nothingness or should they not, she at least was safe. India, and life itself, had remitted their menace.

The talk wasn't long—twenty minutes, perhaps. Toward the end the speaker halted a little uncomfortably. There was a point not contained in the programme which honesty evidently compelled him to make.

"You will not expect to find this work easy. You will not expect to find it even—safe. It is not safe. You will be facing danger, I must warn you, you will be facing practically a certainty of some degree of disease.

"But the true worker in this field will always be glad to pay for his high privilege, whatever it may cost him."

He paused as if he had finished. Then he came to the edge of the platform. I knew what was coming. There was no longer any question of listening or not listening. In fact, I listened so well that

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She stood waiting hopefully for the sign that he should make.—Page 227.

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I can almost remember his exact words. They were something like this:

"I have said enough.

"Now I want those of you who have agreed with me, to prove it. I want you to pledge yourselves to go across the intervening land and seas to relieve this famine I have told you of. I mean pledge yourselves here and now, with your brothers near you—the pledge to go and do your utmost for seven years.

"You will be tempted to think it over. But there isn't time for that. Your hearts should settle it. And you may say you are needed where you are. I take that for granted. There isn't one of you who hasn't an exigent household or a delicate little child or a responsible profession. But incomparably more than any of these can need you India needs you. . . . I beseech you to pledge yourselves now, openly. A dozen of you, if there are so many; two of you, if there are so few."

The missionary sat down and covered his face with his hands. There was an intense stillness. Not even a fan was moving anywhere. But the silence was that of rigidity rather than surrender. I glanced furtively at the faces about me. They expressed nothing but complacence—as if they were satisfied at last to demonstrate to Wilbur Binney how useless his whole effort had been. "We could have told you weeks ago that there wouldn't be the slightest result from all this pother," proclaimed those unyielding shoulders, those obstinate chins.

It seemed a long time that we waited in the challenging silence. But one couldn't measure it. Then Wilbur Binney rose again.

"If there is no one—" His voice broke. The silence persisted.

"*Is* there no one—?" came from him in a hoarse cry.

But in a moment he had recovered himself. "Then I will commit this cause—" he began.

But as the first rapid words dropped from his lips Maribelle's cold hand left mine. In the same instant she sprang from her seat, sharply arresting her father's speech with a sound you would have supposed too slight to reach him—a spontaneous little sound of youth and lovingness. Then, without a look at her mother, at me, at any one, but hastily flinging her hat behind her, she reached with incredible quickness the aisle, then the open space below the pulpit. There she paused, and with a bright air of encouragement looked up into her father's dark and frozen face.

She stood waiting hopefully for the sign that he should make. But one saw that he could make none. A man stricken by the horror that stood out upon his face had no longer words to utter, or any will behind the words. Though there had never been speech in that place so eloquent as his dumbness was.

"I pledge myself," Maribelle began in a steady voice—and went on, unprompted. Then she sat quietly down in the front pew.

There was nothing more to wait for. Wilbur Binney could do nothing. Perhaps the wisest and ablest of us could do nothing, then. In hasty, embarrassed fashion, without a look for the father and daughter we were leaving alone together, we found our way out of the church.

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Poking Fun at Grammar

BY C. H. WARD

I DID not see till recently the article in SCRIBNER'S by Meredith Nicholson on "The Teaching of English." It seems to me likely to do a good deal of harm. It is of the same kind as a good many articles on education, resting on vague theory and not at all on facts and experience. Meredith Nicholson's prominence seemed to me to be likely to make this article especially harmful and I asked Mr. Ward, the head of our English department, to write something in the way of a reply. I enclose herewith what he has written and hope that you will publish it.

Our education is being attacked all along the line by those that think that hard work is out of date and that school ought to be made a playroom. People complain steadily of the dreadful results of our schooling and the illiteracy that appears in school and college graduates, and in the same breath say that grammar and all disciplinary studies are preposterous. They do not seem to connect the illiteracy with the fact that their own preaching has pretty well disposed of grammar and other disciplinary studies and that a large part of the results they deplore comes from the wide-spread adoption of the easy and the soft. The results of the whole campaign are painfully evident to one who has received boys from all over the country. One great difficulty is that the advocates of the alluring theories have the platform. They are heard and read everywhere and the general public are easily convinced. A few who are on the other side are hard at work teaching and are enduring with what philosophy they can the effects of the new inspirational methods. It is for this reason that I hope that you can use the enclosed article.

Very truly yours,

HORACE D. TAFT.

THE TAFT SCHOOL, October 15, 1921.

POKING FUN AT GRAMMAR

MY DEAR MODERN NOVELIST:

You have recently given pleasure to the public by picturing what you would do if you were a teacher of English. Your sketch is racy, persuasive, and true to life. You exhibit, moreover, a virtue which was never a constituent of any previous essay of this sort—*e. g.*, Milton's "Education"—by poking fun at yourself for venturing into "this wide field wherein so many fools disport themselves." You intimate at the outset that you have received an invitation to express your opinion about grammar; you announce that you are amusing us and yourself with your "benightedness." And throughout the article you continue in every sentence as scrupulously truthful and as obviously an entertainer.

Yet your patent truthfulness will be misunderstood in the strangest way—a way which a novelist, unaccustomed to the perverting power of literal minds, would never suspect. Some thousands of teachers and superintendents and pedagogical experts will apply your merriment to *the whole body of actual teachers in actual schools;* they will pass on to one another the glad message that M. N. advises *all teachers* to discard grammar in *all schools*. Incredible—isn't it?—that your plainest meaning will be turned topsyturvy. I adjure you, my dear M. N., as you wish well to American children, to aid me during the rest of your life, whenever you find opportunity, in upholding your truth against this comical distortion.

Stretch your novelist's imagination to conceive some of the false deductions which educators will draw from your playful paragraphs. You say, "I doubt whether I could pass an examination in English grammar," and you thought the purport obvious enough. But all the thousands of inefficient teachers to whom those words come will interpret thus:

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"Oh, goody! I don't have to know any grammar. My kiddies don't have to know any. The right kind of English teacher ought not to know any. Hurrah!" You took it for granted that your phrase "the fury of the grammar hounds" would be interpreted in terms of urbanity, but in fact it will be rendered, quite apart from context, "Any one who advocates the study of grammar is a hound dog," or "a bloodhound on the track of little Elizas who are trying to escape into the blessed land of literature." Probably several hundred of your readers have consulted the Century to get light on your quaint epithet and have decided that you imply "a mean, contemptible fellow; a dastard; a poltroon; as, a low hound—so low and dastardly in nature that he would be willing to have grammar taught in the schools." Many a lazy teacher will be enamoured of you because she supposes you to say that "grammar makes a hateful mystery of English speech," and "the sensible student casts grammar aside with disdain."

They, in their ignorance, will suppose that you say such things. They will quite overlook the statement which qualifies your whole delightful humor, and which you supposed would need no emphasis: "Having an intuitive sense of the proper and effective manner of shaping sentences, there would be no text-books in my schoolroom." You are describing what your genius, in your school, with your fertility of resource, your quick sympathy with youthful needs, would do. You never thought of advising all us mediocre teachers in average schools to emulate your high talent. No, there is no excuse for misunderstanding you; you frequently enough repeat that you are discussing simply what your special aptitudes *would* do *if* some sad fate obliged them to labor in a small school composed of delightful and ambitious young Modern Novelists: "This is what I should do if I were responsible." You take pains to show that you are speaking of unreal conditions: you have written a poem and have read Greek; you sometimes make grievous blunders in grammar; you would exclude all inspectors and reformers; you would leave the choice of subjects to the students; you would efface yourself completely as an instructor; you would have every confidence that students would understand the point of any rules of usage to which you referred them. Surely you have insisted sufficiently upon the unreality.

In this respect you have done much better than your fellow author Milton, who once made the same sort of venture into the wide field where so many fools disport themselves. Still a discerning reader has no difficulty in perceiving that Milton intended to portray a purely ideal school. The teacher, for instance, is of this sort: "He who hath the art and proper eloquence to catch them with . . . might in short space gain them to an incredible diligence and courage, infusing into their young breasts such an ingenuous and noble ardor as would not fail to make of them renowned and matchless men." You and I understand at once this hypothesis of an ideal condition. We grant that if a Milton were privileged to gather about him a hundred and fifty Miltonic boys, he could perfectly succeed in the programme he outlines. You, with your hatred of grammar, concede instantly that a Milton, teaching young Miltons, is correct in saying: "First they should begin with the chief and necessary rules of some good grammar." You know that a Cardinal Newman, teaching young Newmans, could win his boys to a noble ardor by the means of grammar, which he admired so much; he is a fellow poet, and you know that he could make of grammar a kindly light. Of course you, teaching in your Indiana school in 1922, would completely fail to win your boys by grammar, to season them to a love of virtue and true labor; but you know that Milton could have succeeded in Indiana. You grant that all his lofty ideals would be realizable: "to inflame them with the study of learning . . . to teach them geometry and trigonometry by playing . . . soon to enter upon the Greek tongue by overcoming the difficulties of grammar . . . to save an army by learning to manage a crudity . . . to make both facile and pleasant Orpheus, Theocritus, Oppian, Nicander, Dionysius . . . to furnish them with proairesis, that they may with some judgment contemplate upon moral good and evil . . . to lead their young

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and pliant affections through all the moral works of Plato, Xenophon, Plutarch, Laertius, and those Locrian remnants . . . may have easily learned at any odd hour the Italian tongue . . . the Hebrew tongue at a set hour might have been gained, whereto it would be no impossibility to add the Chaldee and the Syrian dialect . . . to enable them to write perspicuously, elegantly . . . would make them soon perceive what despicable creatures our common playwriters and rhymers be, and what glorious use might be made of poetry . . . forming them to be able writers in every excellent matter, when they shall be thus fraught with an universal insight into things."

Achievements like those are nothing for you and Milton. You know, as you indicate in your essay, that it is easy to learn Italian and to teach youth to write well. You show us how you would triumph without grammar. You would register their vulgarities on the blackboard to visualize them "as long as necessary"; you would make it appear that clean and accurate speech is a part of good manners; you would efface yourself completely as an instructor; you would teach effective speech and writing by memorizing short passages; you would make the English speech the most natural thing in the world. There is no doubt that you and Milton could produce results which, compared with our school results, are as heaven to ant-hills. You and Milton!

"Why," you will ask in bewilderment, "should any practical educator expect average teachers in ordinary schools to copy the processes of me and Milton?" It is a hard question. The best answer is to show how so learned and astute a critic as Samuel Johnson once did thus misapply Milton's plain meaning. He dragged Milton's hypothetical school in the mire of reality by saying sceptically: "Every man, that has ever undertaken to instruct others, can tell what slow advances he has been able to make, and how much patience it requires to recall vagrant inattention, to stimulate sluggish indifference, and to rectify absurd misapprehension." Johnson, you see, thought that Milton was boasting what he could do in an ordinary school, and thus maligned the great poet. How, then, can you, judged by readers far less acute, hope to escape being classed as one of the fools that disport themselves in the wide field of education?

If dull readers misjudge, you will not be perturbed; for you are conscious of the sound sense of your real meaning. I am not pleading that you should care to evade slander, but that you should have affection for American youth. You have unwittingly prepared a damage for them, a damage which will continue through the coming years, which is great and will increase in proportion as your fame and our love for you increase. By the hope that fame and love may prosper I conjure you to help me undo the harm. Deign to say publicly that you are not advising fifteen thousand high schools to abandon grammar. Your witty literary mind will never realize the need of such a disavowal, but it can get an inkling if it will consult successful teachers in Indiana. I suppose you don't utterly scorn the professors of English in the colleges of your most literary State in the Union; you grant that they have a bit of practical knowledge of education as it most lamentably is to-day. Gather their opinions of how your essay will turn to poison in our schools.

In order to persuade you that such consulting may result in great good, I offer you the following facts, which cannot be better introduced than by your own words: "In these free States we are making no marked headway in the attempt to improve spoken or written English."

Do you know any particulars about the depth of the evil in your own State? Six years ago Professor Brown, of the college that made you Litt.D., organized the administering of a simple test to all the college freshmen who matriculated that fall in Indiana; only half of them knew the difference between one sentence and two sentences. Two years ago the same kind of test was applied to the freshmen of the University of Wisconsin after they had been in residence a month; not a third could distinguish between a whole sentence and a fraction of a sentence. Seven years ago the Harvard School of Business Administration (to which only college graduates are ad-

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mitted) announced that only a fifth of the theses submitted by students would receive a passing grade if marked as freshman composition. This year Yale tells us in print that a sixth of its freshman class are "illiterate." The list of horrors could be indefinitely extended. If you never went farther with us grammar hounds than to publish with your novelist's skill some of this record of illiteracy, especially as it flourishes in secondary schools, you would do a notable service.

Do you know what remedy for illiteracy is proposed in your State? What proportion of the successful, experienced teachers do you suppose would agree that improvement can be hoped for by abandoning grammar? You must make clear when you put questions to them that you are not referring to Modern Novelists. You must cater to the lowly minds of instructors by saying explicitly: "I am asking about all teachers, whose average of intuitive skill is much less than mine; and about all students, whose average capacity for profiting by literary examples is infinitely less than mine." Thus you will guard against wrong answers. You will discover that many excellent teachers do not make grammar hideous, do not use it as a mechanical toy; but employ it with effective purpose to educate young people.

If your genius smiles sceptically at an "effective" purpose in grammar, restrain its smile. In your happy ether of intuitive knack with composition you know only one part of grammar, a part that is not much taught nowadays and in which there was never much faith. Indeed, the "grammar" that you have in mind is a supposition. It exists only in such captivating screeds as that written two years ago by an Amherst professor for a most literary magazine, and in another put forth by a New York educator at the same time in a most reverend review, and in those frequent joyful skits, written in just your vein, by a host of well-meaning people. One and all they inveigh against grammar without knowing what it is. Grammar is not nowadays a matter of rules for correct usage, but a body of knowledge of how sentences are constructed. You might some time enjoy investigating this region—just as I suppose you like occasionally to read about Alaska or the planetesimal origin of the earth. Perhaps you would find a place even in your ideal school for the sort of grammar that is the only teaching device yet discovered for showing the average literal mind the difference between one sentence and two sentences.

You seem not to know that your diatribe against grammar is all compact of phrases and guesses that have been often repeated in these last two decades. They are trite, everywhere bandied about, everywhere popular. You show a naïve ignorance of present-day conditions when you say that you would exclude from your classes "all principals and trustees and insist on protection from physical manifestations of their indignation." There are plenty of principals and trustees to guard you from the other party, and they would most zealously protect you without your insistence. You would daily receive flowers and congratulations. You seem to suppose that the grammar hounds are in power and that you are the first champion to appear against them; yet all your brave words of ridicule appear to experienced teachers as merely a dull and late addition to a chorus of ignorance. How happy must be that state of life in which a critic of education can originate all these concepts without a suspicion that they are antique!

And you are most happy in another regard. You have never been told that among teachers of English the knowledge of grammar was never so slight as at present, that in the schools there was never so little grammar taught as now. You do know, however, that ignorance of the mother tongue was never so great as now. Hence your reasoning—true enough, doubtless, for your ideal school—will appear to logic hounds and base practical people to be false.

Though you are so unacquainted with the minor elements in our Tragedy of Poor Old English, you do know the central theme—to wit, that our youth are uneducated. About this you are much concerned; you cogitate it; in your anxiety you write an essay proposing a remedy. You do well. All teachers of the mother tongue are grateful for your

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interest. Can you not during the next year try to learn what the best teachers have proposed as a remedy? At first you will be disinclined to such an investigation, for teachers must appear to you to be pedagogic hounds of base degree. So it may be in order to remind you that some of them could say of themselves—with a truth and modesty equal to your own—"Having an intuitive sense of how to construct sentences, grammar will be the great engine to lift our youth out of the slough of illiteracy." There are secondary teachers who, like you, write poetry; I know two of them. What do you suppose they would do with grammar if they built pedagogic castles in Spain? They would use it for the mental and moral and æsthetic upbuilding of pupils. May I suggest to your catholic mind—which I am sure will welcome the information—that there are university professors who can in all humble verity declare of themselves that they have an intuitive sense of using language. Would they exclude grammar from their ideal schools? A few would. The great majority would use it as the very basis of decent teaching; for they have, as you most happily have not, an acquaintance with the workings of the average freshman mind, and a sense of how to direct it, and a knowledge of the only way in which it has ever been led to proficiency in the use of English.

Do you notice that I keep insisting on the average? You must not impatiently judge grammar hounds by observation of any one boy. Perhaps that boy has inherited a charm of style and a scunner against grammar; he can be taught without a knowledge of syntax formally schematized; indeed, he will teach himself. So will about five per cent of our most desirable young citizens. What is more, about five per cent of our adults who might teach composition could succeed without grammar; but these rare spirits never go into school work; they are to be found only in editorial sanctums and novelists' studies. We must, since we are a democracy, consider always the ninety-five per cent of students and teachers. So far as can be judged at present, the ninety and five will inevitably go to hideous ruin unless they practise the grammar method.

To furnish reasons and testimony would be bad form in such a literary magazine, where I am commenting upon such a literary essay as yours. But I may be allowed to indicate where evidence is to be found. In 1919 a literary-minded committee of the University of Wisconsin English faculty formally announced to the world the creed that no adequate instruction in composition is possible except upon the basis of familiarity with the facts of syntax. Their report was published with approval in the *Bulletin of the Illinois Association of Teachers of English*. (You will be glad to know that the editor has an intuitive sense of how to use his native language. At times in his life he has, like you, been able to read several foreign languages.) The Wisconsin creed has been indorsed at the University of Iowa. (By the way, the critical Mr. O'Brien says that the literary journal of that university has a higher average of artistic short stories than any other publication in America.) You can for yourself easily learn what is thought about grammar by the most intuitive minds at Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, Minnesota, California, Washington—and as far as you choose to travel.

There is no need of travel. Just as the poet, abiding at home, could see Pisa's leaning miracle, so you can learn in Indiana that grammar is considered a necessity by the nation that is most literary-minded and that has best established a universal respect for good use of its mother tongue. All is displayed for you in "How the French Boy Learns to Write," a book made in the very town where you were born. The author fervently believes that the example of France applies to American conditions, and that there can be no proper teaching of English composition without a foundation of grammar. When you have digested this book, ask yourself an entertaining question: "What must a French novelist think of an American novelist and doctor of letters who advises teaching the mother tongue without the aid of grammar?" Well, what do you suppose he would think? I can imagine fairly accurately; but when I try to fancy how he would express his thought, how his Gallic wit would convey the truth and still remain polite—

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then I have a great curiosity to see his deft contriving.

Oh, my dear Meredith Nicholson, let's cut the kidding and get down to brass tacks in this last paragraph. Can't you see the evil you have done? Can't you guess how incompetent teachers everywhere like to excuse their ignorance and failure by quoting a literary fellow who has poked fun at grammar? Can't you guess how devoted teachers everywhere (those overworked and underpaid ones that you speak of so feelingly), builders of democracy in this time of stress, are discouraged and weakened by your jibes? There is, for example, in Omaha a woman who has for a quarter of a century fought the good fight of grammar, doing incalculable good to her city, bringing immeasurable help to thousands of boys and girls by teaching them some skill in the use of English. This invaluable servant of democracy you have scoffed at. You have wantonly heaped opprobrium upon the same sort of priceless service by deriding a teacher in Worcester, a woman who for thirty years has proved that there is no health in school English courses except by way of grammar. You have merrily jeered at conscientious workers in the Northwest, who have for the past four years been planning to show the teachers of their Inland Empire how to build upon grammar in this age of shifting pedagogic quicksand. You have made a mock of serious efforts in Oklahoma and Maryland and your own State to show young people the straight way to mastery of their language. You have sneered at all that is most hopeful in our nation's hard struggle to improve instruction in the mother tongue. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Please help along a good cause by publishing, just as soon as you can, an essay, not on what *you* would do *if* the impossible happened, but on how the best teachers have to proceed when they actually labor in real classrooms.

NOTE BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

There is always a keen pleasure in shooting an arrow into the air, knowing that it is bound to fall somewhere and in all likelihood upon the head of some one who is moved to shoot it back. Mr. Ward has a good eye and a steady hand: my arrow now reposes in mine own bosom! Still I am consoled in my suffering by the knowledge that I have elicited this interesting and forcible reply to my playful remarks on the teaching of English. I am grateful for the rejoinder, not more for its information, so pleasantly communicated, than for its disciplinary rapping of my knuckles. Mr. Ward's courteous refusal to accept the invitation I generously extended to all masters of grammar to search my pages for infelicities reveals a spirit of good sportsmanship that I greatly appreciate. Several other critics, including an anonymous friend writing from Coblenz, have called me sharply to task for a bull that roars from the very midst of the article in question. A professional critic of the highest standing, having diligently searched the volume containing the offending paper, chalks up three errors against me, and seems rather tickled that the score is so low in the writing of one so obviously uninstructed as I am. While I confess to a degree of astonishment that my paper should anywhere be taken seriously, I must insist that not for much fine gold would I add a straw to the burdens of the teaching profession. I am not unaware of the perplexities and embarrassments of those who in these changing times undertake the instruction of indifferent or hostile youth. The method I so innocently suggested as a possible solution of the problem of better English would doubtless fail miserably. And so, having sauntered a little too blithely into a region that is best left to expert guardianship I beg for safe-conduct through the lines and beyond the gate to those familiar fields of complacent ignorance "where all is possible and all unknown."

M. N.

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Empty Bottles

BY T. WALTER GILKYSON

SHE looked down from the windows of the Club dining-room, the spark from her cigarette glowing like a belated firefly in the warm September dusk. The cautious murmur of waiters floated up, the soft shuffle of their feet across the stone flagging; there was a flicker of candles above white cloth and shining silver; beyond the terrace the dark foliage caught the dissolving globes of milky light that came from the lamps upon the balustrade. An echo of steps sounded below her, a running fire of talk and laughter; the waiters scurried to their places as the party drifted toward the table.

The girl left the window and walked to the mirror. She lifted her hands to her hair with a slow encircling gesture, "A Tangara in Ivory"—she remembered she had been called that. The full gray eyes in the glass opened wide beneath dark lashes. As a description it rather pleased her.

"Betty, I think I need a thrill," she said.

"What's the matter with Jimmie?" responded Betty from the stool where she was struggling with a recalcitrant slipper. "I thought he was quite a ball of fire, Elaine?"

"He *was*, that's just it. Now he's worse than a husband. I'm tired of Jimmie. I need something subtle and complex and—inexhaustible!"

"Something you can cerebrate upon for a long time," responded Betty promptly. "I don't blame you; we all do. Well here's hoping." She rose and smoothed her dress. "Jack brought a mild man from the West to-night. He's anything but interesting to me, but *you* might dig something out of him. Come on, old dear, we're late."

The party settled into place around the table. Elaine looked casually about her. There were no changes in the alignment, the same sleek heads swayed toward the same unblemished shoulders. Evidently there had been no quarrels in the last fortnight. It was a little disappointing. She caught a glimpse of her husband hovering with soft rapacity above the woman to his left. She could imagine him breathing heavily through his nose in the unpleasant way he had. So that affair was still on! Betty had heard it was off. She turned to the man next her.

"What do you think of all this?" she said.

"It'll do." His eyes swept the table with a far-away glance. "I suppose you have these parties every night?" He looked at her with distant directness, his face glowing like beaten copper against the light of the candle.

"We do lead complicated lives, don't we?" she confided. "You must find it all very involved after the splendid simplicity of the West! Tell me about the West!" she murmured with soft urgency.

"I don't know as I could tell you all about it in one night." His smoke-colored eyes seemed to place her in the background of some larger vision. "It's a big place, the West."

"Yes," she breathed, "I know. I love to dream about it. We need wide spaces, we city dwellers—we lead such feverish lives—we're so difficult, and so complex!"

"You do crowd some. I've noticed that," he answered. "About complex—, I don't know."

"Oh, but we *are!*" she exclaimed. "Don't you find us so?"

He hesitated for an instant. "You think more about yourselves if that's what you mean. It isn't the same thing. With us—we call that—just childish. It's only the way we look at it," he added with gentle dignity.

"Oh," she laughed, "how lovely! Really"—her eyes opened wide—"I never thought of it that way before. Maybe we're not nearly so subtle as we think we

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are. It's a fascinating idea!" She looked at him with parted lips. "If we're not, then you are!" she exclaimed.

"What?" he asked blankly.

"Subtle—full of wisdom."

"Oh!" he smiled tolerantly. "I didn't follow you." He looked about the table and then turned to her. "Ranching does give a man some wisdom, I suppose."

"Yes," she murmured, "I think it does. Do you know"—her shoulder just touched his sleeve—"You're not a bit easy to understand. I imagine you must live alone, on a great ranch with only mountains for company. Do you?"

For an instant his gaze cut like the edge of a knife, then its sharpness disappeared in a flash of humor. "I have twenty men in my outfit, and we handle about ten thousand sheep. That's plenty of company, even if you don't count the sheep."

"Yes," she smiled, "I should say it was. You oughtn't to have any trouble sleeping with all those sheep to count. But a crowd isn't always company, is it?"

He shook his head.

"I feel that so often." There was a note of self-pity in her voice. "We go through life strangely isolated from each other—we can't even understand those who are closest to us." Her eyes were veiled and wistful as if she contemplated some melancholy vision hovering beyond the circle of light. "Tell me, do you still believe in women in the West?"

"Oh, yes," he answered in a matter-of-fact tone.

"And protect them?"

"When they need it," he said dryly.

Her hands dropped lightly upon the table, and she fixed her gaze on the rose-colored flame that wavered so delicately within its silken covering. "I imagine your wife wouldn't need any protection."

"I haven't any," he said simply.

"You may be very fortunate. Perhaps it's a part of your wisdom. Look, Mr. Ross," she touched his arm, "that's my husband." At the moment Morris Pennington was engaged in fixing a comb in the hair of the woman next him; he gave her shoulder a little pat, arched his head with grotesque fatuity, and leaned back, breathing heavily. His face made a gray blotch in the subdued light.

"Yes," said Ross, "I met him before dinner."

A sudden beat of little drums, a plangent cry of ukuleles, swept with a gust of alien sound across the chatter about the table. Some of the diners rose, and a young man appeared at Elaine's side. She glanced at her dinner companion. He was studying Morris Pennington with evident curiosity.

II

THE party stood in groups about the disordered table. A feeling of slight suspense stirred in the air; Betty's eyes held the concealed preparedness of the hostess whose guests are about to go. Pennington poured two drinks from the bottle on the table and pushed a glass in front of the woman at his side. Then he walked over to Elaine.

"My dear, if you're going home with Jack and Betty, I'll go home with Edith."

"You'll see that I get home, won't you, Jack?" asked Elaine sweetly.

"Why, certainly—we told you."

"We'll take care of you, Elaine darling," interrupted Betty. "Don't worry about her, Morris, she'll be quite safe with us." She gave Elaine a little hug and smiled brightly at Ross.

"All right," said Pennington. "Goodnight, Betty, it's been a fine party. 'Night, Sturges. See you later." He bobbed vaguely at Elaine and pursued his course to the other side of the table.

It was fairly early and the terrace was still dotted with tables. Against the background of the night they shone like suddenly revealed interiors; the warm radiance of faces, the sheen of silver and white linen, glowed in concentrated brilliance within the enveloping darkness. One of the men, stretched far back in his chair, stared steadily with pale, insolent eyes at Ross. A woman at the next table leaned out and touched Elaine's arm. "Oh, my dear!" she said impressively. Her glance swept the tall figure at Elaine's side; she felt him stiffen suddenly as if repelling an invasion of privacy; unconsciously his gait fell into the suspicion of a swagger.

They threaded their way through the wide hall to the stairway. Betty and

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Elaine disappeared up the stairs and the two men went out to the driveway to get the car.

The veranda was filled with a chattering, moving crowd; a line of motors passed the steps in halting procession, made the wide turn beyond the archway and shot in single shafts of light through the long alley of the trees. Ross watched the crowd with casual curiosity. He had always found Easterners in the West quite simple, inevitably giving themselves away in the face of problems he was accustomed to solve in silence. They seemed about the same in the East. They knew business, that was their game, but here they were laughing and pushing all over the place like a bunch of "dudes." His broad shoulders straightened, and the edge of his stiff shirt slipped out beyond the line of his waistcoat. He tucked it in with a sudden feeling of embarrassment that annoyed him.

"Oh, here he is," said Elaine, at his elbow. "We thought you'd be standing under the elk head in the hall. Do they still seem to crowd?" She looked at him as if she had struck some subtle note of sympathy.

"Yes," he answered, a little surprised at her intuition.

"There's Jack!" said Betty vigorously making her way to the steps. "I'm going to ride with you, Jack. Get in, children." She jumped into the front seat beside her husband.

The night was faintly pungent with the smell of falling leaves; in the meadows beyond the roadside the mist lay in pale drifting folds upon the grass. A low moon shone dimly through a haze of ghost-like vapor; between the black shadows of the trees, the road was splashed with silver. There was a damp, rich odor of corn in the air; a smell of browsing cattle and of water running between sedgy banks, the fragrance of shrubbery and cut grass and distant gardens. Dark well-oiled drives slipped suddenly from the road, plunged into foliage-shrouded tunnels, and swept in dotted lines of light toward the blank houses. On the horizon the lamps of the great city burned in an unwavering arc against the sky. To Malcolm Ross, seated by Elaine, it all seemed civilized and finished, breathing a secured contentment that seemed for the moment something desirable.

"Do you live near the Sturgeses?" he said.

"Yes," she answered. Her hands glimmered faintly against the robe that lay against her knees; she swayed toward him and the curve of her dark hair emerged from the shadow.

"I love to ride at night! Don't you? Do you feel the mystery of it, that strange sense of going on and on forever? I wonder if you do?"

She seemed to reach out in some subtle pervasive way; vaguely Ross felt the current of her presence, disturbing and unfamiliar.

"Yes," he answered slowly, "I'm used to it. We have a lot of riding to do at night."

"Of course," she murmured. "And how you do ride, you Westerners! I've seen you. They say we don't understand horses in the East. Is that true?"

"You don't know them." He spoke with calm assurance. "They're a luxury here. With us they're a necessity. Every man rides. Have you seen them do stunts?"

"Yes," she cried enthusiastically. "Do you know I'm going out to the West some day! I feel as if I craved it—as one of your sheep craves salt." She lifted her hands suddenly from her lap. "Our lives are so smug and orderly, and regulated! It's deadly! We have no risks, no danger. Only the danger of—disintegration,—I suppose you'd call it, and there—" her voice dropped into a wistful, pathetic note, "we're not protected. It's different in your country, isn't it?"

Betty turned her head. "What's all this I hear?" She twisted around until she could see Ross. "Temperamental, isn't she?"

Neither spoke and Betty cheerfully turned her back on them.

"She wouldn't understand," Elaine whispered, as if to herself.

The lights of the car plunged into a black gulf; on either side of the road the woods stretched up, dark and silent. Sturges increased the speed, his back seemed glued to the seat. They swept round a turn, the lights caught the tree trunks, leaped forward, and shot suddenly

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beyond a dark object moving in front of them. The car ground to a slow stop behind a man walking unconcernedly down the centre of the road.

As the car stopped, the man wheeled about. Elaine's heart jumped, seemed to drop with a sickening descent. She gave a little shriek and buried her face in the cushions. In the tingling blackness before her eyes a figure, sinister, masked, with something dully gleaming in his hand, burned in livid outlines. She heard his voice, nervous, savage, trembling with an odd note of desperation. She lifted her head, as if forced against her will.

"Quickly!" he shouted. The object in his hand flashed uncertainly in the light of the lamps.

"All right," said Jack. His voice sounded very clear and distant. "Get out, Betty."

She felt a hand on her shoulder. "Don't be frightened," Ross whispered. With a sudden cat-like movement across the seat he had turned off the lights and sprung out of the car.

There was a grunt of dismay in the darkness, the thud of a small object falling upon the ground; then footsteps, retreating up the road. They ceased, and she heard a swift crashing through the underbrush.

Ross turned on the lights. "I wish he hadn't run," he said.

Elaine drew a deep breath. Sturges looked as if he had just dropped from a distance and found himself unhurt. He eyed Ross a little sheepishly.

"I thought the damn man might shoot us." His arm tightened around Betty.

Ross walked to the front of the car and picked up the pistol. "Well, he couldn't see in the light, and he couldn't see in the dark," he said reflectively. "Considering the bad start he made, I should say he used good judgment." He weighed the pistol in his hand. "Some army kid, I reckon. I'd like to have got the coyote just the same." He put the pistol in his pocket. "All right back there, Mrs. Pennington?" he called cheerily. "Let's go, Sturges."

"Did you hit him?" Elaine's voice was a little awestruck, and her eyes shone out of the darkness.

"No, he just ran," sniffed Ross, with reminiscent amusement. "He was pulling a bluff, you see."

"And you called it, didn't you?" her voice deepened with admiration. "My, how quickly you think! You turned off those lights and jumped out of that car—I didn't know what you were going to do! You really saved us all from—from—Oh!" she shivered—"it might have been very unpleasant! I was frightened." She leaned toward him. "I'm glad you were here. I'd have been awfully frightened if you hadn't been. I'm afraid I lost my nerve, didn't I?"

"You were a little scared," he laughed. "It came kind of quickly and it jarred you."

She slipped her hand within his arm so gently that he scarcely felt the pressure. "It jars yet—a little," she said. "I'm not as brave as I thought I was. I didn't think I'd act that way. Did you?"

"I didn't know how you'd act," he answered.

"Well, I hope you're not too disappointed in me. I want you to like me." He felt the faint pressure of her hand upon his arm. "We really know each other, after what's happened. You've seen me at my worst, I guess. I can see you now, putting out the lights and jumping out of the car, all in one swift beautiful movement! That's pretty talk, but it's true. I'm not trying to flatter you—you wouldn't know what it was. But I can't help it—it is comfortable to know some one like you."

He did not speak, and she sat in silence, watching the road that vanished into the mist before them. They were passing through an estate; on either side lay an unbroken line of wall, toned to a gray similarity by the moonlight. Sturges slowed down a little and then steered the car beneath an archway.

"This is where I live," she said.

Ross looked directly at her. She could see the grave lines of his face quite clearly in the moonlight. "Do you often come home without your husband?" he said.

She held his arm in a light clasp and then withdrew her hand. "I have to. If I didn't, I wouldn't get home at all." The bitterness in her tone cut with a fine edge.

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He was silent, his face impassive, inscrutable in the dim light. Apparently he was staring ahead. She leaned back against the cushions.

"Will you come and see me?"

He nodded.

"To-morrow night for dinner?"

"Yes," he answered.

The car swung deftly up to the broad steps and stopped. "Here we are, all safe and sound," cried Betty.

Ross helped Elaine out. She ran to the front seat. "Good-night, Betty. It's been a real experience, hasn't it? Do you know, my knees are positively shaking! 'Night, Jack, old dear, take good care of her on the way home." She held out her hand to Ross. "I'm going to steal your guest to-morrow night, Betty. Do you mind?"

When they reached the road again Betty looked back at Ross.

"So you're going to dine with Elaine, are you?" Her tone was that of pleasant inquiry.

"Yes," he answered.

She turned away, apparently quite satisfied. "Jack, I think Elaine must have hired that hold-up man," she whispered.

In the seclusion of his own room Ross sat and contemplated his discarded shoes. Meditatively he rolled a final cigarette, and stared at his bed. Some one knocked; without moving he shouted, "Come in." Sturges, dressing-gowned, put his head through the door.

"Got everything you want, old man?"

Ross jerked his head. "Come in a minute." Sturges walked to the mantelpiece and looked inquiringly down upon him.

"Nice party, Jack," said Ross thoughtfully.

"Had a good time, did you?"

"Yes; good lot, those men."

"And women?" Sturges's eyebrows shot upward.

"Oh, yes," said Ross nonchalantly. "Betty, she's a great little girl. Tell me, what do they do, the men?"

"Oh, business mostly."

Ross cleared his throat and looked around the room as if thinking of something to say. "What's Pennington do?" he asked.

"Nothing," responded Sturges cheerfully. "Takes care of his wife."

Ross leaned down and picked up a shoe. "Does he work steady?"

Sturges laughed. "Well, you see, she takes pretty good care of herself."

"Oh, she does." His face was blank. "That doesn't leave him much of a job, does it?"

"You're going there to-morrow night, aren't you?" He looked at Ross with sharp amusement.

"Yes," said the other rising. "What time do we go to work in the morning?"

III

Ross became uncomfortably aware of his footsteps echoing across the polished hardwood floor. One hand went to his tie and then dropped with abrupt irritation. The man ahead of him led the way with a flat-footed obsequiousness that was somehow annoying. The delicate ordered precision of the hallway, its trim spaciousness, choked him a little; he squared his shoulders and fell into an easy swagger. His glance followed the stairway winding in a slim white spiral toward a shaft of orange light that fell from the West window. He heard the leisured click of heels upon the stairs, and then the sunlight leaped into a warm radiance about a white figure that stood smiling pleasantly down upon him.

"Good evening, Mister Man," she said.

Ross looked up with difficulty, as if the light confused him.

"Good evening, Mrs. Pennington."

She descended with an exquisite deliberateness, and he stood waiting, his hand resting upon the mahogany railing of the stairway. He did not move even when she had reached the step above him. For a moment she paused, a little smile on her lips, as if she were aware of something hoped for, but not entirely expected. Her eyes were very gray and deliberate; she held out her hand, slowly, almost beseechingly.

"It was good of you to come."

He moved his shoulders with a sudden gesture of escape.

"Feel all right to-day?" he asked cheerily.

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"Not quite." She shook her head, and walked to the door without looking at him. "We're going to the Leicester Hunt for dinner. Come on."

Ross helped her into the car, and then glanced at the porch.

"Get in!" she said impatiently. "You don't mind going alone with me?"

The car swept with a crisp crunch around the circle of gravel in front of the Hunt. In the flagged doorway stood the steward, a discreet smile of welcome on his youthful face. Ross stretched his legs comfortably, Elaine's wrap trailing over his arm. There was an air of delightful solitude surrounding the little house; its low white outline seemed a part of the countryside, as if it had grown old with the hills, and the blue mist-wreathed valleys that lay about it. Peaceful country, he thought, so settled and farm-like. And then this Club, with a man in a dress suit, put right down in the middle of it. Little one-horse homey place. What funny things they did in the East! Banged themselves to pieces in big houses, and then came out to little farms like this! His eyes followed the pale, gold-powdered purple of the hills that melted into a shimmering mist on the horizon.

"Nice place," he said. "Seems quiet for a Hunt."

Elaine laughed. "It's not always as quiet as this." She paused at the stairway. "I'll be down in a minute."

Ross wandered about the living-room looking at the prints that covered the walls. They showed horses in extraordinary action,—large horses with red-coated gentlemen falling in impossible postures. The corners of his mouth dropped sardonically. The air of horse was everywhere, horse as an amusement, something to be enjoyed! Sporting enough, but not useful. They ought to live on their horses; they wouldn't need any hunting, or pictures then! A hot resentment flamed up in him, he felt fiercely, proudly alien to it all, and yet, strangely covetous of something that lay behind it. He buttoned the single button of his dinner jacket, with unconscious fingers. It made him feel grotesque, and he undid it.

Elaine's voice sounded from the stairway calling the steward. Ross turned, and she came toward him. "We're going to eat dinner outside. Burr will bring our cocktails there." She put her hand through his arm. "How do you like our little Hunt? We have it all to ourselves this evening."

The wind came softly through the open arches of the piazza; the candles burned with an uncertain radiance in the twilight. Beyond Elaine's face Ross could see the slow, subtle change of color in the encircling hills, the deepening folds of shadow that spread like a dark veil over the valley below them. A crescent moon, a pale shell of silver, lay against the dusky horizon; there was a smell of wood smoke in the air, pungent, breathing vaguely of unrest. The intimacy, the friendly isolation of the little table pervaded him, he felt a sense of ease and comfort, as if he had known Elaine for a long while.

She leaned forward and regarded him seriously, the smoke from her cigarette drifting in a blue cloud between the candles. "It's odd being out here with you," she reflected. "I didn't know you before last night. You fit in somehow, don't you? I hate nervous men." She frowned and crushed the cigarette against her plate. "Tell me, what do you really think of me?"

Ross grinned comfortably.

"I hadn't thought. I'm just enjoying myself."

"But you must think," she exclaimed. "I'm not always like this." She sighed. "I wish I were. Oh—how simple life could be made!" She leaned back in her chair and regarded him, her hands clasped behind her head. "Why do we get all tangled up in it?" There was a wistful perplexity in her face as if she sought some hidden source of injustice.

Ross gazed beyond her into the moonlit valley.

"We don't, some of us. Life's always been pretty simple for me." He dropped his eyes to met hers. "What's your trouble?"

"Why should I bother you with my troubles? I seem to want to, though." She looked up quickly. "I don't know why I talk to you the way I do. It's positively queer."

"No, it isn't." His voice was gravely

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sympathetic. "I guess you have a pretty hard time of it."

"I have a rotten time of it," she exclaimed bitterly; "I sometimes think—Oh well," she laughed, "it doesn't matter what I think. It isn't interesting to you, anyway." She rose. "Come on, we'll go down to the kennels and hear the hounds bark. Don't you want to hear the hounds bark?"

Ross leaned over one of the candles and lit his cigarette.

"You're a funny girl," he said.

"Am I?" she smiled. "Will you please keep on thinking that as long as you know me? Promise me—you won't ever think anything worse, will you?"

He touched her hair very lightly with his hand. "I won't," he answered.

Two shafts of light pierced the darkness behind them, opened, fanlike, upon the shrubbery, the grass, a sector of yellow gravel. They heard the sound of wheels, crunching to a slow stop before the door of the Club; then voices and laughter. The door banged to, and the windows in the lower room were suddenly illuminated. Elaine paused, her lip caught between her teeth. She looked at Ross.

"It's a party. Maybe we'd better go in for a minute. What do you think?"

"I suppose so," he said impassively.

She hesitated, gazed for a moment at the hills, nebulous above a pale lake of mist in the moonlight. Then she walked slowly toward the house.

A blaze of light, a wave of hot perfumed air, the greeting of many voices, met them. Betty's arm shone above a circle of clustered heads; she crossed the room, two men following her.

"We're just starting," she said breathlessly. "To-morrow we're going to Bob Hemingway's." She indicated one of the men. "It's a big party; the Hulls and some Englishmen are coming over from New York. We called you up this afternoon." Her eyes rested momentarily upon Ross, standing a little detached from the group. "You're coming with us. Bring him along—it'll do him good."

"We'll need you, Mrs. Pennington," said Hemingway. "It wouldn't be a party if you weren't there. Special assortment of balls of fire coming from New York—they'll expect to be devilled within an inch of their lives." His florid, heavily grained face had a challenging smile.

She flashed a sudden, unwilled response, as if, instinctively, she caught the challenge, threw it back at him.

"Well," she said, "it sounds interesting."

"It will be," he answered solemnly.

Her eyes wandered toward Ross; he had turned away, was staring at a picture on the opposite wall; there was a suggestion of uneasiness in the stiff, uncompromising set of his shoulders.

"Oh, come on!" broke in Hemingway, impulsively. "You know you enjoyed the last party. This will be the best yet."

"Morris going?" she asked.

He nodded.

"Mr. Ross!" Ross turned and she beckoned to him. "This is Mr. Hemingway and he wants you to motor over to his farm to-morrow. Can you do it?"

"I hope you can," added Hemingway cheerily. "Mrs. Pennington is coming."

Ross shook his head.

"I'm afraid I can't to-morrow night."

"How about the next day?" Hemingway asked.

For an instant Ross paused, looked at Elaine as if seeking guidance.

"I could then," he answered.

"All right," said Hemingway. "Come as early as you can." He turned to Elaine. "I'll expect *you* to-morrow night."

IV

It was late afternoon, and Ross sat alone looking out into the garden. He sat without moving, his lean hands passive upon the arms of the wicker chair. The deep repose of physical well-being enveloped him, gave a certain powerful immobility to his attitude of waiting. As a matter of fact he had been waiting for Elaine nearly all day. For the thousandth time he visualized her slow, exquisite step, her slow, drifting motion as she came toward him. She seemed only a face—very clear—and then a shadowy image that drifted, indefinite, delightful, vague as the outline of a dream. Years ago, as a boy, he had watched clouds for

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long hours, against a clear blue sky; he had repressed the habit, and now, curiously enough, it had come back to him, strangely humanized. He settled slightly in his chair, as if to reach, for the moment, an even deeper centre of repose. He felt no impatience; the passage of time had been short in his absorbing occupation.

A voice behind him broke his day dream into iridescent fragments. His heart jumped, and he caught his breath. The thrill of actuality, more poignant than any dream, pervaded and stifled him. He rose deliberately.

"Have you been waiting long?" said Elaine.

He shook his head.

"I've been sleeping," she yawned. "When did you come?"

"About eight o'clock."

She held out her hand. "Shame I didn't get up. We had quite a party last night. I wish you'd been here." She looked reproachfully at him, still holding his hand.

"I wanted to come. You don't know how much." He seemed to struggle in the apology; between his far-sighted eyes a little wrinkle grew with the focus of his glance.

"It couldn't be done," he added, simply.

"You should have tried harder," she answered. "It might have been better—for both of us." She put her arm abruptly into his. "I'm sick of parties anyway. Let's take a walk."

Beyond the slope of lawn a country road vanished in glimmering whiteness through the green and gold of the surrounding wood. Elaine walked toward the gateway that cut the low stone wall. "I'm going to take you out into the country—what there is of it," she said.

Their feet padded noiselessly through the dust; it rose in a white cloud before them. Above the delicate tracery of the pine branches the sky shone with the deepening blue of late afternoon. It was very quiet, an acrid smell of burning brush was in the air, from the depths of the wood a bird's call echoed through the trees; burdened with a sustained and melancholy note of warning.

Elaine stopped. "Listen—that's the wood-pewee! My father always said it was the bird that warned Ulysses on the Island of Circe. He was a quaint man, my father. Do you know about Ulysses?" she added a little shyly.

Ross shook his head.

"He was a wanderer. 'Forever roaming with a hungry heart.' You understand that, don't you?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Oh," she shook her head, "so do I. I get so restless! It's like searching for something all the time, and never knowing quite what you want." She looked wistfully at him. "You seem so poised, so completely at rest. You never get upset over anything, do you?" She laughed. "You're what Bob Hemingway calls an indifferentist. And yet"—her hand slipped through his arm—"I don't think you really are an indifferentist, are you?"

"I don't know what you mean," he answered. "Whatever it is, I guess I'm usually too busy to be it."

The edge of the wood appeared before them, a glimmer of light through the brown line of tree trunks. Beyond it the meadow dropped to a stream just visible between two rows of dwarf-like willows. They walked down the slope, Elaine wading luxuriously through the long grass.

"It's the last of summer, isn't it?" She leaned down and pulled a handful of feathery blades. "It hovers about us for one last moment—like to-day, and then"—she threw the grass into the air—"it goes, like everything else. I wonder where it goes. You're wise, do you know?"

Ross smiled at her. "You run on like a stream, Elaine," he said, with amused tenderness.

They reached the willows, and Elaine seated herself on the bank. "Let's sit here for a while and watch the water. Come on!" She patted the grass at her side.

For a moment they sat in silence watching the rippling color that broke from the waves in tiny flashes of gold and orange. In the still pools above the current the light from the setting sun glowed in vivid crimson and yellow against the steel-blue reflection of the sky. A faint mist rose above the sedgy banks, blurring the stretch of meadow with its ghostlike

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breath. Elaine leaned forward, her chin upon her hands.

"You'd never believe we were anywhere near that awful house, would you? Maybe you didn't think it was so awful?" She smiled whimsically at him. "You would if you knew as much as I do."

"Pretty bad, was it?" he said seriously.

"Yes, it was pretty bad." Her gaze rested upon the still water that lay so tranquilly beneath its shimmering mirage of color. "Oh"—she stretched out her arms with a sudden gesture of escape—"the wearying, scattering distractingness of our life! I wonder sometimes how we ever live it! We scurry about from one little thing to another like driven animals, and we don't even know who drives us! Altogether it's an odd performance!" she said, with a little twist to her smile.

"You seem to enjoy it," he answered.

"No, we don't," she said bitterly. "It's just habit, and a craving for excitement, that's all."

"Tell me"—her eyes were fixed on the water—"are you ever sorry for things you do?"

"Sometimes," he answered.

"Oh, I do such foolish things, and then I hate myself, just *hate* myself!" She turned away and Ross caught the profile of her face glowing faintly in the reflection from the stream. "I don't know why I do them either."

He touched her hair, a light touch, curiously awkward in its restraint.

"I'm beginning to understand how you all live. It isn't healthy, Elaine."

"It isn't." Her voice trembled. "I wish I could escape, but I can't. I was born into this life, it's eaten into my fibre so deeply it's become a part of me, I guess. If only—" she stopped abruptly.

"If what?"

"Oh, I have no reason to complain. We're masters of our own fate. We make ourselves, day by day. Only"—she laughed bitterly—"now and then we see what we've made, and sometimes, my dear, we're not very proud of it."

The eagle-like look in Ross' face had gone, his eyes were more vague and far-seeing than ever. "I don't think women are always masters of their fate. I think men have a lot to do with that. It's always been my belief," he said decidedly.

"Oh! but you have so many beliefs. I think the West must be a land of beliefs. Tell me, Malcolm"—she hesitated over the name—"why is that?" Her face touched his coat, rested against it, as if for one instant she smelt the tang of rough homespun and tobacco.

"I don't know that it's true," he said. "We can't trust everybody any more than you can. We've got some bad men out there, and some bad women. They're kind of separated more from the others though. It's hard to explain." The wrinkle grew between his eyes. "You see, when we're bad why we're bad and no mistake. We don't think or talk much about it—we just go ahead. There isn't any bluff that way with us. I guess it's the country," he said reflectively.

"How is it the country?" she questioned, her eyes on his face.

"Well," he continued in a slow voice, "you can't bluff wind and rain and cold the way you can people. That's what we're up against all the time. The trouble with you is you have too many people."

"We're too civilized, you mean?"

He hesitated for a moment as if formulating some expression for his thought. "It's not exactly my idea of civilization, not what I've seen. It's too many people and too much money all bunched together. A man gets soft. You know a man's got to be awfully wise before he gets soft, otherwise he's liable to just get rotten. I don't know whether you all are wise enough yet." He looked sombrely out over the water and the lines of his face tightened. "I know I couldn't stand it," he said.

Elaine leaned back, her hands clasped behind her head.

"You think things out, don't you?"

"I have to," he answered without a hint of self-appreciation. "You see, I wasn't educated much when I was a boy."

"Was it hard, your boyhood?" she asked gently.

"Yes," he said with a reminiscent smile, "I suppose it was."

"Tell me about it," she pleaded.

"Not much to tell, just what everybody else had. Plenty of work and a little fight. It's that way now," he added in a matter-of-fact voice.

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"Plenty of work and a little fight," she repeated to herself. "I'd like to tell that to somebody! You're right we are—so soft that we're absolutely *rotten!*" She stood up, and her fingers closed tightly against her palms.

"Do you know, it hurts me to think that you could find it out so easily!"

Ross got slowly to his feet. His look was humble, almost beseeching. "I didn't mean to hurt you, Elaine," he said. The dark color of his face seemed gray in the twilight. "I don't know how I came to do it. You understand I didn't mean to, don't you?"

For an instant she did not speak or move, only stood looking at him with eyes that shone quite unaccountably in the still pallor of her face.

"I can't imagine your hurting any woman," she said. "You needn't apologize to me." She held out her hand. "Come on, I'm going to take you back."

Ross' fingers closed about her hand, he looked dumbly at her as if incapable of speech or movement. She could imagine that she heard the beating of his heart, that she could feel it pulsing through her in a current of deep inarticulate desire. For an instant she fought against an overpowering weakness, an irresistible force that drew her toward him, and then her head drooped, she put out her hand, and reached blindly for his shoulder.

"I wish you'd take me away," she sobbed.

His arms closed about her like the gates to some deep perilously sought refuge.

"Away from—everything?" he said in a steady voice.

"Yes, from everything—but you."

V

Ross stood at the window looking out into the dusk. He was not given to visions, and yet in some unaccountable way he kept seeing Elaine's face, a pale and insubstantial image floating within the shadows that crossed the garden. It gave strength to his resolution, fortified him in the decision he had reached an hour ago when she had asked him to take her away. The conventions meant nothing to him—the fact that he would take her from someone to whom she belonged meant a great deal. It had happened now and then, within his observation; he had always regarded it as a species of theft. Any punishment awarded was usually merited. But in her case it was different. She was dying spiritually, and she had appealed to him. That gave him the right to act, to fulfil the almost overwhelming desire which otherwise he would have beaten down mercilessly. The resolution had grown in his mind, had crystallized into a definite intention. He did not pick at it—turn it over and over, as a weaker man would have done. His only concern now was one of method.

He dressed leisurely, rolling cigarette after cigarette with steady fingers. There was only one way to do the thing, have it out, straight from the shoulder, with Pennington. A divorce could be arranged, people went to Reno or some such place. He remembered a lawyer, a man of unpleasant, oily manner, who had come through the country, hunting. He had put him up at the Ranch, and had listened, for one short evening, to stories told with a disgusting enjoyment. He would take care of all that himself—there would be no stories told about Elaine in Reno, or anywhere else. A cold anger against Pennington swept over him. Pennington was an obstacle capable only of creating the semblance of indecency. A man like that had no right to any woman, and the sooner he was told the better. He dug his brush through his hair with vicious strokes. Pennington might as well be seen, and the whole thing settled.

His knock at the door brought Pennington in the last stages of dressing.

"Oh, hello," he said, standing in the doorway as if expecting Ross to state his mission.

Ross merely nodded.

"Elaine," Pennington called, over his shoulder. "Mr. Ross is here." He smiled affably at Ross. "Almost dressed—let you in in a minute. How've you been?" Beneath his lifted chin he completed the final touches to his tie.

"Quite well," said Ross.

"Have a good time here, don't you?" His pale eyes wavered expressionlessly in the vicinity of Ross' face. "Get over, last night?"

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"No."

Pennington cleared his throat. The difficulty of the conversation seemed to oppress him and he looked back into the room.

"All right, Elaine?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Come in," he said expansively, swinging the door open.

Ross felt, rather than saw, a spot of vivid rose glowing beneath the shaded light that hung above the couch. Elaine was seated there looking at him. She did not speak, and for an instant he let his glance dwell on her, absorbing the color of her gown against the gray stuff of the couch, the exquisite pallor of her face, and the dark outline of her hair that rimmed her low forehead. He realized that her eyes were fixed on him with a startled, almost frightened look; for an instant it troubled him, gave him an unfamiliar sense of doubt and insecurity. He brushed it aside and turned squarely to Pennington.

"I came to have a talk with you," he said.

"Right O! Sit down, won't you?" Pennington seated himself on the couch. "Have a drink," he said suddenly, as if he had forgotten something.

Ross shook his head.

Pennington waited, his fat white hands resting upon his knees. His eyes moved unhappily as if he were suffering from some internal disturbance, and he began to fidget with the buttons of his waistcoat.

"Mr. Pennington," said Ross gravely, "I'm in love with your wife."

Pennington rubbed his chin, his face showed mingled relief and amusement.

"You are, are you? I wondered what you were so damn serious about! Well," he said cheerfully, "I can't blame you. Lots of men have been in love with Elaine, although I don't know that any of them ever bothered to tell *me* about it." He smiled pleasantly and then looked around at Elaine.

Her face was hidden, her eyes fixed on the carpet.

"You don't get me," said Ross gently. "I want to marry her."

The other looked at him with blank astonishment.

"What!" he stammered.

"I want to marry her," repeated Ross.

Pennington's forehead puckered into a frown. He eyed Ross narrowly as if he had suddenly grown into something formidable and threatening.

"How long have you wanted to marry her, may I ask?"

"For some time."

The muscles about Pennington's mouth twitched irresolutely, he continued to regard Ross with a puzzled, almost frightened air.

"You know really I don't understand this at all!" He turned sharply around. "Elaine, what's this all about anyway?"

"He means what he says, I suppose," she said in a dull voice.

Pennington breathed heavily through his nose. "Why, damn it all," he said feebly, "this sounds like a comic opera. We don't do that way here. Elaine," he almost shouted, "get up and tell me what in the devil this all means! Do you want to marry this man?"

Elaine got to her feet, her eyes went from one to the other with a dazed, almost uncomprehending look. "I told him this afternoon I wanted him to take me away." She looked piteously at Ross, as if seeking his aid.

"That's what I want to do," he answered promptly.

Pennington walked over to him. "Well, you can't do it, and I'll tell you that right now. This is a bit of damn foolishness, and nothing else. Elaine doesn't want to leave me. She may think she does, but she doesn't. I know her much better than you do." He shook his head significantly. "This is a piece of acting, this is."

Ross' hands gripped the mantelpiece. He opened his mouth as if to speak, and then looked down.

"You're wrong," he said quietly.

"No, I'm not," snapped the other.

"You are!" His voice shook with an intense effort at control. "She's unhappy here. I think she would be happy with me."

"She'd be unhappy anywhere," grunted Pennington. "I tell you—you don't know her." He looked at his watch. "Let's stop talking nonsense and go down to dinner."

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Ross shot out an arm; a spasm of pain flickered over Pennington's face and he pulled himself away with unexpected agility.

"Man, you've got a grip," he snarled.

"Hadn't you better ask her what she thinks?" the other suggested in a polite voice.

"I don't propose to ask her anything," said Pennington glaring at him.

"Yes, you do," Ross replied firmly. "If you don't, I will."

Pennington tossed his head as if to escape from the intolerableness of the situation. He turned to Elaine. "Do you want a divorce?" he said, with the suggestion of a sneer.

She twisted her handkerchief in a tight band about her fingers, and stared vacantly before her, as if at something that had unexpectedly arisen.

A dizziness swept over Ross, a part of his brain seemed suddenly to turn over; he caught himself and took a deep breath, every nerve in his body tingling in an effort to give her support.

"Do you want a divorce?" repeated Pennington.

"I—I hadn't really thought about it," she said in a frightened voice.

"Well, think about it now," he answered brutally. "If you want one, I'll give it to you." He waited, a glitter of triumph in his eyes. "Of course, you can't live here," he went on. "I don't suppose you'll mind that, though. I understand there's social life of a sort on a ranch." He looked in the direction of Ross. "What do you raise, sheep or 'dudes?'"

The knuckles of Ross' hands upon the mantelpiece were white, and his face was still as a carven image.

"If you want it you can have it," continued Pennington in a slow, purring voice. "I'll see Johnny Hutchinson tomorrow. Give you alimony, *pendente lite*, or whatever they call it." He waved his hands graciously. "That's what Montie gave Lillian Margeson. She's living in the West somewhere, Indiana, I think. I suppose she's happy—at any rate we don't hear much from her." He stopped in front of Elaine. "Well, what do you say?"

She sank down suddenly on the couch. "Oh, don't start to-morrow," she cried in a stifled voice.

Pennington smiled contemptuously at Ross. "You're a good deal of a fool, my dear man," he said. "Grabbing me by the arm and telling me I don't know my own wife!" The anger in his eyes was evaporating, he breathed less heavily through his nose, and his face resumed its habitual look of mild and futile rapacity. "I'd no objection to your seeing Elaine. I haven't now. Only"—he glared ineffectually at Ross—"you mustn't try to break things up. It isn't done."

Ross looked beyond him to Elaine—a crumpled, listless figure, pathetically remote in its attitude of defeat. He saw the dim drift of her hair, the curve of her face, tragic, appealing, and yet, so inevitably beyond his help. A savage impulse swept over him, to run to her, to carry her from the room; it beat within his brain, shot in sudden nervous spasms through the lean fingers that clutched the mantel. He looked steadily at her, but she did not lift her head. The impulse ebbed, gave way, he felt a sickening sense of paralysis, a soft yielding resistance, wrapping him in its folds, striking like a chill mist into his heart. He realized that he did not know her, that he did know the man who was standing before him, that he was, and always would be, hopelessly alien to them and all their kind. It came upon him, a sudden revelation, filling him with an anger that burned above a stark and aching loneliness.

Elaine lifted her head; she looked at Pennington with a dull weariness, as if she contemplated something repulsive, inescapable, familiar to the point of disgust. Her face seemed a little sunken, the lines of the mouth a little deeper, in the shadow of her eyes hovered a restless flicker of pain. She raised her hands to her hair with a slow encircling gesture, and then dropped suddenly on the couch, her head buried in her arms.

Very quietly Ross walked from the room.

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The Present Hour

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

I, WHO am God, being Love,
Flowing through all the universe of space,
Within, above,
Petal and star obedient to my will;
Forever present, though time veil my face,
In struggling hearts, though alway baffled, still
From all eternity a white desire,
An upward leaping flame of fire,—
At all mankind waxed wroth.

I, who had granted them joy for growth,
Sorrow and pain whereby to find their way,
Saw them betray
The higher hope wherein their race had birth.
The sons of God went crawling close to earth,
Forgot the upward urge, crept down the slope
Whereon I bade them climb; in lust and greed
Betrayed the higher need;
Forgot their fellows, leaving them to groan
While each man sought his own,
Broken and scattered, who had held high aim
Of being one in me. Then, near and far
Hot gleamed my rage, from star to molten star,
A universe in my white wrath aflame.
. . . . . .

Alone, alone, for wrath is isolation, I
Quivered through earth and air and sea and sky,
Casting off man, knowing no hope for him.
Then my might waxèd dim,
And mine omnipotence within me strove,
Shot through with sudden dread:
Were I not less than God in being less than Love?

Should Love grow faint and frail
The vast of things would crumble; world by world
And sun by sun, in trembling ruin hurled
A universe lie dead.

Sudden my Godhead swept exulting back;
My very self their lack,
Breath of my being is the human wail.
Enduring passion of creative power,
I, in the creatures of an hour,
Hope, bear, believe, endure, and may not fail.
. . . . . .

I bend mine ear
Once more above the utter need of men,
Striving to hear,
As erst from all eternity, again
The whispers faint that syllable my name.

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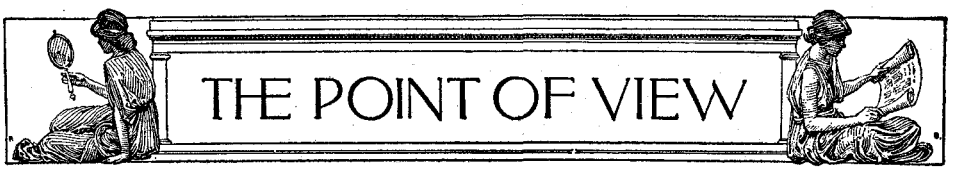
From out a world of broken faith and promises forgot, there came
Even now the word which sayeth all things, Love;
The very word a prayer,
The word a golden stair,
Whereon the stumbling heart of man climbs to my heart above.



I AM a great friend of little pilgrimages to shrines so obscure that even their most ardent worshippers would be surprised to hear that they had drawn a single traveller over long roads. So these words were enough to start me travelling: "Edward Rose (died 1653), buried outside the south wall of Barnes parish church, left a bequest to provide a constant succession of rose-trees to grow on his grave." I wanted to see whether Mr. Rose's rose-trees were still living.

Mr. Rose, of Barnes

The last stage of the journey from Princeton, on the D. and R. canal, to Barnes on the Thames, was not costly. An autobus took me, for the modest sum of sixpence, from Piccadilly to the edge of the borough, and as I walked across the common which separates Barnes from its railroad station —a vast field with grass so withered from the long drought as to suggest grave doubts about finding the roses of Mr. Rose in bloom —my imagination was busy with his character. Had he been a sentimentalist who had loved roses all his life, tending them with his own hands so long as he was able, and leaving to all future generations a record of his tireless affection for them? Or was the bequest an illustration of another sort of passion strong in death; the tyrannous habit of an inveterate punster, playing his favorite game of juggling with words even in the face of the last enemy? I hoped vaguely that some answer to these questions would come to me beside his grave.

The church of Barnes is concealed behind acres of those infinitesimal brick dwellings which abound in the suburbs of London, and suggest, by their refulgent door-knobs, their curtains white as hoar frost on the pane, and their yards as small and gay as colored handkerchiefs, the gratitude of women escaped from crowded tenements to homes of their own, managed on incomes as tiny as the buildings which house them. The older and probably the wealthier part of the borough, lies beyond the church, and I did not explore it; for I could not imagine that the house of Mr. Rose survived, and I was intent on him.

The parish church of Barnes is not large, and if all the dwellers in the multitude of little homes, whom I liked to imagine as happy as their houses looked pleasant, should determine to attend it, let us say on the first Sunday of the year, surely they would have to come in many relays. Nor is the building in its present form very old. I noticed only the old brick of the tower—those bricks of soft, warm red which, perhaps, even more than the lines of the architecture, give its charm to near-by Hampton Court. But the little churchyard was crowded with old trees and old graves, snuggled up to the walls of the church as if their occupants had loved it in life and wished to lie close to it in death. I walked twice around the building looking for a rose-bush or the name of Edward Rose, while the murmurs of worship floated out through the open windows. My pilgrimage was at its height, my quest was incomplete, and then suddenly my ear caught the unmistakable sounds of the end of worship. The congregation was coming out! Should these pious folk find me lurking in the churchyard, plainly convicted of absence from morning prayer? Seized with sudden panic I fled, and Barnes knew me no more.

That no highly floriferous rose-bush was visible on August 14, 1921, in the yard of the parish church at Barnes—that the name of Edward Rose is not there writ on any tombstone so that he who runs may read—I can swear. But I cannot swear that beside a modest stone bearing half illegibly the

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name ROSE, a rose-tree, much depressed by drought, may not have been sturdily holding its own and waiting for better days to bloom.

Yet my pilgrimage did not fail. I saw, indeed, no rose on the grave of Mr. Rose, but my spirit went out to search for his. I thought of him with pleasure and I was enough interested in him to wish very much to meet him. What more can one do for the most living of strangers? As for the impiety—well, it was wise to avoid scandal to the most pious part of the people of the gentle borough of Barnes, but I fulfilled, after two hundred and sixty-eight years, the pathetically human wish of Edward Rose that he should not be forgotten—and to carry out the last wish of the dead, is not that an act of piety?

Our Pet Superstitions

THEY are of all sorts and kinds—our pet superstitions. Some of them we play with, and pretend to adopt, because we find them amusing; some, and those of the most senseless, we take seriously. What, for instance, could be more utterly silly than the refusal to accept a black pin? And yet, only a few years ago I heard a woman who asked for a pin decline a black one, although it was more appropriate for its destined use than any other could be. She was a person who rather fancied herself, on account of her exclusive social position. "Oh no," she said, with a deprecatory apologetic smile, "I don't think I could take a *black* pin." In my childhood I had heard of that superstition, but didn't believe that it prevailed any longer among civilized people.

Really, beside such puerility, you regard with respect the belief prevailing among certain savage tribes that a man's name (being an integral part of himself) must not be mentioned, lest it come into possession of an enemy who, by the aid of magic, may use it to work him harm. In fact, the belief that one's name is a part of oneself can be understood by any one who has toiled over the naming of the characters of fiction. For truly the name is part of a fictitious person, and must fit him if he is to seem to live. It is only in real life that you can live down an unsuitable name.

Then there is our unlucky Friday. How many people there are who really do regard it with apprehension. But somewhere in the world each day in the week is unlucky. Why discriminate? Sunday, to be sure, is fortunate except in Christendom, where its bad luck is only a retribution for desecration; with one curious exception. Why should it be believed that if you fall ill on a Sunday you will surely die? And why, among good Christians, should a Sunday excursion in a sailboat be considered more ill-omened than, for instance, a ride or a drive? For that matter, the horse may need his rest, and you make him work. I don't know of any superstitions about motor-cars, but there might well be some.

As to Monday: In Russia no one took a journey on Monday. In Germany one didn't enter a new building, make a marriage, or send a child to school for the first time on that day. One doesn't know what they do now, but these superstitions are comparatively recent. Tuesday, as far as one can learn, seems to be comparatively free from ill luck, but one must look out for Wednesday. On that day witches were out and storms brewed and Judas betrayed Christ; and it was made one of the fast-days of the Church. Thursday has been unluckiest of all. There was hardly anything you could do. You couldn't be married, or attend to your cattle, or comb your children's hair. But there was one thing you could do. You could hold public meetings. Thursday was the day of judgments, since Thor confirmed laws with his hammer, and the other meetings followed naturally; incidentally, our own college commencements. But Friday, our ill-omened Friday, seems to have been lucky, especially for courting and marriage and for games of chance. It was Christianity which, failing to eradicate the worship of Venus in the south and Freya in the north, on the one hand, preached that since Venus and Freya were devils, their day must be unlucky, and on the other hand laid stress on the memories of Christ's Passion; although the Eastern Church personified Friday and then turned her into Saint Prascovia (Saint Friday) to be specially venerated on that day. Saturday really seems to be the only all-round unlucky day, when you must cease from most kinds of activity. Yet if you are impious enough to begin to spin on a Saturday you must spin your spindle full, else the witches will get your yarn and make knots in it. But all these legends will never make any difference to you if Friday is your pet super-

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stition. Better be on the safe side, you will say.

The superstitions of the card-table are many. You laugh about them, play with them because they are picturesque, choose the pack from which you have drawn the deal, change your seat to get on the lucky side of the table, and perhaps, if you take your game quite seriously, you always slip into your chair from the right, and never, never from the left.

The ballroom, too, has its omens. Once, sitting in the chaperons' row of chairs behind those of the dancers, I saw a girl walk across the room and seat herself in the chair of a young girl who used it only to hang her favors on, since she never stopped dancing. "Why does she do that?" I asked my neighbor, an Englishwoman. "She's Scotch," said my neighbor. "She thinks that a popular girl's chair will bring her luck. She hasn't been dancing much." I thought it would have been more to the point to have had the poor dear taught to dance better—but there she was, she and her superstition.

Quite recently I have encountered a new superstition, perfectly absurd and yet evidently compelling to a large number of women. The other day I received a note from a friend, apologizing for the enclosure it contained. Her own copy had been sent to her by a woman whom she couldn't refuse, and who, by the way, was the wife of a man in high official position. A well-educated woman, accustomed to the world. It was as follows:

"The Endless Prayer Chain.—'God bless our Soldiers and Sailors and keep them in the hollow of His hand.'—This was received by me on May 16th, 1921. It is said to have gone around the world. Copy it and see what happens on the seventh day. It is said that all who write it will be taken care of, and one who breaks the chain will meet with misfortune. Send it to seven married women, and on the seventh day you will meet with great joy. Please do not break the chain. It was started on Flanders Field. Sign your name in full."

When one thinks how many groups of "seven married women"—and I'll venture to say, without much thought of the Soldiers and Sailors—have exclaimed impatiently: "What an awful nuisance this is, and *why* did she send it? I've a great mind not to do it—but one never knows; better be on the safe side," and with a thrill of real apprehension of the mysterious misfortune threatened by the breaking of the chain, have copied the missive and selfishly sent it on its troublesome way to seven times seven women—well, when one thinks of that, one realizes that we are still in the bonds of superstition.

As for me, I broke the chain. This was not my pet superstition.

The Pursuit of Happiness

ALL day it rained, and that, in a country which is accustomed to reckon on a clock-work thunder-storm at noon and otherwise blazing blue sky and sunshine, is distinctly disconcerting. It was peculiarly disconcerting on the anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, when all Denver—and all Denver at this time of year includes a goodly proportion of the inhabitants of the Eastern States—had taken to the mountains in pursuit of that happiness which the Fourth of July guarantees us as an inalienable right. What did the signers of the Declaration mean by the pursuit of happiness, anyway?

We, and most of the other inhabitants of Denver, started for home that afternoon down the Big Thompson. The Big Thompson is the kind of canyon you have always dreamed about, if you are an Easterner, and never expected to see. A wild, brown river goes tearing through the heart of the hills. Great walls of rock rise up on either side. Whole mountains seem to block your path, and then, suddenly, the road doubles and you see the passage through. Pine-trees grow, apparently by faith alone, straight out of the rocky walls. Flying buttresses of rock, wine-red and brick-red and gold and green, project into the river and the river leaps and roars and tumbles, mile after mile of seething creamy foam. To-day gray clouds sit upon the hills and all the rocks are terrible with rain. The river tears at the rocks, shaping and making the canyon as you watch. You are seeing Nature at her work, you are gazing on creation, a sight almost too wonderful for the eyes of man. Is this what the signers of the Declaration meant by happiness?

Our car, in second gear, slides down the red road cut into the side of the cliff. We hug the rock wall at the turns and send the warning notes of our horn echoing raucously far ahead. Again and again we pass

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little plateaus, green and tree-shaded, backed by sheer walls of rock. Each one has a whole flock of flimsy wooden cabins conscientiously labelled with their names, "Mutt and Jeff," "Wildrose," or "Bidea-wee." For every settlement there is a store or two dispensing the necessities of life, gasolene and cigars and soda water; and for every other settlement, a dancing pavillion where couples whirl to the strains of a hoarse Victrola. Is this, perhaps, what the signers meant by happiness?

There are other sheltered spots along the river where man has pitched his tent, a strange contraption of weather-beaten canvas attached to the stern of the family Ford. While father, in hip boots, whips the foaming stream with a fly-rod, mother, buxom but as unconcerned in khaki knickerbockers as her youngest daughter, is keeping up the camp-fire. Perhaps this is what the signers meant by happiness?

Now we are out of the canyon and embarked on the countless miles across the plains to Denver. The driver has told us that the road is bad, but we, being Easterners, are unconcerned; we do not know what a bad road is. Endlessly it stretches away across the plains, twisting and turning, up hill and down, a boundless sea of mud; soft mud that slides and slithers under your wheels; thick mud that sticks and clings; winding, crisscross ruts, inches deep, that shake and pull you this way and that if you swerve by so much as a hair's breadth from their devious path; mud holes where you stall and must climb out again in low gear; little ponds which your car fords gallantly, its wheels churning up fountains of red spray. And all because of that unscheduled rain. In dry weather, and the weather is supposed to be dry, it is not a bad road at all.

The cars stretch out along the road before and behind us as far as the eye can see. There are, at a cautious guess, two hundred of them. The pursuers of happiness have turned to the pursuit of home. Any motorist east of the Mississippi would cast one glance at that expanse of mud and pronounce the road impassable. If one man dared negotiate it he would be proclaimed a hero. But here they all plunge in with glorious unconcern, Fords and Marmons, limousines and touring-cars, sedans and trucks and roadsters. They are driven by skilled chauffeurs, by nonchalant, long-limbed men in wide-brimmed hats, by stalwart mothers of families, by little boys of twelve. And every car is loaded to the gunwales with camping equipment, with tents and frying-pans, with babies and baskets and bird-cages.

The rain slants down cold and gray. Night comes on and the search-lights flash out, each one fixed, as steadily as possible, on the lurching rear of the car ahead. Slowly, slowly, one after another we creep and slither and skid. Woe betide the miserable few who are going in the opposite direction. There are not many places where the road is wide enough for two and they must wait in those places while scores of cars stagger past. Occasionally there is a break in the line, a stretch of harder road-bed, and some bold spirit seizes his chance to dash, skidding madly, ahead—and gains two places.

A bridge is down, we must make a détour—we are travelling, let me tell you, on the Lincoln Highway—and the détour takes us across the fields of a young farmer who stands at his gate and collects a quarter from each car, the easiest money he has earned in many a long day. A détour in this country, where the roads run parallel and very far apart, means three sides of a square and each side all of a mile long. Except for that there is nothing to choose between main-road and cross-road mud.

Back on the highway again, but suddenly the whole line comes to a reluctant, jerky halt. Trouble up ahead, what is it? Three big ten-passenger motor-buses are in the ditch, and their scarlet bulk, gay even in the wet darkness, blocks the road. Men and boys clamber out of all the near-by cars, descend into the ditch, heave, strain, and push the buses out. Caked with mud, the men climb back into their machines and the long line of lights slides on again. Why did any Western member of the A. E. F. ever complain of the roads in France?

There is an illusion here of the road to Verdun as the endless line of cars lurches through the blackness and the rain along the muddy track between the sodden fields; but those convoys travelled for a purpose, a matter of life and death—and these are travelling in the pursuit of happiness.

Whatever the signers of the Declaration think of our definitions of happiness they must feel satisfaction in the fact that we most certainly do pursue it.

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On the Making of Bronzes

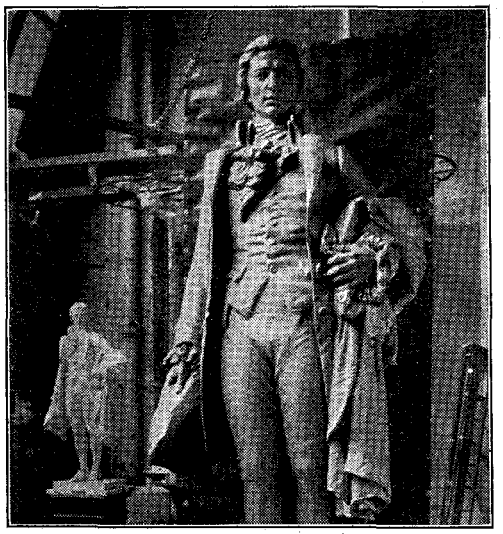
BY LOUISE EBERLE

TO the ninety and nine the mystery of how a statue gets into bronze is far greater and more interesting than the mystery of how a sculptor, without the painter's advantage of color or background, or the illusion of distance, can produce a work of art that, equally with the painted picture, touches the heart and the imagination of mankind.

A sculptor showed a friend the detailed process of making a cast, and the friend summarized this whole point of view:

"Then all you had to do was to make the original model," was what he said.

So this is the story of the cast—leaving the sculptor's interests to take care of themselves.



Original model and enlargement of "Alexander Hamilton," by James Earle Fraser.

When the sculptor has conceived his idea and brought it forth, with infinite study and patience and labor, and it stands before him in perishable modelling wax or clay that any vagrant chance might ruin, the great man steps back and sends for that humble artisan, the plaster-caster, and places his child's life in his hands, so to speak. And it is curiously like the mythological tale of Ceres, to whom the child Triptolemus was intrusted, and who horrified the mother by nestling the infant in a cosey bed of coals to make him immortal. The artist is supposed to be temperamental, yet he grows accustomed to submitting each piece of his life-work to an intricate process that can be bungled more easily than most things, and that always includes a moment when the whole thing hangs over the abyss of possible total loss.

We'll suppose the sculptor is modelling Psyche. Being small, she is in olive-gray plastiline (modelling-wax) in which minute detail can be obtained better than in clay. When she is finished, as far as the artist is concerned, he hands her over to Tony or Francisco, or whoever is doing his casting, hands over all the subleties of his art, in soft material that a touch would mar.

Tony wraps her very gently in soft wet paper. Then he takes lumps of modelling-clay and rolls them flat, with some handy implement like an old beer bottle. From these sheets he cuts pieces which fit into every fold of drapery or around every turn of the figure, without overlapping and without gaps. The coat of clay is from one to one and a half inches thick, and the work is neater, even, than a pastry-cook's, the caster's resemblance to whom is made perfect by the white plaster dusting him and the square paper cap he often wears. When the coat is done he takes a big bowl and mixes just enough water and just enough plaster and just enough salt—salt makes the plaster harden quickly. Meanwhile he has

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"The Spirit of Life," by Daniel Chester French.

fenced off a part of the now corpulent figure of Psyche—usually he fences off half, so as to have two parts—and onto the fenced-off part he pours his plaster mixture. When it has set he removes the fences, greases the edge of the plaster so that the next batch will not stick to it, and cuts nicks in it so that the pieces will lock together afterward. Then he pours on more of his mixture, and so covers the entire figure with a plaster shell.

When this shell has set and is removed in its sections, Psyche's clay coat and the paper wrapping are taken off as carefully as they were put on, and Psyche goes back into her shell, which is held together immovably by still another coating of plaster, in a solid piece this time. And as the sectional shell was built close about the base on which the statue stands, with no intervening clay or paper, the shell goes back in the same relative position as before, so that there is between the figure and the shell a space as wide as the thickness of the clay coat the figure wore when the cast was made. All this time the caster has been heating over the gas-burner a pot of smelly and coarse gelatine—which is glue, of course. When the mixture is just right it is poured like so much fudge filling in through a hole in the top of the shell till all the space between Psyche and her prison wall is filled and she herself is completely buried in warm glue.

When this glue is about the consistency of very stiff blanc mange, the plaster shell is removed in its sections, and there is a mass of glue, a duplicate of what Psyche was in her overcoat of paper and clay. But what is to separate this kernel from its clinging seamless wrapping? When one sees the caster take up a knife, one remembers the judgment of Solomon, and is inclined to cry out for the preservation, at any cost, of the lovely thing within. But the knife makes a slit here and a cut there, and one discovers that the gelatine coating is highly elastic, for the cut parts are drawn back, and with a good deal of pulling and squeezing poor Psyche is extracted in shapeless hunks and dabs from her yielding jacket, and thrown in handfuls back into the plastiline bin. And now all that is left

"Gittel," by A. St. Leger Èberle—a bronze cast made by the "lost wax" process.

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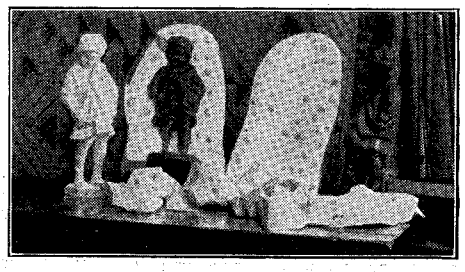
of the artist's conception and labor is a hollow shell of wabbly gelatine that may contain bubbles just where the subtlest bit of modelling was, and that is only good for two or three days at best, for the gelatine keeps on hardening, and is worthless when its pliability is gone.

This empty mould is then cleaned—kerosened, alummed, talcum-powdered—anything to remove every suspicion of plastiline from its inner surface, and then it is put back in its outer shell to keep it from stretching anywhere, and is filled brimful of the same plaster mixture of which the shell itself was made.



Left.—Painting the melted wax into the oiled piece mould.

The front and back parts of the mould are then tied together, and enough of a stiffer wax is poured in to form a hollow mould of the figure.

Right.—The piece mould partly taken off the finished wax.

Another wax and the plaster shell from which the mould was made are beside it. Note the "dowels" by which the pieces of the mould are made to lock together.

It is at this point that the artist can once more claim to be something in connection with his work of art, for, when the plaster hardens, the gelatine mould is pulled and coaxed off, and there stands the lost Psyche, restored to her creator in a form more permanent than the one in which he created her.

The artists like this gelatine mould, for, besides producing good results, it may be used over again for two or three figures in the round, or for from five to twenty casts of medals, according to their simplicity or complication of design. This does not mean that only this limited number of casts from any figure, by the gelatine-mould process, is possible. Casts may be made from the other plaster casts that came out of the first glue mould. But if copies are made from copies—first, second, third, and so on—outlines become blurred and sharp edges dulled.

Now that the plaster cast stands complete, the result is only a beginning for the bronze caster. Off goes the figure to a bronze foundry where they specialize in the fine work that sculptors require. The figure is oiled, and a piece mould is made of it just as the piece mould was made of the padded-out Psyche, except that this mould is in many more sections. For a piece mould of a plaster figure must have no "undercuts"—that is, pieces whose outlines double back, as under a fold of drapery or around a limb, and that could not, consequently, be lifted off without injury either to the mould or the figure. When the whole statue is covered with the sections of a plaster shell that fit together perfectly—with nicked edges, called keys, to lock them—these are lifted off the statue (which is uninjured this time) and are put together again. Then coats of wax stiffened with resin are painted into the interior if it is accessible, or else the hot wax is poured in and out several times until there is a hollow wax shell about a quarter of an inch thick. This wax mould is not as sharp as the original, and seams appear on it wherever the pieces of shell joined each other. A number of these waxes are generally made, for—especially if the statue is a small one—it is probable that there will be several bronze casts, and a wax is necessary for each bronze. The sculptor retouches these waxes, using a heated metal tool with which he can work the wax into shape, and if he spoils one there is another to take its place. And, as it is necessary, even with the advantage of a piece mould, for the cast-

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er to make a figure of any complications in sections, there is the amusing spectacle of the artist sitting at work, surrounded by legs and heads and arms and bodies, welding them with his hot tool, and correcting any flaw in the wax.

The perfected wax goes into the hands of the caster again, and then he does two of the most mysterious-looking of all the mysterious things in the process. The inside of the wax shell is filled with a core of plaster and cement and pulverized terra-cotta, for both the weight and the cost of bronze make a solid statue unfeasible. Then the caster sticks

The artist's finished model (in plastiline), which is to be cast in plaster of paris.

brought to a common terminal near the base of the figure. They are called "gates," and when they are done the statue is covered with a very thick shell of the same mixture which went into the core, poured on solid.

After this the whole thing is put into a special oven and the wax shell is melted out. The melted wax rods run out first, of course, and through the channels thus provided the rest of the wax is able to escape also, till there is nothing left but the core and the outer shell, which is a perfect, if inside-out, duplicate of the statue.

Left.—Pouring the glue (or gelatine) into the shell and around the head which is inside.
Centre.—The shell open, showing the gelatine, which has set. The original model has been removed and the space it occupied filled with plaster of paris and water.
Right.—The plaster has set, and the gelatine mould is being pulled off. Notice its flexibility. Several plaster copies can be made from this mould.

long iron nails into the statue in the less important parts,—only four or five nails if the statue is small. These are not driven in up to the heads, but project on both sides, and their purpose is to join the core to the shell that is about to be made, so as to keep the two in unchanged relationship while making the final cast. The other mystery is the cutting and rolling of long rod-like pieces of the wax, which are stuck to the statue here and there, their loose ends all being

After this double shell has been emptied the whole thing is buried upside down in the ground, for such protection alone will prevent the bursting of the shell when the bronze is poured in. Only the "gates" protrude, and now their purpose appears, for in through them is poured the white-hot iridescent bronze which must reach every part of the statue at practically the same time so that there may be no failure of the bronze to form a perfect whole because of any dif-

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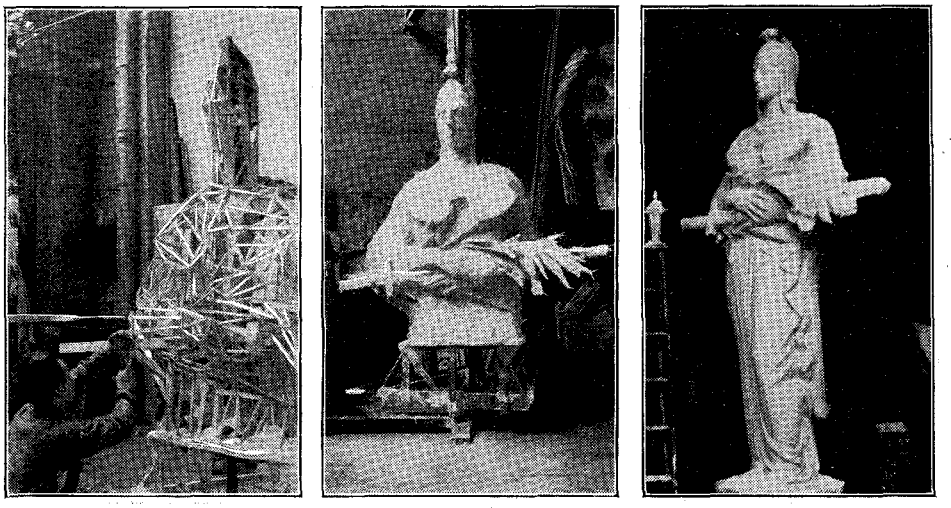

Left.—Armature of laths being made for enlargement of statue.
Centre.—Armature partly filled in with plaster of paris, and showing the nails whose heads give the exact outline of the final statue.
Right.—The plaster enlargement complete, showing also the original from which it was made.

ference in temperature. When it has cooled it is unearthed, the terra-cotta shell is broken away, the core dug out, leaving a hollow bronze statue adorned with bronze rods where the gates were. When these are filed off, the statue is bathed in nitric acid, and is really done at last, all but the coloring of the bronze.

So there is your bronze statue, and, considering it, one wonders how poor people can ever become sculptors, since the mere making of a single bronze copy has complication and expense every step of the way. Yet the process is a simple thing compared to the making of an enlargement.

The large statue begins just as the small one did, from the artist's model in plastiline, as far as the plaster cast. If the figure is to be more than life-size the small plaster cast with which it is to begin is generally cut in two, and half of the enlargement handled at one time. The artist goes over the small white plaster figure, marking with a lead-pencil a small cross on every tiny accent, even to the slightest elevation. These multitudinous marks are called "points," and it is from them that the name "pointing up" has been given to this process of enlargement.

"Armature," or skeleton, with figure partly set up in clay.

The pointing-up machine has two great steel pivots, which reach from floor to ceiling. They are set in sockets, and are connected, so that if one is revolved the other will revolve exactly to correspond. To each pivot is attached a platform, one small and one large, and on the tiny platform, close against the pivot, the small figure is firmly fixed, while on the larger platform by the other pivot a few boards are set up to form a core for the skeleton or "armature" that is to be built.

Directly over the small platform is a wooden arm that swings out at right angles from the top of the pivot, and then back again on a joint, so that it can be manipulated with perfect

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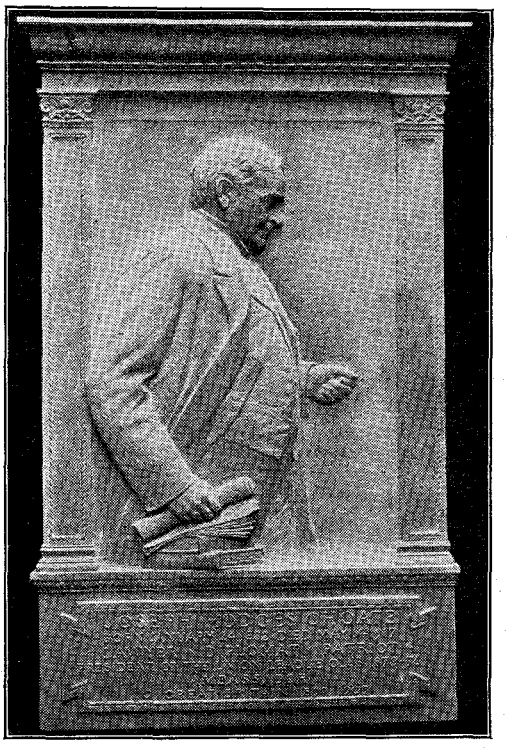
freedom. It terminates in a long metal needle, and when the point of this needle is placed in contact with the plaster figure, a larger needle, at the end of a longer arm, connected with the smaller arm by a series of levers, automatically swings to a point in the air that exactly corresponds, on an enlarged scale—the scale being set to whatever degree of enlargement is required. The machine is, in fact, an old-fashioned pantograph, working in three dimensions instead of two. With this infallible guide a lath-and-plaster figure is built about the wooden core on the large platform, looking for all the world like a cubist rendering of the statue, enormously enlarged. Not every shading of form is reproduced, but wherever there is a decided projection in the statue there is one to correspond in the skeleton, but about two inches within what is to be the surface of the finished work.



Joseph Choate, by Herbert Adams.

When the armature is complete the small needle is directed at a point marked on the small figure, and a nail is driven into the corresponding place in the wooden skeleton. Then the small needle is swung to touch another of the points, and another nail driven into the skeleton. And so from point to point, until the big skeleton has become a porcupine, the heads of the nails representing exactly the surface of the large statue-to-be.

Two destinies are possible for the porcupine. If the figure is intended for temporary purposes, the spaces within the nails are filled in with plaster of paris, giving an exact enlargement of the statue.

But if the enlargement is to be a bronze also, then the spaces are filled in with clay, and the work once again comes under the sculptor's hand. No radical change is possible, of course, but the fact that he can pull out nails under a surface he wishes to lower, or add on indefinitely, means ample leeway.

The sand-casting process is used for large figures (unless their detail is very involved), and for small things in which there are no undercuts, such as medals and reliefs. A fine French sand is used which, when pressed into a mass, retains its shape. This is beaten onto the object in sections, somewhat like a piece mould, and these sections are then placed together with an iron frame about them. This frame does not have to be built anew for each cast, for since the shape of the outside of the sand shell does not matter it can be made to assume one of several general forms, and fitted into the iron frame that corresponds. It is then kiln-dried, which makes the sand quite hard, the bronze is poured in, the iron frame removed, the sand knocked off, and the statue revealed, complete.

There are other processes, but those described are in general use by that skilful group of men called casters—who leave the sculptor nothing to do but to make the original mould.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

The Economic Conference

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

IN the series of important movements on the great financial markets toward the end of 1921, the rise of foreign exchange was in some ways the most remarkable. Whether and to what extent the sweeping decline of 1919, which carried sterling exchange from $4.75½ in March of that year to $3.18 in February of 1920 was influenced by the international market's judgment on the rejection of the Peace Treaty by the United States, with the consequent collapse of expectations for this country's political and financial co-operation in rehabilitating Europe, is a debatable question. International exchange may be termed the solvent of the whole world's ideas, hopes, and disappointments, not only regarding economic conditions but in regard to political occurrences which bear on the economic. But for the very reason that movements of exchange reflect a score of separate influences, it is unwise to give too much weight to a single cause. The fact that the interval between the spring of 1919 and the early months of 1920 was a period of wild inflation in the whole world's commerce, credit, and currency, would of itself account for great depreciation in exchange rates on the debtor countries.

The Rise of Foreign Exchange

London alone of the sound European states quotes an actual premium on gold; which is done, as most people know, through sale to the highest foreign bidder, at a premium above the fixed Mint price per ounce in British currency, of the weekly arrivals of gold from the South African mines. The premium is made possible through the discount on the pound sterling in foreign markets. This foreign bid per ounce, on February 6, 1920, when the gold was bought mostly for India, South America, and the United States, represented a price of 149¾ if the normal Mint price in British currency is taken as par. The highest price in 1921 was 136; it had got down below 115 last December. The franc sold on the New York market for 5¾ cents in 1920; it brought 8⅛ last December. The Italian lira had risen from 3⅛ to 4⅞.

In the closing weeks of 1921, exchange on Sweden, Holland, and Spain went to the highest rates in a year and a half; exchange on Switzerland crossed parity on the rise, the first time it had touched par of exchange since the middle of 1919. As for the rate of nearly $4.25 for sterling, reached on December 12, that embodied a rise from $3.55 last summer and was fairly in sight of the $4.49 rate of September, 1915.

FOR the very extraordinary rise in exchange rates during December, which carried sterling up nearly 25 cents per pound within ten days, the common explanation was that professional speculators for the decline who had misjudged their market were taking fright and were being compelled to buy at rapidly rising prices to cover their engagements. That this sort of speculation was a potent force there is no doubt whatever. Speculation in foreign exchange has for three years been of world-wide extent; it has displayed great boldness; its scope of operation has probably been greater than the similar undertakings in any field of financial values during the whole history of speculation—a fact perhaps not surprising when one recalls that selling exchange for the fall or buying it for the rise is speculating on the economic fortunes of the countries on which the bills are drawn; also that the news and events on

Speculation in Exchange Rates

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which such speculation must be based are an open book for the whole financial world's consideration.

The machinery of speculation in exchange differs in some essential particulars from that which exists in nearly all other markets. A Wall Street speculator who "sells stocks short" has to make next day the actual delivery of the stocks which he has sold. He does this through borrowing those stocks from some one who actually holds them and who will lend them for a consideration; but the operation will not be completed until the speculator buys for cash in the open market the same amount of the same stocks and returns them to the holder from whom he had borrowed for immediate delivery. If he buys in his stocks at a lower price, he gets his expected profit.

The New York speculator for the fall in sterling exchange sells a draft on London, which can be obtained only through his possession of an equivalent London bank balance, either previously owned or acquired through borrowing in Lombard Street. In effect, the New York "bear speculator" in exchange has become indebted to the London money market. The debt must eventually be repaid, and repayment must be effected through his purchase in New York of a draft on a London bank for the sum required. If he has sold at $3.75 per pound sterling and has repurchased at $3.50, he will have gained a handsome profit in excess of interest paid on his London loan. But if the rate for sterling rises when he thought it would fall, his losses mount up very quickly, and the larger the outstanding "bear account" which is forced to change its mind about the outlook, the more rapid the movement of exchange rates above the price at which he bought.

In the violent rise of a few weeks ago, an abnormally large speculative account of the kind unquestionably existed—an account which had been accumulated and obstinately maintained on the basis of wide-spread predictions that an imminent crisis was at hand in the financial affairs of Europe. Quite unmistakably, the unexpected readjustments at Washington in the world's political relations caused something of a panic among this mob of speculators committed for the fall.

International Merchants and the Market

BUT outright speculation for the fall in rates had not been the only influence. Merchants in the United States, in South America, in Canada, in the Far East, accumulate a debt to London based on their actual import of English merchandise. In the usual order of events, such a merchant terminates the transaction by purchasing drafts on London for the necessary sum, payable at a London bank, and remits such drafts to the English seller of the imported merchandise. But if it seems to him that sterling exchange is likely to decline, say from $3.75 to $3.50, he may deem it wise as a matter of business policy not to buy exchange at the higher price, but to borrow in London the sum required to meet his English payment and to await the expected fall in sterling before repaying his loan and closing the business operation.

This is not a speculation in the same sense as the operation previously described, which was based on no commercial transaction whatever. But the motives, the reasoning, and the effect on sterling rates are the same with the one operation as with the other, and the probability of a sudden rush to cover obligations, through purchase of actual sterling bills on the rise by a great body of foreign buyers who had misjudged the situation and overstayed their market, is the same with the merchants as with the speculators.

So much for what may be called the machinery of the season's rise in foreign exchange. In so highly speculative a market, it is possible to assume, and there have been those who did assume, that the violent upswing of rates which occurred in the autumn of 1921 was nothing more than reaction from a greatly overdone previous speculation for the decline. Nevertheless, two facts must be kept in mind—that this season's recovery brought exchange rates on the majority of sound European markets to the highest since the great after-war depreciation began in 1919, and that a strong and sustained movement of foreign exchange is never without significance. The question on this occasion, as on many others—not only since the war, but during it and

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before it—is how much the movement means.

Economic Influences at Work

I HAVE had occasion in numerous recent discussions of the matter on these pages to show how real had been the economic improvement in England and Western Europe during 1921. As a matter of fact, the foreign exchange market had reflected this improvement since the early weeks of 1921, notwithstanding the efforts of incredulous speculators to force rates down again, and notwithstanding the temporary upsetting of the New York sterling market by so utterly artificial an influence as the sale of $40,000,000 sterling bills by London to New York last summer, in order to transfer German reparations money to New York.

Quite aside even from these considerations, there had been definite influences at work in foreign trade. During the eleven months ending with November, 1920, exports of merchandise from the United States to Europe had been $2,917,000,000 greater than our imports from Europe. In the same months of 1921 the excess of exports was reduced to $1,517,000,000. Here was a reduction of $1,190,000,000 in the balance of merchandise trade against Europe. The adverse balance which still existed in 1921 was certainly large enough. But it must be observed that even in the same eleven months of 1913, before the war, our exports of merchandise to Europe exceeded imports from that continent by $569,000,000. Furthermore, during the calendar year 1921 there were sent to the United States from the outside world, mostly for account of Europe, very nearly $700,000,000 more gold than the country exported.

This was something wholly beyond precedent. Even in 1916, when England was sending to us all the gold available, with a view to supporting her government's American credit, the year's net importation was only $530,000,000. The largest surplus of gold imported in any calendar year before the war was $142,000,000 in 1898, and in 1913, although that year's surplus of merchandise exports was the largest ever reached before the European War, we actually exported $28,000,000 more gold than we imported.

It will be seen, then, to how great an extent the real "trade balance" must have been met by the present year's $700,000,000 gold imports. To that offsetting influence must be added payments made in 1921 from America to Europe on account of the great body of American tourists who had resumed their trips to Europe, spending freely during their visit; also payments arising from the fact that, when exchange rates on Europe were lately at their lowest, American investors were heavy purchasers of European securities. Finally, allowance must be made for the extensive redemption by England of short-term war loans maturing on the American market in the two past years having greatly reduced from 1919 or 1918 the annual payment due on interest account from London to New York.

The Proposal of a Conference

HERE were potent influences; yet it was not these considerations alone, forcible as they were, which chiefly colored the market's discussions when the violent recovery of exchange on Europe was under way in December. More frequently than any other explanation of that rise, Wall Street assigned the belief that a sequel to the unexpected achievements of the Washington Conference would be another conference to deal with national and international economic problems. A month before, the suggestion of such a conference and the idea that anything practical could be accomplished by it would have been ridiculed in the markets. But when the unbelievable events of the Washington Conference had actually taken place, it was quite in accord with human nature for the financial mind to shift abruptly from disbelief in any solution of the existing economic problem to belief that a series of such conferences, acting with the propelling force and resolute common sense of the Washington Conference, could settle anything.

There was undoubtedly much that such a conference could settle—certainly the German reparations tangle, and probably the promotion of trade with European countries which are crippled by excessively adverse foreign exchange and by

(Financial Situation, continued on page 43)

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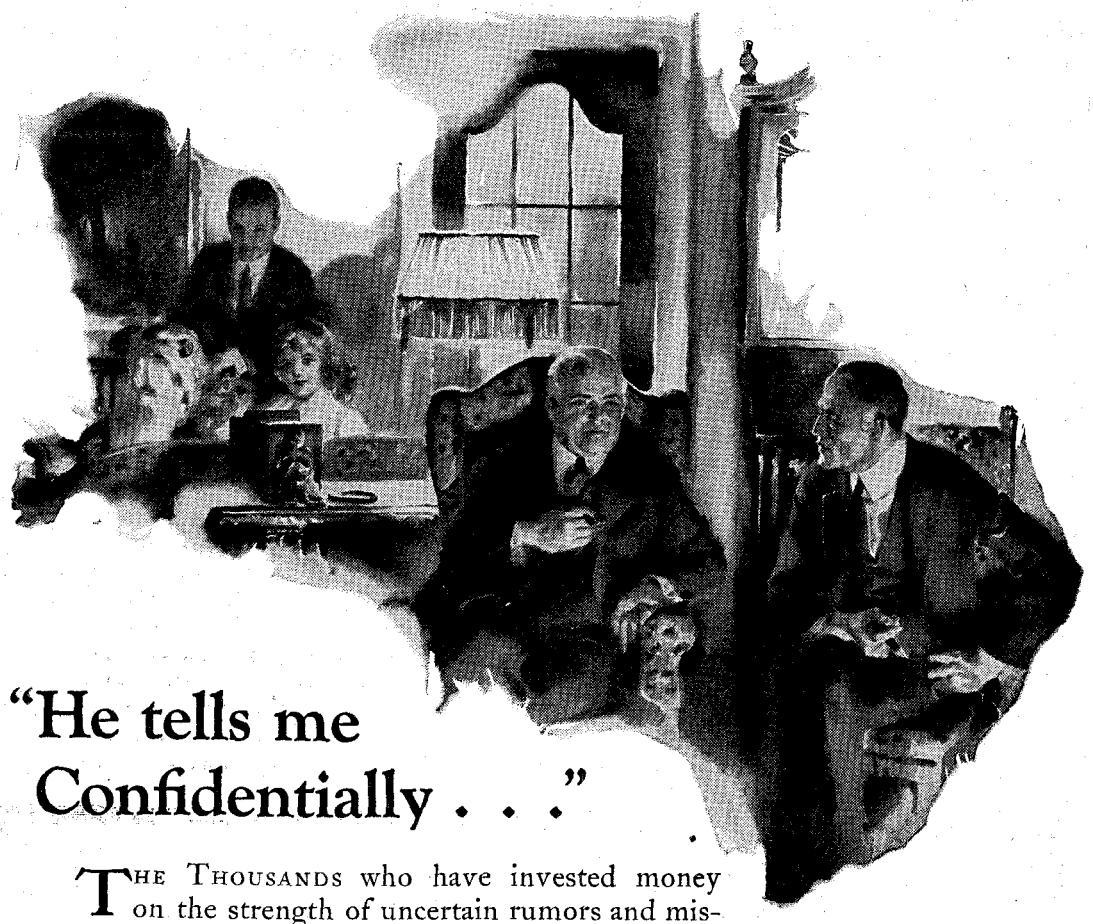

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 41)

their present difficulty of producing for export anywhere near as much of merchandise as they need to import. In the matter of trade the machinery has already been tentatively set up; it would unquestionably operate with far more immediate efficiency if the governments of the countries concerned were to reach general agreement on the underlying principles, and were to act in co-operation, instead, as they have thus far done, of confining themselves to individual assurances of good-will. In the matter of international loans, there is no doubt whatever that absolutely necessary credits could be obtained with far more ease if a general plan of action were contrived and were indorsed with assurance of governmental support. Some noteworthy results may be achieved in that direction, especially if governments of the weaker states show willingness to attack the problem of economic reform at home. But how much more could be effected by a conference, in the way of removing economic obstacles, seemed to the financial markets very debatable.

FOUR outstanding questions of the day arose to mind in all discussions of what might conceivably be the work of an economic conference. The first, a point of special interest during the excited rise of sterling, was the possible "stabilization" of exchange rates, taken by themselves. The second was the possible rearrangement or cancellation of war debts owed by one group of governments to other governments. The third was the question what should be done with the inflated and depreciated currencies of Europe. The fourth, and the most immediate because of surrounding circumstances, was the question of Germany's reparations payments.

Questions for Deliberation

Not all these problems stood on the same footing. The proposal for some kind of arbitrary stabilization of international exchange rates, supposedly at a level nearer their par value, seemed to be regarded by the markets as the most feasible of all; which makes it interesting to observe that this was the one proposal which virtually all experienced economists and bankers immediately pronounced impracticable. Their point of view was tersely summed up a few weeks ago by Mr. Paul M. Warburg, one of the highest authorities on the subject, who declared in a public speech that, while "it is true that the world cannot hope to return to normal economic conditions until the

(Financial Situation, continued on page 45)

The Revenue Act of 1921 and Your Income

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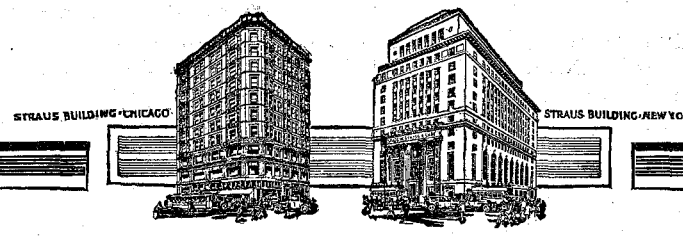

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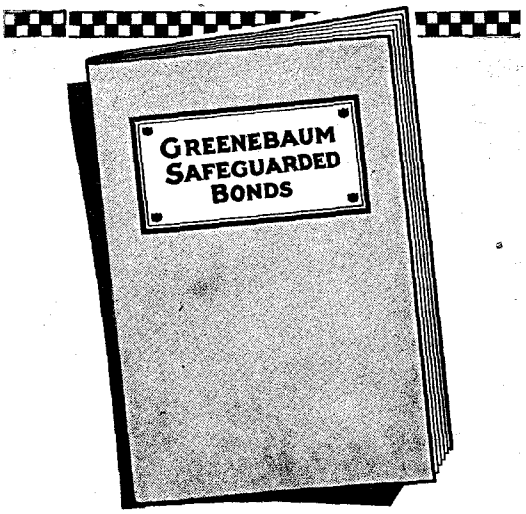

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 43)

exchanges of the principal countries are stabilized," nevertheless stabilization "will follow the restoration of economic order, it cannot precede it." By this the speaker meant that depreciated exchange rates are in themselves a symptom and not a cause. They reflect, not some occult condition in the international market for national currencies but such perfectly well-known facts as the balance of international trade and international debt against a given nation, the suspension of gold payments on that country's paper money, and the prospect for or against return hereafter to such redemption.

As to "Stabilizing" Exchange

IT is quite true that Congress, in its war-loan legislation of 1918, expressly authorized the Treasury "during the war and for two years after its termination" to "make arrangements in or with foreign countries to stabilize the foreign exchanges." What was accomplished under this authority was shown by the fact that whereas sterling had fallen to $4.19 in 1915, nearly two years before we entered the war, it stood almost unmoved around $4.75½ during 1917 and 1918. Here, without doubt, was a "stabilized" exchange market. But a very little further examination of the facts shows that exchange rates were then sustained through assumption by the United States Government of the greater part of the payments due on war account by England and our other allies to the American producing markets. The achievement involved, however, the lending by our Treasury to the Allied governments of $10,000,000,000 procured from the proceeds of Liberty Loan sales by the United States Government to American investors—a credit which would otherwise necessarily have been obtained through drawing bills on the several foreign markets. The exchanges could be "stabilized" again if the same expedient were to be adopted, but nothing is to-day more out of the question than another recourse to it.

The enormous debts created between the Allied governments during the war constitute a peculiar problem. Of the $9,474,000,000 of such obligations now held by our government, $4,166,000,000 represent the indebtedness of Great Britain, $2,950,000,000 the indebtedness of France, $1,648,000,000 that of Italy; the rest being in smaller sums, of which $347,691,000 is for account of Belgium, and $187,729,000 for account of Russia. Concerning these loans by our government to its allies, the war-loan statutes of 1917 merely provided for

(Financial Situation, continued on page 47)

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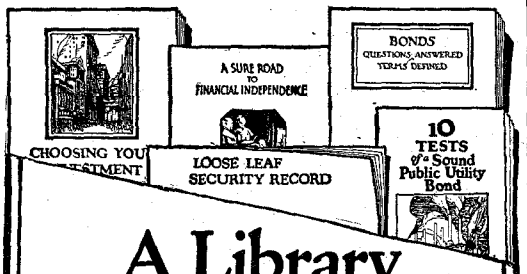
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- ☐ How to Judge Municipal Bonds.
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(Financial Situation, continued from page 45)

delivery to our Treasury, in exchange for its advances, of foreign-government obligations "containing in their essentials the same terms and conditions" as our own Liberty bonds.

The interest rate was to be discretionary with our Treasury, but it must at least equal the highest rate fixed on any United States war loan into which earlier loans should have been converted. The foreign obligations would fall due for payment not later than the Liberty bonds issued to provide the money. They might be sold by the Treasury, but not for less than par; and the proceeds either of such sale or of repayments by the borrowing government should be used to redeem "any bonds of the United States issued under the authority of this act."

Debts between the Governments

IT is commonly said that no interest has been paid on these governmental obligations. That is by no means strictly true. Every one of the eleven borrowing governments has paid something by way of interest—England $247,000,000, for instance, and France $129,000,000—and the total of such payments up to date of the December Treasury report was $454,600,495. But, despite these partial payments, the accumulated interest due and unpaid last November, at the 5 per cent rate tentatively fixed by the Treasury, was $1,155,500,000. The British Treasury's advances of a nearly equal sum to England's continental allies would make a similar showing. The question, therefore, stared both lending and borrowing governments in the face—What is to be done about the loans? Our government has gone no farther than to ask that the Treasury Department be authorized to convert these ill-arranged obligations into funded bonds, with power to arrange "the form and terms of the refunding obligations, the rate or rates of interest and the maturity dates, and to extend the time for payment of interest on the indebtedness to be refunded."

The British Government has pretty plainly intimated its willingness to cancel the £1,800,000,000 indebtedness of its war allies to the British Exchequer, provided the United States Treasury will do the same. Such action would, in a sense, be in line with England's traditions; for the advances of money by the Exchequer to England's allies in the war against Napoleon—mostly made to the German states and Russia, and very substantial for those days—were never repaid. Their repayment, indeed, does not seem to have been asked for or expected;

(Financial Situation, continued on page 49)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 47)

they were England's direct contribution to the war, recognized at the time as being made in lieu of sending a large English army to engage in the earlier land campaigns of Continental Europe.

Question of "Cancellation"

A SOMEWHAT similar line of reasoning has been employed by many American financiers and economists as an argument for cancelling the war debts of our allies to the United States Government. Yet the analogy is not exact, for, with very few exceptions, "Pitt's subsidies" were outright grants of money, voted as part of the terms of a treaty of alliance, in order to secure the military co-operation of other European governments against Napoleon, whereas our government's loans to its allies in 1917 and 1918 were officially recognized as a business operation of the war; most of the proceeds being used, indeed, to purchase war munitions, but a very large part also to purchase food. The contract for repayment, as we have seen, was reflected in the language of the war-loan statutes.

It was therefore partly also a contract for the benefit of subscribers to the Liberty Loans through which the necessary funds were raised; partly a contract for the benefit of American taxpayers on whom the war-loan acts placed a continuing burden. Assuming that the debts of our allies to the United States Treasury can eventually be paid, interest or principal, their cancellation would clearly enough mean increase in our taxation beyond the amount originally contemplated, or else its continuance beyond the date originally expected. These considerations do not take account of the possible inability of the indebted European governments to pay, or of conceivable economic unsettlement occasioned by their payment. It is impossible to foresee just what will be the ultimate logic of events. Meantime, it is not easy to see how the matter could be settled at this time by a general economic conference.

Europe's Depreciated Currencies

THE problem of depreciated currencies is in some ways less complex than this, in others more so. In France and England, as we have found abundant evidence, steps have been taken steadily during the past twelve months looking to its eventual solution. Neither of those two governments has for a year past been increasing its paper-money issues,

(Financial Situation, continued on page 51)

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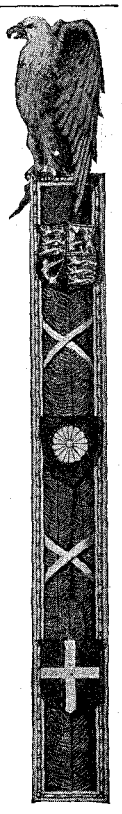

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 49)

as France avowedly did in war-time, to meet a deficit in public expenditure; they have respectively reduced their paper currencies 16 and 10 per cent. But Central Europe is doing something very different. Austria's paper money, which in the middle of 1921 had already reached 50,000,000,000 crowns or, in normal values, $10,000,000,000, had passed 130,000,000,000 crowns only five months later. Last May the outstanding paper currency of Poland footed up 94,500,000,000 Polish marks, to which it had risen from 49,000,000,000 on January 1. It had increased to 182,700,000,000 at the end of last October. The paper currency of Germany increased in December 12,500,000,000 marks, or 13 per cent, leaving it greater by 44 per cent than the outstanding circulation of June, 1921, although the total at that earlier date was 38 times as great as in July, 1914. Hungary and Roumania are in little better plight.

Mr. Vanderlip has remarked of this wholesale recourse to the government printing-press that the statesmen under whose direction it has occurred are not fools but very able men, that they are under no illusions, and that they have merely yielded to hopeless pressure of circumstances. The apology is not altogether convincing; it might equally have been urged in every previous epoch of inflated and depreciated paper money. Cambon, a distinguished finance minister in his day, took exactly that ground regarding the French assignats, and he did so only three or four years before the problem was solved in 1797. The British Parliament of 1811, with the paper currency exchanging for gold at a discount of 20 per cent, decided that the irredeemable Bank of England note had not depreciated, but that gold was itself at an artificial premium, and adopted a formal resolution to the effect that "the pound sterling has no relation to any weight of metal of a given fineness."

So well-known a public man as Thaddeus Stevens, discussing our own depreciated greenbacks in the Congress of 1866, asked why that currency should be taken up when it represented a government debt "bearing no interest and which need bear no interest." There is much the same confusion of ideas to-day, among governments with immensely inflated and depreciated currencies; not least of all in Germany, where it has lately been the common remark, even in government circles, that the fall in the mark was not a consequence of the increased issues of irredeemable paper but

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that the increased paper issues were a consequence of the fall in the mark.

International Paper Issues

THAT an economic conference would be favored by outsiders with plenty of plans to solve this paper-money question may be inferred from the abundance of such suggestions, even before a conference was in sight. Proposals which have been made for a "Reserve Bank of the World" to issue new paper currency to all the nations—proposals for such currency to be based on gold, to be based on the debt of the Allies to the United States, to be based on Germany's debt to the Allies, to be based on foreign merchants' paper, to be exchangeable at arbitrary ratios for existing paper currencies, not to be exchangeable for them at all, to be conducted by business men, to be conducted by the United States, to be conducted by a committee of governments, to be conducted by the League of Nations—are at least a tribute to the imaginative fertility of the public mind in matters of high finance. But a formal economic conference which entertained serious proposals for an issue of paper currency whereby exchange and trade might be restored, in countries whose existing worthless currency is making such transactions impossible, would have to deal, not with general principles but with severely practical details.

Economic history in America or Europe has had only three solutions of this paper-money problem to suggest: retirement of excessive note issues with the proceeds of funded government loans; accumulation of a gold reserve acquired through such loans, followed by resumption of gold payments on the paper currency when trade had sufficiently expanded to absorb the amount outstanding; or, finally, repudiation of the depreciated paper by the issuing government, sometimes allowing to holders the privilege of subscribing with such currency, at a rating far below the face value of the paper, to new bond issues of the government. Other plans than these have been proposed or tried; no others have been adopted, and carried to success. The expedient of the government's issuing another paper currency, to be exchanged for the old one on such a basis as greatly to reduce the total nominal amount outstanding, was tried by our own American States before the Constitution, by France in the Revolution, and by the Southern Confederacy; revolutionary France, for instance, offering what it called a "mandat" of 100 francs in exchange for depreciated "assignats"

(Financial Situation, continued on page 55)

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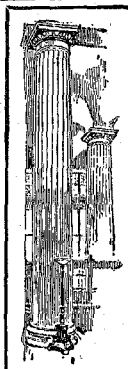

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In recognition of this fact, Scribner's Magazine maintains an Investor's Service Bureau, the purpose of which is to analyze securities and supply current news and up-to-date statistics regarding investments.

The personal attention of a conservative investment specialist is given to each inquiry received. For a thorough analysis of an investment a nominal fee is charged amounting to $3.00 for one stock or bond, and $2.00 for each additional security analyzed at the same time.

Many of our readers who have utilized this service have commented upon the quality and scope of the information received. If you have an investment problem write to-day. Address inquiries, accompanied by a remittance, to INVESTOR'S SERVICE BUREAU, SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 53)

ominally worth 3,000. But the plan has always failed; in the end the new paper currency invariably became as worthless as the old.

The Devaluation Plan

ANOTHER plan, proposed but not adopted in the older depreciated-money days of England, had in view reduction of the gold value of the country's standard monetary unit. If, for example, a coin were to be minted containing only half the gold now contained in the British sovereign or the American dollar, if that new coin were declared by law to be the pound sterling or the dollar contemplated in contracts and obligations previously drawn, whether by governments or individuals, it will readily be seen that redemption of an outstanding paper currency in gold, whether through outright retirement or through maintenance of a gold reserve, would then cost the government only half what redemption would have cost it at the present standard of value. I have described in a former article the half-hearted effort of certain English controversialists to get a hearing for the plan of recourse to this project by Great Britain. The idea has been vehemently urged by a Swedish professor of economics from the University of Stockholm much quoted by English "devaluationists," whose argument is largely based on the evil results of letting prices decline from the inflated heights to which they rose in war-time, and whose view of the moral question involved is illustrated by his half-contemptuous remark that the prevalent desire to restore the former value of the paper currency and the old power of exchange "is founded on a feeling that degradation of the international value of the country's money is somehow degradation of the country itself."

Yet that conviction goes to the core of the question; not because of the rate for sterling bills at New York or Amsterdam, but because of the quite indisputable fact that such reduction in actual gold content or intrinsic value of the pound sterling or the dollar would cut down to that extent the actual payment previously pledged on long-term contracts by commercial debtors to their creditors. It would repudiate a similar proportion of the long-term payments pledged by the government on its public loans, and, what is possibly of even more importance, would cut off by law the future prospect of repaying at par value bank balances and investments owned in England by foreign capitalists and foreign business men. Such action by the British Government would necessarily be the end of London as a central money market.

The British Government would in fact have surrendered on the spot to the influences of partial repudiation, against which our own people fought so obstinately in the long "sound-money" struggle between 1875 and 1896. It would invite an outflow of foreign capital from London such as was faintly intimated by the flight of European capital from the United States when a similar degradation of the currency standard, under a different name, seemed for a moment to be near at hand in our country during 1892 and 1894. These exceedingly obvious facts are the reasons why no such plan is at all likely now to be considered, unless in countries with a worse-confused currency system and perhaps with an easier conscience than those of France or England; countries which might conceivably be found in Central Europe.

Germany and the Reparations

THE fourth problem which an economic conference must discuss, Germany's reparations payments, presents still other considerations. The German Government has asserted its inability at this time to pay anything more on reparations. What Germany has already paid in cash to the Reparations Commission does not exceed what France paid in cash to Prussia in the three years after 1870. Germany's total payments of all kinds to date are probably less than would have been required if the counter-proposal made by the German Government itself to the Allied Council last spring had been accepted. But Germany bases its present protest mainly on the fact that, with the paper mark at its present value, the cost of making the necessary foreign payments is fifty times what it would have been with the mark at par. There will probably be much difference of opinion as to who is responsible for that. But the situation, after all, embodied a condition, not a theory; Germany had announced default on obligations which her government had unwillingly accepted; the question was, what step should follow.

One way to answer this question is to consider the situation which now exists as a bank would consider the case of a financial or business enterprise which, through choice or through force of circumstances, had assumed obligations whose punctual discharge would require the most skilful and judicious management, which had entered on the task with a wholly unsound plan of operations, which had grown discouraged as to results but had thereupon resorted on a still larger scale to the same dangerous expedients, and which now had found itself at the end of its rope and been

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forced to plead for indulgence from its creditors. For the creditors to answer that the debtor had not fairly utilized his possibilities, that he had been indulging in illusions and had neglected to go about the matter in a business-like way, and that the financial vagaries which he had displayed would not entitle him to credit at the bank—all this would probably not help the matter.

The salient fact would be that the debtor, whether through his misfortunes or his perversity, was unable or unwilling to fulfil his present obligations, and could not easily be forced to do so. If he were granted an extension, he might make good hereafter; perhaps merely through postponement of the date or dates of payment, perhaps through reduction of the principal agreed on. Yet in such a case it would hardly be conceivable that remission of liabilities would be granted in a settlement without some substantial guarantee that the embarrassed debtor would at least mend his own financial practices. In the case of Germany, the further fact has strongly emerged that, at the very least, repayment for the wanton, deliberate, and malicious destruction which marked the German army's occupation of northern France still had to be assured. It was to the settlement of this question with an equal view to financial expediency and political justice that the markets at the beginning of the year looked most hopefully in discussing an economic conference.

INFORMATIVE FINANCIAL LITERATURE

Following are announcements of current booklets and circulars issued by financial institutions, which may be obtained without cost on request addressed to the issuing banker. Investors are asked to mention SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE when writing for literature.

INVESTMENT BOOKLETS AND CIRCULARS

The Guaranty Company of New York has published a new booklet, "Investment Recommendations," which will be sent to investors on request.

The surprising results of systematic investment and reinvestment are set forth interestingly in a new book entitled "A Sure Road to Financial Independence," now being distributed by Halsey, Stuart and Company. The booklet will be of value to any investor who desires to stimulate the amount of his savings and investments.

"Who Buys Bonds," an analysis recently published by Wells-Dickey Company, of Minneapolis, shows a surprisingly wide-spread interest in sound securities. Write for your copy.

"Bonds as Safe as Our Cities" and "Municipal Bonds" are tw booklets published by the William R. Compton Company, St. Loui New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, and New Orleans. Both bookle describe the various kinds of Municipal Bonds and the safeguar surrounding them.

"1922 Investments," a new 32-page booklet describing safe lon and short-term investments, is being distributed by H. M. Byllesb and Company, 208 South La Salle Street, Chicago.

BOOKLETS ON FINANCIAL SUBJECTS

A Quick-Reckoning Income Tax Table, aiding the investor to de termine the gross yield he must get on a taxable bond to correspon to the yield on a tax-free municipal, is being distributed by Stac and Braun, 14 Wall Street, New York.

The Guaranty Trust Company of New York has published fo free distribution a booklet entitled "Trust Service for Corporations."

The Bankers Trust Company of New York is issuing periodically an Investment Letter with an informing review of the investment situation, which will be sent to investors on request.

"Digest of the Federal Revenue Act of 1921." For income and excess profits taxes for 1921, 1922, and subsequent years, with tables for calculation of tax and for comparison of taxes. A pamphlet confined to a consideration of Federal taxation of income, as such taxation is provided for by the Revenue Act of 1921. Published by The National City Company, National City Bank Building, New York.

REAL ESTATE AND FARM MORTGAGE BOOKLETS

Greenebaum Sons, Investment Company, La Salle and Madison Streets, Chicago, will send on request their "Greenebaum Safeguarded Bonds" booklet, explaining very clearly how bonds are safeguarded; it contains important information for bond investors.

The American Bond and Mortgage Company, Chicago and New York, has published a book entitled "Building with Bonds," beautifully illustrated, handsomely bound, and dealing comprehensively with the familiar forms of investment, especially First-Mortgage Real-Estate Bonds. Copy on request.

The Title Guaranty and Trust Company of Bridgeport, Connecticut, will furnish upon application a list of mortgage investment offerings.

"A Guaranteed Income" is a booklet for investors in real-estate bonds, describing the added protection of a guarantee against loss. Write the Prudence Company, Incorporated, 31 Nassau Street, New York City.

"The True Story of Plain Tom Hodge" describes in detail a new partial-payment plan for selling farm-mortgage securities. Write George M. Forman and Company, 105C West Monroe Street, Chicago.

"Common Sense in Investing Money" is a comprehensive booklet published by S. W. Straus and Company, Fifth Avenue at 46th Street, New York, outlining the principles of safe investment and describing how the Straus Plan safeguards the various issues of first-mortgage 6%, 6½%, and 7% bonds offered by this house.

The advantages of securing 8% First-Mortgage Investments in the cities of Miami and Miami Beach are explained in a little booklet recently issued by the First National Company of Miami.

The Mortgage and Securities Company of New Orleans, Louisiana, and New York, specializing in Southern investments, have published a booklet, "Farm-Mortgage Bonds of the South," setting forth the attractive features of Southern securities of this type. Write their New Orleans office for a copy of the booklet.

"National Capital First-Mortgage Investments" is the title of a free booklet for investors issued by The F. H. Smith Company, Washington, D. C.

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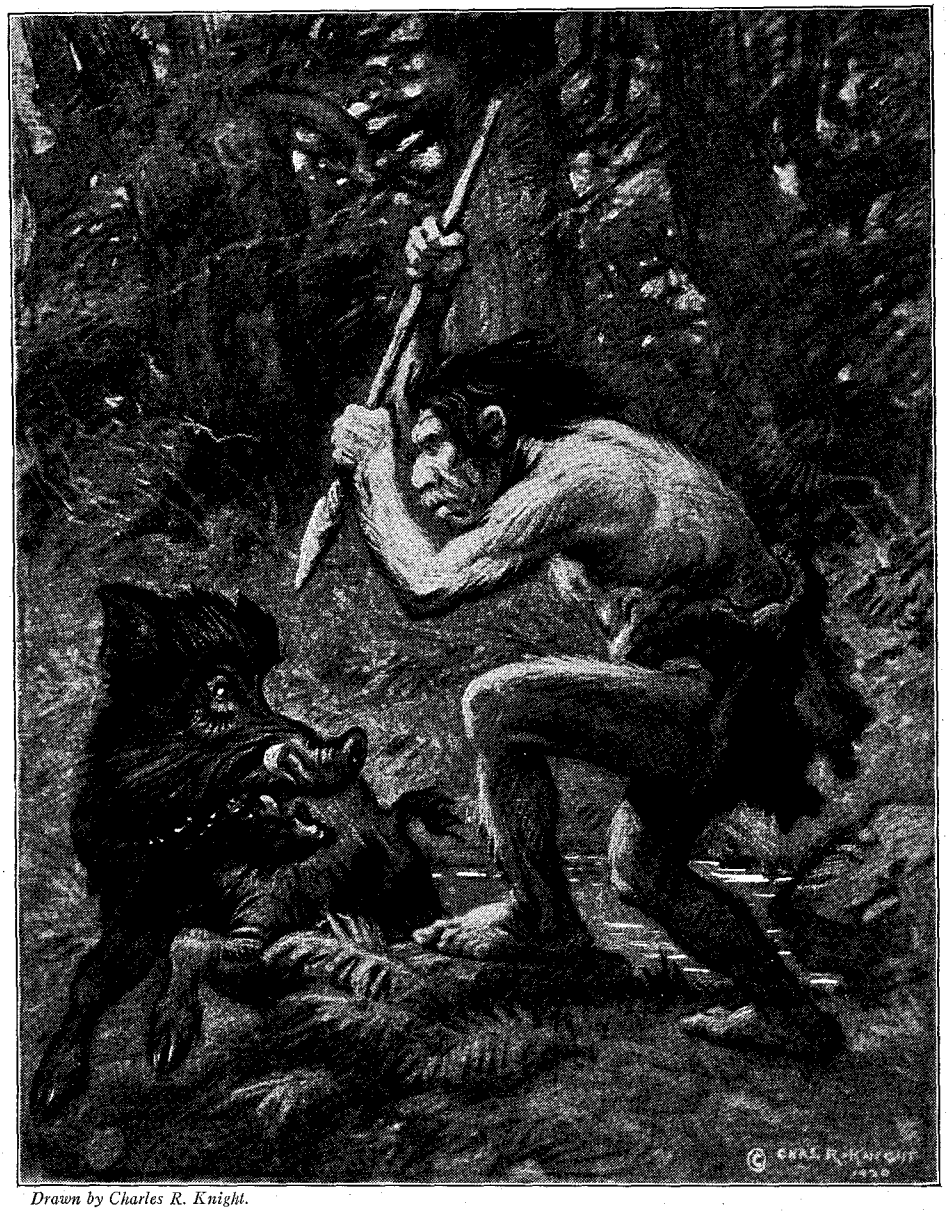

Drawn by Charles R. Knight.

NEANDERTHAL MAN KILLING A WILD BOAR.

Short, stocky, and uncouth in appearance, the Neanderthal man shows unmistakably his primitive ancestry, and a comparison with the later types depicted in this article reveals him as a very lowly form of the human animal. Several practically complete skeletons of the Neanderthals have been discovered in various parts of central Europe, and all are singularly alike in their general make-up. They averaged about five feet two inches in height, with huge heads, projecting eye-ridges, and deep, receding chins. Broad in the hips and shoulders, short-waisted, and short-legged below the knee, these savage little men must have proved themselves doughty antagonists in their struggles with the more highly developed races which succeeded them. [P. 280.]

—"Mural Paintings of Prehistoric Men and Animals," page 279.

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